

SOUTHERN BIVOUAC

Volume I

September 1882 — August 1883



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SOUTHERN BIVOUAC

September 1882 — August 1883

Volume I

Broadfoot Publishing Company
Wilmington, North Carolina

"Fine Books Since 1971."

BROADFOOT PUBLISHING COMPANY

1907 Buena Vista Circle

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Wilmington, North Carolina

INTRODUCTION

to

The Southern Bivouac

Former Confederates recalled their military experiences in a number of postwar magazines and newspapers. A quartet of such sources are familiar to nearly all students of the Civil War. Most famous of the four is the "Century War Series" published in *The Century* magazine between 1884 and 1887, wherein leading officers and a few less prominent participants from both sides explained their roles in various campaigns, settled old scores with friend and foe alike, and frequently accorded objectivity only a passing nod. *The Century* Company subsequently collected these articles in four large volumes titled *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*. During the 1870s, a few ex-Confederates, again mostly notable officers, contributed pieces to *The Philadelphia Weekly Times* that were eventually published in book form as *The Annals of the War. Southern Historical Society Papers*, the first issue of which appeared in January 1876, offered by far the greatest amount of Confederate testimony during the 1870s and 1880s. Edited by J. William Jones and heavily influenced by Jubal A. Early, the *SHSP* preferred contributions from important officers, concentrated on the Eastern Theater, and served as literary home for a raging "Gettysburg Controversy" that centered on James Longstreet's conduct during the 1863 Pennsylvania campaign. *Confederate Veteran*, the last of these four publications, commenced in January 1893 and shifted the focus away from the southern military elite to the common soldier.¹

Although little known to modern readers, *The Southern Bivouac* merits a place alongside these other repositories of printed primary material on the Confederate war effort.² Why has a magazine that contains a wealth of eyewitness evidence failed to reach a wider audience? Part of the explanation certainly lies in the fact that war-related articles from the *Bivouac* never came out in a hard cover edition similar to *The Annals of the War* or the immensely successful *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*. The *Bivouac*'s publishing life also lasted just five years, a brief time indeed when compared to the runs of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* (1876-1959) and the *Confederate Veteran* (1893-1932). Because its roster of authors included relatively few military luminaries, writers primarily interested in generals and battlefield leadership turned to the *Bivouac* infrequently. Finally, in a Civil War literature dominated by studies of the eastern campaigns, the *Bivouac*'s western slant virtually assured that it would be cited less often than magazines containing more material on the Army of Northern Virginia.³

The history of *The Southern Bivouac* makes for an interesting story. Launched as *The Bivouac* in August 1882 in Louisville, Kentucky, by that state's branch of the Southern Historical Society, the monthly magazine adopted its final name with the November 1882 issue.⁴ The Southern Historical Association of Louisville, as the sponsoring group was known, had put out a call for papers to be read in conjunction with the major addresses delivered at each of their meetings. An "editing committee" made up of William Winston Fontaine (a former colonel in the Virginia State Line), John S. Jackman (veteran of the 9th Kentucky Infantry), William M. Marriner

(captain in the 1st Kentucky Infantry), John L. Marshall (sergeant-major in the 4th Kentucky Infantry), and John Weller (captain in the 4th Kentucky Infantry), collected the papers. The number of submissions "became so numerous, and the contributions were of such interest, that if all had been collected and read at each meeting, there would have been no time for the chief historical paper." Faced with this growing body of material, the committee "suddenly determined to publish *The Southern Bivouac* in magazine form and lay it before the Association for their approval." At first restricted to pieces that could not be delivered at meetings, the magazine soon included the featured addresses to the Association as well as "all kinds of articles of interest to the ex-Confederate soldier, his family, and to all friends of the South and its history."⁵

The first volume of the *Bivouac* rarely strayed from the general subject of the Confederate struggle for independence. Articles on the Western Theater outnumbered those on the East roughly four to one; not surprisingly, the activities of Kentucky's Orphan Brigade received considerable attention (four of the five members of the original editorial committee had served in that famous unit).⁶ The common soldier frequently held center stage, poetry offered a change of pace from historical material, and miscellaneous short pieces, queries, and correspondence appeared in sections headed "Taps," "Query Box" and "Editorial." The editors proudly noted that "a number of lady subscribers" received the magazine, as did "a good list of ex-Federal soldiers" from states such as Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts.⁷ In November 1882, J. William Jones of the *Southern Historical*

Society Papers praised the *Bivouac* as "fresh, interesting, and of decided historic value" and welcomed "the editors as our co-laborers in the great work of vindicating the truth of Confederate history. . . ."⁸

Although the *Bivouac* displayed little rancor against the North during its first year, it insisted that Southerners had not engaged in treason and adhered to standard Lost Cause arguments regarding the role of slavery in precipitating the war. The editors probably spoke for most of their subscribers in commenting on the death of Alexander H. Stephens: "He was not popular with the soldiers of the Confederacy, because in the ardor of their enthusiasm they could not understand the *policy* of a believer in the constitutional right of secession, who spoke and urged his opposition to the ordinance of secession, and they could not agree with him that slavery was the corner-stone of the Confederacy."⁹

Editorship of the *Bivouac* passed to W. M. Marriner and William N. McDonald in August 1883. Marriner withdrew two months later, leaving McDonald, a former private in the Stonewall Brigade, as editor. Edward H. McDonald, who had served as a major in the 11th Virginia Cavalry, joined the enterprise as business manager. Under the McDonalds, the *Bivouac* continued in much the same fashion as before. The new managers stressed their desire to tell the story of the common folk in the Confederacy. Their magazine would include accounts by officers and descriptions of campaigns written from the top, but William N. McDonald believed such articles failed to reveal the essence of the conflict. "When we consider the power of ambition," he wrote in a passage that anticipated the viewpoint of many modern historians, "the

valor of high dignitaries is easily accounted for in behalf of any cause; but the motive which impels the privates and subordinate offices to suffer and bleed so long, demands the fullest explanation. Here lies the motors of the strife, and these left out we have little more than a brilliant display of titled gladiators flourishing their swords mid the waving of banners and fields of gore." Seeking details about the individual experiences of Confederates in the army and behind the lines, the new editor asked for accounts "from the old soldiers or the members of their families."¹⁰

Like his predecessors who produced the first volume, McDonald struck a conciliatory pose toward the North. The "good and brave deeds" of the war constituted a "precious heritage for our common country," he noted in soliciting "[c]ontributions from both sides." In August 1884 he printed an admiring excerpt from the Manchester (New Hampshire) *Union*: "We never miss reading a single number, and to say that we thoroughly enjoy reading the 'other side' when so acceptably presented, is the simple truth. . . . The *Southern Bivouac* ought to find thousands of readers among the boys who wore the blue, as well as a liberal support from those who wore the gray." McDonald even ran an advertisement offering a joint subscription to his magazine and a monthly called *The Bivouac* published in Boston by members of the Grand Army of the Republic.¹¹

Such evidence of a willingness to reconcile with the North should not obscure the *Bivouac*'s continuing support for a Confederate version of the war. Both sides would make their literary contributions, conceded McDonald, but "the survivors of the lost cause can least of all afford to be silent"

because the “fairest history a victor may write never does justice to the cause he conquered.” Alluding to the remarks of black speakers at a convention in Louisville in October 1883, McDonald predicted that “if our literature is to be molded and our national councils to be dominated by the coming scions of the African stock, the name of Confederate will probably by a synonym for all that is infamous and despicable.” “If we do not see to the making of our own history,” he concluded, “our only hope for justice will be in the magnanimity of a generous North.”¹²

McDonald also urged his readers to guard their regional identity and reject unfettered Yankee materialism. Too many Southerners accepted a “continental nationality” and denied their Confederate heritage in the hope of luring Northern and foreign capital to the South. In an age that worshipped money in both the public and private spheres, admonished McDonald, “it is well, indeed, for our youth to carry them back to the days when there were giants, and when the times brought forth exemplars as noble and heroic as ever adorned the historic page, or lived in song and story.” Another editorial granted the positive results of industrial development but pleaded for balance. Lamenting “a mad desire for riches” that possessed the country, McDonald suggested that the “few who adhere to the old standard are hermits.”¹³

By the fall of 1884, the *Bivouac* had 3,000 subscribers—a five-fold increase in one year. The McDonalds claimed “the largest circulation of any magazine published south of the Ohio River” and expressed surprise at how well they had done. They acknowledged that 5,000 subscribers had been their target, however, and revealed plans to illustrate their

articles more lavishly. To offset the cost of additional artwork, they estimated that subscriptions would have to double or triple. Signs of financial trouble appeared in the magazine by January 1885. Although the McDonalds asserted that their magazine's success "seems assured," circulation remained stalled at about 3,000—a figure achieved "by untiring labor and at some loss." Admitting that they had underestimated such expenses as advertising and the compensation of agents, the McDonalds announced an increase in price from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per year.¹⁴

In their search for more subscribers, the McDonalds seemingly sought to differentiate between the *Bivouac* and the *Southern Historical Society Papers*. The latter always had published a number of official reports and functioned as a forum for officers of high rank. The *Bivouac*, in contrast, "was commenced by an association of ex-Confederates for the sole purpose of preserving for history the stories and incidents of the war that never appear in army reports." Just a few lines before explaining their reasons for increasing subscription rates, the McDonalds stated flatly that the "*Southern Bivouac* is the only Confederate soldiers' magazine published in the United States." This appeal to the rank and file of the Confederate armies must have stung J. William Jones, Jubal A. Early, and others associated with the *Southern Historical Society Papers*. For despite the *SHSP*'s somewhat elitist editorial policies, there can be no doubt that its supporters considered their publication a magazine for Confederate soldiers.¹⁵

The Old Series of the *Southern Bivouac* ended in May 1885 with the ninth issue of Volume III. Fiscal prospects had

declined during the preceding four months, as evidenced by a notice in the April number: "The times have been hard, and through the winter we have avoided vexing our subscribers with duns. We are now sending by mail bills to all delinquents. To these prompt reply is requested. Those who, for any reason, can not pay will please let us know."¹⁶ This plea apparently failed to evoke a substantial response, and management of the *Bivouac* passed from the McDonalds to a new publisher, B. F. Avery & Sons of Louisville. Richard W. Knott, editor of the biweekly *Home and Farm*, which had a circulation of 100,000, and former Confederate Brigadier General Basil W. Duke assumed the editorship of the *Bivouac*.

The first issue of the New Series of the magazine made its debut in June 1885 as Volume I, Number 1, of *The Southern Bivouac: A Monthly Literary and Historical Magazine*. The subtitle indicated a shift in direction under Knott and Duke. "[T]he managers . . . propose to publish a distinctively Southern Magazine," they told readers in the inaugural issue. "Southern in no merely political sense, but a magazine which, while appealing to the lovers of good literature every where, will deal chiefly with the aspects of Southern life, thought, action, with Southern history and scenery, with Southern traditions and prejudices, in accordance with the accepted rules of art."¹⁷ War-related articles by Confederates remained a staple of the revamped *Bivouac*; however, they contended for space with fiction by Southern writers as well as a variety of Northern and British authors, literary criticism, and essays on such practical topics of regional interest as the cultivation of sugar, cotton, and oranges.¹⁸ In his history of

American periodicals, Frank Luther Mott remarked that Knott and Duke's changes left the magazine "much improved in every way"—an opinion that few students of the Civil War likely would second.¹⁹

Knott and Duke supported Henry Grady's vision of a New South built in partnership with Northern industrialists and controlled by a white ruling class. They opposed federal legislation on racial issues, observing that "the relations between the white and black races on this continent had better be left to time and the silent influences which regulate other social *phenomena*. . . ." One article mounted a staunch defense of the Ku Klux Klan as a necessary response to alleged Northern outrages during Reconstruction. "There is not a many of us to-day but regrets the crisis that forced the South into such violent measures of resistance," observed the author of this piece, "yet there is not one of us, I believe, but would again in like manner resist to the death the same wrongs under the same hard conditions." The new editors feared organized labor almost as much as uncontrolled black voters. A typical editorial comment attacked the Knights of Labor as "better adapted to produce a condition of disagreement than to preserve friendly relations between the employer and the laborer." Whatever the original goals of the union, "it is now being used for mischief; and no aim or end of its founders can justify the means and methods employed by those who are now controlling it."²⁰

Consistent with its New South leanings, Knott and Duke's *Bivouac* maintained a markedly friendly posture toward the North. An editorial in 1886 addressed the subject of Southern sentiment toward the war: "The survivors of the Southern

ranks feel as far removed from that struggle, in all save respect and reverence for the motives of those who patriotically entered into it on both sides, honor for the Union dead and affectionate remembrance of their own, as if it belonged to the history of some former age." In words that certainly gave offense to unreconstructed rebels such as Jubal A. Early, this editorial added that "without acerbity of expression and not in any offensive form," the *Bivouac* "accurately represents the best and most general Southern sentiment and opinion." Elsewhere the editors pronounced the "bloody chasm" closed, "it was closed long ago, and it ought no longer to be a matter of surprise to hear from representative men of the South pledges of devotion to a restored Union."²¹

The *Bivouac* also disagreed with Early and his supporters at the Southern Historical Society in calling for serious examination of R. E. Lee and all other Confederate leaders. Denouncing hero worship that masqueraded as history, the editors remarked in August 1885 that "[r]eally great men do not hesitate to avow their responsibilities, even of errors which prove disastrous." Lee's conduct at Gettysburg provided a perfect illustration: ". . . as he stood watching the returning remnants of Pickett's brigade after its heroic and deadly charge, [the general] said, 'The mistake was mine.'" It was time to put aside personal feelings and seek historical objectivity. "That in some cases this is unpleasant to the personal friends of the heroes of history is true," stated the editors. "But this is of no consequence."²²

Early complained to Duke about the *Bivouac* in September 1886. In criticism that applied to the policies of the magazine since its founding, Lee's former corps commander

declared that the *Bivouac* printed too many articles by low-ranking officers and enlisted men. It stood guilty of publishing negative comments about Lee from tainted sources (Early had in mind especially W. H. Swallow) and indulged in sensationalism. The crusty old general, who refused to accept compensation for any of his own writings, also questioned the veracity of any article written for pay. Duke defended the *Bivouac* in friendly but firm language. He stated that the “carefully prepared narrative of an officer of inferior rank, or of a private soldier, may be as valuable as that of a division or corps commander,” alluded to “an extreme conflict of opinion among eminent soldiers who fought . . . [at Gettysburg] in regard to General Lee’s strategy,” and denied that compensation should call into question the accuracy of an author’s work. Duke closed with a warm invitation for Early to contribute to the *Bivouac*.²³

The editorial tone of the *Bivouac* must have suited its audience, which grew to 7,500 by the end of 1885 and eventually reached 15,000. But Knott confessed in 1886 that he needed 25,000 subscribers to earn a reasonable profit. A failure to achieve projected sales probably cleared the way for sale of the magazine in 1887 to *The Century*, a New York monthly with a substantial national circulation. Several authors have speculated that *The Century*, with its own series well under way, sought to eliminate a rival in the field of Civil War reminiscences and sketches. The *Bivouac*’s editors advised readers in May 1887 that the magazine had been purchased by “the *Century* Company . . . and the publication will be discontinued.” Some of the Civil War articles on hand would become part of *Battle and Leaders of the Civil War*; the

Bivouac's subscribers henceforth would receive *The Century*. The final editorial section included a fitting epitaph for the New Series of the *Bivouac*: "This magazine becomes, instead of a permanent exponent of Southern thought, only a mile-stone in the progress of Southern literature."²⁴

Modern readers will find a rich lode of material in the five volumes of *The Southern Bivouac*. For those seeking information about battles and campaigns of the Civil War, scores of articles by a range of participants shed light on major operations as well as more obscure engagements. Nearly every issue contains a store of personal anecdotes relating to combat, camp life, and other facets of the soldier's experience. Equally rich as a source on the postbellum years, the *Bivouac* will benefit anyone interested in the Myth of the Lost Cause, the development of support for a New South, attitudes on race and reconciliation with the North, efforts to promote a distinctly Southern literature, and a variety of other cultural and political aspects of Southern life. This reprint by the Broadfoot Publishing Company, made more valuable by a detailed index, should find its way into public and private collections on the Confederacy or the mid-19th Century South. With a bit of luck, the *Bivouac* at last may find the audience among scholars and lay readers that has eluded it for so long.

Gary W. Gallagher
Penn State University
September 10, 1992

Endnotes

1. Each of these basic sources has been reprinted at least once, and all currently are available: Robert Underwood Johnson and Clarence Clough Buel, eds., *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, 4 vols. (1887; reprint, Secaucus, N.J.: Castle, 1987); [Alexander K. McClure, ed.], *The Annals of the War Written by Leading Participants North and South. Originally Published in the Philadelphia Weekly Times* (1879; reprint, Dayton, Ohio: Morningside, 1988); J. William Jones and others, eds., *Southern Historical Society Papers*, 52 vols. and 3-vol. index (1876-1959; reprint, Wilmington, N.C.: Broadfoot Publishing Company, 1990-92); *Confederate Veteran*, 40 vols. and 3-vol. index (1893-1932; reprint, Wilmington, N.C.: Broadfoot Publishing Company, 1988-90).

2. Two other periodicals that contain valuable Confederate testimony but share the *Bivouac*'s obscurity are *The Land We Love* (1866-69), edited by Daniel Harvey Hill in Charlotte, North Carolina, and *Our Living and Our Dead* (1874-76), edited in Raleigh, North Carolina, by Stephen D. Pool. On the latter, see Ray M. Atchison, *Our Living and Our Dead. A Post-Bellum North Carolina Magazine of Literature and History*, in *The North Carolina Historical Review* 40 (October 1963): 423-33.

3. An example of the tendency to overlook *The Southern Bivouac* may be found in the work of Douglas Southall Freeman, whose studies of R. E. Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia remain essential starting points for any examination of Confederate operations in the East. Freeman consulted a vast array of printed sources, but neither the

bibliographies in his major books nor *The South to Posterity: An Introduction to the Writing of Confederate History* (1939; reprint, Wilmington, N.C.: Broadfoot's Bookmark, 1983), in which he discussed Confederate literature, includes *The Southern Bivouac*. This despite the presence in the magazine of many articles pertinent to Freeman's interests.

4. For a short discussion of the Louisville group, see Gaines M. Foster, *Ghosts of the Confederacy: Defeat, the Lost Cause, and the Emergence of the New South* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1987), 90-91.

5. The quotations are in the Old Series, vol. I, no. 2, p. 80.

6. In *The Orphan Brigade: The Kentucky Confederates Who Couldn't Go Home* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Company, 1980), 268-69, William C. Davis describes the *Bivouac* as "one of the very first veterans' magazines following the war, and the only one devoted chiefly to the record of a single unit, the 1st Kentucky Brigade." This characterization overstates the degree to which the magazine focused on the Orphan Brigade.

7. The quotations are in the Old Series, vol. I, no. 4, p. 176.

8. *Southern Historical Society Papers* 10:528.

9. The quotation is in the Old Series, vol. I, no. 7, p. 312.

10. The quotations are in the Old Series, vol. I, no. 12, p. 485.

11. The quotations are in the Old Series, vol. I, no. 12, unnumbered page headed "New Volume Renew Your Subscription"; Old Series, vol. II, no. 12, p. 568.

12. The quotations are in the Old Series, vol. I, no. 12, unnumbered page headed "New Volume Renew Your Sub-

scription"; Old Series, vol. II, no. 2, p. 93.

13. The quotations are in the Old Series, vol. II, no. 6, p. 284; Old Series, vol. II, no. 4, pp. 191-92. Richard M. Weaver's *The Southern Tradition at Bay: A History of Postbellum Thought*, ed. George Core and M. E. Bradford (New Rochelle, N.Y.: Arlington House, 1968), 222-23, discusses the *Bivouac* as one of several Southern voices "deploring the new Yankee civilization."

14. The quotations are in the Old Series, vol. III, no. 1, p. 45; Old Series, vol. III, no. 5, p. [239].

15. The quotations are in the Old Series, vol. III, no. 5, p. [239]. On the attitudes and activities of Early and his friends in the Southern Historical Society, see Foster, *Ghosts of the Confederacy*, especially chapter 7, and Thomas L. Connelly, *The Marble Man: Robert E. Lee and His Image in American Society* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1977), especially chapter 3.

16. The quotation is in the Old Series, vol. III, no. 8, p. 382.

17. The quotation is in the New Series, vol. I, no. 1, p. 62.

18. For a useful discussion of the literary side of the *Bivouac*, see Rayburn S. Moore, "'A Distinctively Southern Magazine': The Southern Bivouac," in *The Southern Literary Journal* 2 (Spring 1970): 51-65.

19. Frank Luther Mott, *A History of American Magazines 1865-1885* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1938), 47.

20. The quotations are in the New Series, vol. I, no. 5, p. 316; New Series, vol. I, no. 2, p. 109; and New Series, vol. II, no. 1, p. 69.

21. The quotations are in the New Series, vol. II, no. 1, p. 69; and New Series, vol. II, no. 9, p. 583.

22. The quotations are in the New Series, vol. I, no. 3, p. 187.

23. Basil W. Duke to Jubal A. Early, September 7, 1886, item 2695, Jubal A. Early Papers, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

24. Moore, "Southern Bivouac," pp. 53, 63. The quotations are in the New Series, vol. II, no. 12, p. 773.

Vol. 1.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

No. 1.

THE
BIVOUAC.

[THIS SPACE WILL CONTAIN AN APPROPRIATE CUT IN THE NEXT ISSUE.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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THE BIVOUAC.

OUR FIRST PAGE.

It is opportune to give the "why" of this change in the mode of publishing THE BIVOUAC.

There are now on file for early insertion many contributions from points in Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas, New Mexico, Utah, Ohio, and Indiana, and all of these are of such a character as certainly would have interested the Confederate soldier, and which it is thought will prove equally attractive to that numerous class of good citizens now known as ex-Confederates, but these "war-papers" will not be so eagerly sought after by the *other* readers of the city journals; therefore the editors of THE BIVOUAC have concluded that it would be unreasonable to ask for the space necessary for their publication.

Though times have changed it is not believed that the ex-soldiers of the Confederacy have so changed with them as to be indifferent to the recital of the old stories, neither is it doubted that comrades, wherever they may be scattered, will contribute reminiscences, enjoy the reading of those sent by others, and laugh at the repetition of the wit and humor of the bivouac.

A subscription to THE BIVOUAC will assist in the preservation of the papers of the association in a neat and durable form, as well as aid the society in securing a more comfortable room than that now used for its meetings.

The first number of this unpretending magazine is now placed in your hands with the hope that its contents may prove so palatable that, like Oliver Twist, you will "cry for more," and send at once the amount called for by the terms of subscription.

With your hearty assistance the success of our little volume is assured.

RECOLLECTIONS OF VICKSBURG DURING THE SIEGE.

It is the purpose of this paper to give only personal recollections of Vicksburg during the memorable siege. What we had to eat and drink and how we got it have been fruitful themes of conversation, but I have never read an article which gave any thing like my own experience. In addition to our eating and drinking I shall state how we lived, if indeed there was any thing of life to a soldier outside of what he had to eat and drink.

Vicksburg is situated on the east bank of the Mississippi River near the elbow of an immense bend. The Federal army was just above the city on the west bank of the river, and it was a very short distance from where their fleet was anchored across the narrow neck of land to the river below us. The country immediately in rear of Vicksburg is exceedingly hilly and the hills very steep, but the land is rich and productive. There are many houses in the city where first floor in front is the third story in rear. Our habitations were just outside the city limits and were constructed after the most improved order of architecture, but without modern improvements. They were constructed, too, some time before they were to be used, and as is usual in such cases we had much extra work to do. We had been in camp on Chickasaw Bayou, about midway between Vicksburg and Haynes's Bluff on the Yazoo.

We were marched out in the direction of Jackson to Big Black River, at the railroad crossing, to join our forces which had been engaging the Federal troops who crossed the Mississippi River at and near Grand Gulf, below Vicksburg. They were vastly superior in numbers and defeated us at Champion Hills, Baker's Creek, and Edwards's Depot, and drove us hurriedly and in confusion across Big Black and into Vicksburg.

On the 17th of May, 1863, we were in Vicksburg, and that night we burned the houses immediately in front and rear of the ditches, and every one knew and realized that the time had come for a great and decisive battle. We slept that night just inside our trenches and the soldiers discussed the gravity of the situation. We knew that night we would be surrounded and cut off from all communication with the world. The situation was gloomy and uncomfortable. A siege with all its horrors was before us, and while doubting the wisdom and capacity of our commanders, we nerved ourselves for the combat which was to settle the control of the great river which divided our country.

No one who has not the experience can imagine the feelings of men under such circumstances. Still we did not realize the magnitude of the thing. We knew the place could not be taken by assault even if all the Federal armies were in our front. We felt a little nervous about our river front, but we expected relief from General Johnston, in which event we hoped to destroy our adversaries.

Before the siege began considerable quantities of supplies had been sent into Vicksburg, such as cattle, sheep, corn, peas, etc., but by no means as much as should have been there. The supply of bacon and flour was not large and hard-tack was scarce. Our bill of fare was at no time large, but was the best the market afforded.

On the 18th of May the Federal army appeared in our front and invested the city. I was in the center between the main Jackson road and the cemetery road. General McPherson's corps was in our front. The trenches were on the tops of a series of ridges or hills and quite crooked, extending from the river above to the river below, and our water front was protected by some heavy guns and strong works. On all the commanding points and important angles we had batteries planted which were never a great way apart and well supported. When the ditches were dug it did not enter the minds of those in charge of the work that they would be the habitation of so many men for so long a time. So when we moved into the ditches on the 18th of May we found them uncomfortable and very dangerous to go in or out during the day, and as we had to have water and food it was the first difficulty to solve. So we dug trenches leading to the rear, and as the hills were steep we did not have to go far before we were out of sight. The first two days we jumped on the bank and ran to the rear, but the salute of sharpshooters was so uninviting that very few wants were pressing enough to take us to the rear. We were well armed, nearly every man having a rifle and a musket loaded with buckshot. We dug shelves in the sides of the trenches where we laid our cartridges, and each man felt capable of doing much deadly work. The trees had been cut down in our front and left lying as they had fallen, which at places rendered the ground almost impassable. The trenches were of such depth that a man of ordinary height would get a good rest when he shot. As we had no place to fly to we went into those ditches to die if needs be, but never to run. On the 18th of May there was some brisk skirmishing, and from that day we were in a state of siege and formed decidedly a close corporation. Our position was such as to give us full view of both our own lines and those of the enemy on our right near the railroad.

On the 19th there was a spirited assault made, which was repulsed with great ease. On the morning of the 22d there was a general charge all along the lines, which was renewed in the afternoon. We had no difficulty in driving them back in our front, but on our right and in full view from our position it was much more determined. We could see clearly the lines of McClernand's men advancing until they planted a flag at our very line. It was the grandest sight I ever saw. Line after line advancing and none going back. Those who were not slain or wounded were too near to retreat until dark, and the deadly work went on until darkness closed it. I have understood that Gen. McClernand was removed because he claimed more glory that day than Gen. Grant was willing to concede him; in fact he claimed that if proper support had been given him he would have captured the works. In that he was mistaken, but my sympathies were always on his side. From that time on we were not assaulted, and the slow but sure process was adopted of starving us out.

The sharpshooters of the enemy were in many places nearer to our works than one hundred yards, and it became necessary to use every precaution against exposure. We made port-holes by sinking a small wooden box in the top of our ditch, which was easily done on account of the steepness of the hill. The dirt was thrown back over the box, and a little grass placed over the outer end so it could not be seen, and we would watch an opportunity through that to try our guns.

We did very little shooting compared to the Federals, as it was important to save our ammunition.

The shells from the batteries in our front would often go through the city. Their artillery firing was usually very heavy but did us little damage and soon ceased to even frighten us. The Federals planted a number of large mortar-guns on the opposite side of the river some distance back, from which they shelled the city day and night during the siege. The shells from the mortars would sometimes burst in the clouds and you could hear the report of the gun long enough before there was any danger to hunt a place of safety.

We soon ceased to pay any attention to the mortars, as they only seemed designed to scare the women and children, of whom there were very many in Vicksburg. They sought shelter in caves which were dug in the sides of the hills. The clay was of such a character that it seldom caved in and the little homes under ground were quite comfortable except when it rained, which made the entrance disagreeable. There were thousands of those caves, some of which are

still there. Immediately in rear of the ditches on the hillside were hundreds of such habitations. Men not on duty would sleep in them and it was the safest place for the sick. It was sad yet comical to see the mother cooking at the entrance to her cave, with a flock of little children playing in the hot sun around her, and suddenly hearing a shell from the mortar she would fly with her little ones for safety like a hen with her brood when the hawk approaches. Some of those faithful mothers and innocent little ones were killed, but it seemed that a kind Providence was caring for them, as but few, comparatively speaking, were hurt. In many instances mothers with their children were in those caves entirely dependent upon our noble soldiers for protection from insult and violence. But few people could remain in their houses except in one part of the city. Supplies of private families soon gave out and all had to be fed by the commissary department, which at times we thought needed feeding badly itself.

Something to eat is an important item with a soldier and was a scarce article in Vicksburg. When the siege commenced we had large quantities of cattle and sheep inside the city, but we had no pasture except the inclosure made by the ditches. So, many were turned loose and soon came in large numbers up to the trenches feeding on the grass just inside our lines, and the Federal sharpshooters killed them faster than we did. The weather was hot and we could not remove them when killed until night, and by that time the meat was spoiled. So we were soon without beef or mutton. Our supply of bacon was not large and we were cut down to one quarter of a ration of meat a day, and that was a small slice about the size of your finger, and we preferred that raw. Our corn and meal soon became scarce, and having but little flour at any time in the Western armies, the question of bread became serious.

The Mississippi bottom produces in great abundance a red pea usually called cow-pea, which are sown broadcast in the corn when it is laid by, and the vines run over the corn, producing a large yield. Cows and hogs are fond of them and negroes also when they are boiled with fat meat. But it takes several hours to boil them so as to be suitable for food, and if eaten before perfectly cooked they are neither palatable nor healthy. There was a large quantity of cow-peas in Vicksburg, and instead of boiling them the novel idea struck some one of grinding them into meal and making "pea bread." That experiment was tried. Our rations were cooked in a deep ravine about a mile in rear of the ditches and were brought out and issued

at the foot of the hill in rear of the ditches. The meal was made into dough with cold water and a little salt sometimes mixed in, and then baked in skillets until brown. So our "pea bread" came looking well browned and we tried it. We were capable of eating any thing, but the "pea bread" was a little ahead of any thing. The crust was brown but the bread tasted like raw peas, and in fact it could not be cooked in the shape of bread. It was incapable of being cooked in that way and made us all sick, so it had to be abandoned as bread and we soon had all the peas devoured by being properly boiled.

Finally, when the corn meal and peas were exhausted, they gave us two small biscuits a day and one slice of bacon. We became very weak, and but for the fact that we knew it was all that could be done there would have been great complaint. We had no place to forage and the safest place in Vicksburg was in the ditches.

Much has been said about our soldiers eating mule meat. It is true that a number of mules were killed for food, but they were used mostly for the sick and wounded for soup. It was a delicacy. A few hundred mules were killed and the meat "jerked," but we never got any. Our teamster, a man by the name of Burns, had a mule we all knew as a faithful standby, named Jack, and poor old Jack was put into the soup-mill. I never tasted mule meat myself, but I certainly would have eaten it had the opportunity offered. I saw some delicious looking rats broiled one evening, but they were not numerous enough to be of much use. Our fare upon the whole was very rough, badly prepared, and very scant. It was difficult to get wood and water to cook with, and our appetites were never satisfied. But our life was such that we could do on little. We could not take exercise. We had to sit on the ground in the broiling sun from morning until night and then sleep as best we could.

The ditches were not wide enough to stretch out across them, so we doubled up as best we could with one blanket. But when it rained our condition was pitiable. The water would come pouring down the ditches knee deep, and to stand up was certain death, and to sit down was both damp and uncomfortable, and to lie down was to drown. So we sat down. When the rain would be over and some of us would crawl back out of the ditches, we were the hardest looking specimens of humanity I have ever seen before or since. For some time after the rains the ditches would remain very muddy, and but for our fatigue sleep would have been out of the question. We suffered very much from heat. We could get no air and the weather

was very hot, and shelter from the sun was impossible. The water was very bad. There are some of the finest springs on the bluff above Vicksburg I have ever seen, but the water is rotten limestone, and even that was outside our lines. We sunk little wells in the hollow behind the trenches, but it was unwholesome and filthy water. We were daily burying our dead close by our wells. We undertook to haul our water from the river and would drag down a dead mule to throw in the river to get rid of the stench, and haul back a load of water, but sharpshooters behind the levee on the opposite side of the river made that quite an uncomfortable business.

In addition to that they planted some parrot-guns behind the levee and the music of one of those shells would quench the thirst of any one. So we had to confine our operations to the night, and then it was very dangerous going back into the city. The bullets and shells seemed to all center down in town from all around the lines and across the river also, and, as stated before, the safest place was in the ditches.

I usually went down in town once a week to see friends who were scattered about in caves, but I was dodging shells all the time. You could readily see the shells from the mortars with the naked eye, but those vicious little Parrot-guns kept their shells screaming through town all the while. The most demoralizing thing of the whole siege was a mean practice the Federals got at of undermining and blowing us up. On account of the steep hills and the character of the clay it was not a hard thing to do, and it upset us more than every thing else besides. We did not think it fair, as it gave us no chance. They blew up a fort immediately on our left and killed quite a number of men, and we all thought the next day would bring our time.

Of course we had no opportunity or place for bathing and the ditches were full of vermin except when the rain washed them off. I was out on picket duty one night in front of the ditches. The watch lasted all night but we had to crawl back before light. It was the night after the charge of the 22d of May. The dead were unburied and the wounded were uncared for. Their piteous wails greeted me all night and their mournful appeals were heartrending indeed. I desired to render relief, but whenever I moved a minnie-ball admonished me that I would soon want an infirmary corps if I did not remain quiet. It was one of the most distressing nights of my life, and of all the horrors of that dreadful struggle I can recall nothing sadder. It was two or three days before the Federals asked permission to bury their dead, and the wounded had in the meantime

died. The stench from the dead almost drove us from the ditches. For a couple of hours while the dead were being buried the firing ceased, and that was the only breathing-spell we had during the siege. It was a fearfully monotonous life. We lost some men every day and at times our sick-list was large.

I helped bury a friend one day on the hill near the city hospital. He and I had been wounded in a previous battle and left in the hands of the enemy, but were paroled and were at home together and rejoined our commands just before the siege. He died from a sunstroke. Digging his grave was a hard job. It was fearfully hot, and being at an exposed point we were compelled to employ much of our time in dodging shells. After we got the hole dug a little below the surface we would hide in this grave. It took us nearly all day to perform this sad work. It was the most decent funeral I saw during the siege. His body was in a rough box while all the rest were wrapt in their old army-blankets and laid away in one of the valleys which were soon after used as corn-fields.

One morning only a few days before the surrender the Federals opened fire from all their batteries simultaneously, which they kept up for several hours. They commenced before daylight and kept it up until seven o'clock, and in that time about seven thousand shells were thrown into Vicksburg. I was in rear of the ditches sleeping under a small walnut tree, and so accustomed were we to the noise of artillery and so completely worn out, that it did not waken me until a shell cut a limb off the walnut tree, which fell in my face, and the firing was then nearly over.

A short time before the surrender a mortar-gun was planted in the hollow in rear of our company and commenced shelling the enemy's camp at intervals of about thirty minutes. The Federals determined to silence it and turned their batteries for some distance on both sides on that point. It was a serious thing for us and we were indignant at having such a target set up for our destruction. They elevated their guns so as to drop shells around the mortar and they dropped in our ditch. Of course it was impossible for them to strike the old mortar in any other way than by rolling shells down the hill, which was impossible. But they completely demolished our ditch for about forty yards. The hill was so steep down from our ditch in front that shells striking a few feet in our front would come through into our ditch, and for several days we were forced to vacate a small part of our works, but we rebuilt it at night. Before the surrender they moved the mortar to some other point, much to our gratification.

I helped to dig a place in which to plant a ninety-eight pound columbiad in rear of our brigade. Quite a hole was dug at night before it was observed by our watchful neighbors. We then put detachments of men in the place to work day and night. The enemy undertook to destroy all who worked and the work itself. They turned loose numerous batteries from different points and even tried to drop shells in the hole, which was only about sixteen feet square. It was reached through a deep ditch. I went up there one day to look at it and while in there in company with a half dozen others, a shell half as long as my arm landed in the place, which fortunately did not strike any of us nor did it explode. My curiosity was entirely satisfied.

We finally planted the gun and commenced using it, but so terrific was the fire on that place that it was almost impossible to either load or shoot it. After a few shots it was dismounted. None of our artillery was exposed. When it was necessary to use it it was loaded and wheeled into position, then fired and quickly again out of view. It was almost certain death to lift your head above the ditch to make observations.

The firing was continuous day and night. And so the time passed, always the same, except the daily rumor that Gen. Joe Johnston was near and we would soon be relieved. No tidings from home or the other armies could be received and many mothers and wives were in hearing of the deadly guns who knew not the fate of their loved ones on the inside.

It was out of the question for us to undertake to cut our way out. The enemy outnumbered us at least three to one and were strongly intrenched. Then we had been sitting there drying up for so long that we were too weak to undertake such a thing. We felt that it was a great blunder to send us in there and then leave us to starve, but we took in the situation too well to want to cut our way out unless Gen. Johnston should certainly be on the outside to engage them at the same time.

Finally the morning of the 3d of July came, and about seven o'clock I was seated in the dust in the ditch eating my biscuit, when a shell burst just above us which was loaded with cast shot, and one of them struck my shoulder and caused me to lose a biscuit and feel for a moment that my time had come. In a few minutes the firing ceased, a flag of truce went out, and we then realized that Johnston would not come in time for us. It is impossible to describe our feelings. We sat out on the tops of our ditches and the blue-coats lined

the works in front of us. While we sat there looking at each other a soldier on our left was unable to lose such an opportunity, so he took aim and fired at a bunch of blue-coats in our front, wounding two. We involuntarily rolled into the ditches like turtles off a log and a volley was discharged at us. Then all the firing ceased and was never resumed. All day long the negotiations were progressing. As it had to come, we desired the surrender to take place that day and before the fourth. Why it did not take place that day we were never advised. Early on the morning of the fourth the order was given to stack arms. That must have been agreed upon the preceding day and we were mortified that Gen. Pemberton allowed it to be a cause of additional fourth of July celebration. In a short time the army of the United States marched into Vicksburg and took possession of all our guns and stores. We surrendered about twenty-seven thousand men and an immense supply of artillery. They issued rations to us on the 5th, in our camp in the valley in rear of our ditches. We mingled freely and pleasantly with the soldiers. In the afternoon of the fourth I went up on the hill in rear of our old position and sat on an old log badly splintered by shells, and was meditating in sadness upon the misfortune that had befallen us. While sitting there all alone General McPherson and staff rode up, looking over the field, and asked me some questions. He was a gallant looking soldier and impressed me favorably.

I am advised by Gen. Thomas H. Taylor, who took an active part in all that transpired during those eventful days, that each of the major and brigadier generals and the lieutenant general commanding signed the articles of capitulation except Brigadier-General Baldwin, who refused to sign, giving no reason. I belonged to his brigade and afterward witnessed his sad death in Mobile. General M. L. Smith commanded our division. We could not have held out longer. General Taylor informs me (and he is authority on the subject) that there was not another day's rations left. The meal and flour were all gone. Our ranks had been so depleted by death, wounds, and sickness that the available force did not exceed seventeen thousand men. The Federals intended to celebrate the fourth of July by blowing up some of our forts and probably following it by an assault. We were physically unable to withstand it. We were weak and almost worn out, so that we were no longer our former selves. To surrender was all that was left. We found no fault for that. It was an honorable capitulation and we surrendered with all the honors of war. The men were allowed to retain their baggage

and the officers were allowed to retain their sidearms and horses. I have heard that the terms were more liberal by agreeing to surrender on the fourth.

General Pemberton has been much abused on account of his performance at Vicksburg. My opinion of him in brief is that he was not at all suited to the position or capable of commanding such an army. His loyalty to the South was beyond question. He gave up a fortune, friends, and a brilliant future in the North, but he created no enthusiasm in the army, had disagreeable manners, and a peculiar fitness in making his subordinate officers dislike him. He needed friendships where he made enemies. His appointment was an unfortunate blunder. General Bowen, who commanded the most gallant division in Vicksburg, died a few days after we were paroled. On the 10th of July we were paroled by companies, and on the 11th marched out in order down the Jackson road.

Our artillery was all placed in a field on the road to show us what we had given up and to demoralize the men. After crossing Big Black we were permitted to go to our homes for a month or to parole camp. I went home. The day of our surrender witnessed the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg, and from that day our destiny was sealed. The results which followed belong to history.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE MILITARY LIFE OF THE LATE COL. T. W. THOMPSON.

In the *Courier-Journal* of the 7th of August appeared the following death notice :

“At his residence on the Work-house road, Col. Thos. W. Thompson, Sunday, at five o'clock P. M., August 6, 1882.”

Knowing Colonel Thompson intimately and admiring him greatly, I felt that an important duty to his surviving comrades and friends would be neglected did I allow the above brief notice of his death to be all that was written of him. No fulsome eulogy is needed to remind his friends of his many sterling traits of character, all of which were solid and firm as the granite hills, and none will be attempted. I propose to deal solely with facts and to draw his character as it appeared to me during an intimate friendship of more than twenty years.

Colonel Thompson was born in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., on the 28th day of February, 1839, and was therefore on the day of his death in the forty-third year of his age. At the tender age of seven years he was doubly orphaned and was brought to Louisville, Ky., and placed in the family of his maternal uncle, Mr. Thomas Williams, with whom he was living when the tocsin of war between the sections was sounded. From his early youth to the date of his commission in the Confederate States Army he had been associated, as private or officer, with the military companies of this city. His one weakness—if it be a weakness—being an ardent and unquenchable love “for the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” his one ambition to place a battalion in the field and to command it.

Born a soldier and educated in a Southern political atmosphere, it was natural and to be expected that he would buckle on his sword at the first call to arms, and casting its weight on the side of the section which had adopted him, make its cause his own.

Recruiting a number of men for the Southern army—most of them being already members of a company in the State Guard commanded by him—he repaired with them in the early part of the summer of 1861 to Camp Boone, Tenn., at which camp the Second and Third Kentucky Regiments, C. S. A., were being organized and perfected in the drill and discipline of soldier life. As his squad of men were below the minimum required by army regulations to form a company, he was compelled to bide his time and patiently await coming events. They came in the shape of a body of men recruited by Captain Wm. Blanchard in the counties of Mason, Fleming, and Lewis for the Fourth Kentucky Regiment, C. S. A., which was rendezvousing at Camp Burnett, Tenn., within three miles of Camp Boone, above mentioned, and which, like Thompson’s squad, was too short in numbers to meet regulation requirements. As neither moiety amounted to any thing separately, the captains of the two squads agreed to consolidate them into one full company, and it was done, Thompson receiving the captaincy and the subordinate offices, commissioned and non-commissioned, being equally divided between the respective squads, and in this way was formed Company “I,” of the Fourth Kentucky Regiment, C. S. A., commanded by Captain T. W. Thompson, the youngest captain in the brigade and the junior company commander but one in his regiment; and thus:

“When other youths required commandment, then
Had Thompson, daring boyhood, governed men.”

Much was expected of the quiet, firm, reticent, and self-reliant

young captain, nor were such expectations disappointed by his subsequent career. Long before his baptism of fire at Shiloh his regimental, brigade, and division commanders had learned to know his worth and to trust him fully.

The casualties of war in the Fourth Regiment were heavy, and its leaders paid with their lives or with permanently disabling wounds the penalty of their devotion to the bars and stars. One by one, death on the battle-field and incurable wounds had stricken the names of senior officers from the regimental roster, until T. W. Thompson, a captain at twenty-two, found himself colonel of the gallant old Fourth Kentucky before his twenty-fifth year had been reached. His steps of promotion had been rapid, yet were they bravely won and nobly deserved. There was, there could be, but one opinion as to his merits, so admirable had been his conduct in every way, in camp, on the march, or on the battle-field, so constantly did he keep in sight and hold duty paramount to every thing, and so thorough was his mental, moral, and physical training, that to doubt his fitness to command wherever assigned would have shown the doubter ignorant indeed of the traits of character requisite to form the commander. His mental qualities were more solid than showy; even his dash on the battle-field was held subservient to a judgment which was always in balance, and a self-control that was admirable to behold.

He refused the rank of colonel over other troops which was tendered him by General Breckinridge after the battle of Shiloh, because he felt that his first duty was to the men he had induced to leave their homes to share with him the dangers and privations of a soldier. To command his company of Kentuckians, whose prowess on the battle-field and whose soldierly bearing in general had realized his fondest hopes of them, was to him a prouder position than to command a regiment of stranger troops. He urged his youth as a plea for declining the honor tendered him by General Breckinridge, but his company knew the truth of the matter and appreciated it.

His physical courage, which was of the first water, was twin brother to a moral courage which would have asserted his convictions in the face of crushing odds and certain destruction. He was incapable of supporting a man or adopting a principle whose honesty or truth would not bear the glare of open investigation. He despised the toady and sycophant, and would have refused to bend the knee to any "that thrift might follow fawning." His ruling trait of character was justice, strict and unswerving. In his scales all were weighed alike, the commissioned officer and the humble private, and if any excuse

could be urged in extenuation of a breach of discipline by either, the private got the benefit, as in his opinion the higher the grade the less venial the offense. Offering his life upon the altar of duty, an order from a superior in command was to him supreme and not to be questioned or analyzed. His response to all orders was cheerful, prompt, and effective. The army regulations were his soldier's Bible, and he gave to their requirements full and unquestioning obedience. He never had a whim, was never governed by caprice, fancy, or passion. His every act was controlled by cool, calm, and almost unerring judgment. There was nothing soft or effeminate in his nature, but every thing that was manly, noble, strong, true.

As an executive officer, military or civil, he had few equals, and had he served under the first Napoleon his rank and fame would have rivaled that of Ney or Murat, Kellermann or Desaix. He was only a colonel, but had the war lasted longer he carried within him possibilities which would have placed him on the plain of his deserts.

The war being over, he returned to his home and entered with characteristic energy upon the duties of civil life. Here again success attended upon him and crowned his executive ability as clerk of the Louisville Chancery Court with a fortune. But it is with his soldier life that this sketch has to treat, and as a soldier, though wearing in death the garb of the civilian, will his old comrades mourn him.

A SOLDIER'S BEST ACT.

A soldier of Morgan's command, distinguished alike for his courage and modesty, being asked what was the best act of his soldier-life, replied, "At Augusta, Ky., the Federals were sweeping the streets with shot, seemingly as thick as rain-drops, when a mother on the opposite side of the street from me stood wringing her hands in agonized anxiety, regarding her little child that toddled in the middle of the roadway unconscious of danger and apparently enjoying the music of the whistling 'minnies.' Forgetful of possible consequences to myself, I sprang into the street, seized the little innocent prattler, and unharmed, untouched by bullet, placed it in its mother's arms. God saw the act and smiled, and I live to tell the incident."

WAR-TIME MEMORIES,

SUGGESTED BY HEARING THE FOREGOING INCIDENT, RELATED AT A MEETING
OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

I.

Comrade mine, through many a battle, through the tumult, din, and rattle
Of a fratricidal warfare, waking demon thoughts to birth,
Do sad memories ever burn you? do they come with power to turn you
To those scenes of wild excitement, desolation, woe, and dearth?

II.

Two decades since the strife was ended; still with years its traces blended!
True, it was a time that tried us, 'twas a time that proved men's souls.
'Mid its scenes we would not linger, yet comes thought with steady finger,
Points anon, and bids us hearken as some echoed requiem tolls.

III.

Sometimes I have drawn back shrinking from the awful thinking, thinking,
That so ruthlessly would bear me o'er the footprints of those years;
Seems the red blood sweeping o'er me, clash the phantom arms before me,
And I hear the far-off sobbing of our loved ones bowed in tears.

IV.

All around I see them weeping o'er the graves of kinsmen sleeping;
And I hear the moans of anguish, starting in the midnight hour,
With a feverish awaking, by my will the strong spell breaking
That had borne me back through sorrows by the dream-sprite's mystic power.

V.

Day by day the scenes around me wove a fatal chain that bound me—
Binds me still, though I would break it—to that dismal, haunting past.
Homes I knew and loved deserted, cherished legacies perverted,
Only fragments left to taunt us, whirled and broken by the blast.

VI.

So, in waking and in slumber, do these ills, unsaid by number,
Like a host that Memory marshals, charge and sweep across my brain.
Tortured, racked, I can not fly them, dare not face them and defy them,
So I bow me to their fury, while they heap upon me pain.

VII.

Yet anon, come echoes bringing, startling loud, and clear, and ringing,
Brief commands that bade us forward, hurled us 'gainst th' invading foe!
Then I hear the sabres clashing, then I feel the hot blood dashing,
All the power that lies within me, all my manhood strength I know.

VIII.

Ring of horses' hoofs quick bounding, cheer o'er hill and copse resounding,
Bullets whistling, whizzing, flying—come these sounds upon mine ear;
Struggling friends that craved assistance, dangers great that roused resistance,
Bade the soldier guarding honor, duty know, and naught of fear.

IX.

Ah! my friend, those days were gory, and yet I oftentimes think their glory
Reached a pinnacle of greatness higher than mere laurel crown;
And the wreck of their undoing no man fathoms, merely viewing
Warriors bowed before their victors with unsullied arms laid down.

X.

Many a soul that erst was passive, felt within those forces massive,
By the tumult roused to action that developed giant will,
Then, henceforth the stand was taken, evermore unmoved, unshaken,
Have they trod the way there chosen, be it good or be it ill.

XI.

Men that naught had known but pleasure, heedless of life's noblest treasure,
Idly floating with the current, caring not for rocks ahead,
All this lethargy offhrowing, and the hero's fiber showing,
Since have fought life's battle boldly, form erect and firm of tread.

XII.

Others fell, and in their falling, left a ruin so appalling,
That one turns from them in horror. Better far that they had died;
For no wreck has less of hoping, and are none more blindly groping,
Than is he whom war-fed passions have bereft of manly pride.

XIII.

Ofttimes thus, those years perusing, fancy leads me, pondering, musing,
Till the camp-fire bright is burning, and are comrades seated round,
Thinking not of ills before us. Hark! the merry jest and chorus—
Only mirth that ripples gladly, in that little group is found.

XIV.

'Tis better so. "No hand is surer, and no courage truer, purer,
Than is that controlled and guided by a hopeful, sunny heart."
Be the pathway ne'er so thorny, be the black clouds ne'er so stormy,
Sunbeams come with help and cheering, pierce and break the clouds apart.

XV.

Thus come memories rushing o'er me, rise those buried days before me,
And despite their grief and burden, comrade mine, I love them well;
And around the hearth-stone sitting, while the clock tells moments flitting,
To companions oft 'tis pleasant some remembered scene to tell.

XVI.

One such memory bright I cherish, from my heart 'twill never perish,
For it floats like tuneful chimings of a benediction sweet.
'Twas a trifling act and lowly, yet it bears its influence holy,
And I would not yield one atom for the plaudits heroes greet.

XVII.

That was day of toil and fighting; Death on shadowy wing swept blighting,
Held high carnival, and reveled in the precious blood that flowed.
Backward, forward, pressing, surging, Blue and Gray, from smoke emerging,
Then enveloped, fought and grappled, and each coolest daring showed.

XVIII.

So the day; when one defeating, backward fell, the lines retreating,
Still the bloody way contesting through the neighboring village square.
Every nerve the victor straining, hastened forward, meantime raining
Bullets on their stubborn foemen, till seemed thick with them the air.

XIX.

Villagers in haste bethought them of safe places, quickly sought them,
Till the street a look deserted, save for those contending, wore,
Then above the din of battle, loud above the roar and rattle,
Rang a cry whose tale of anguish hearts can give but once—no more.

XX.

Chilled with terror many a true man! In a doorway stood a woman,
And her arms were reached out wildly, as she sounded her distress.
Stooping in the little clearing 'tween the foemen, nothing fearing,
Was a lovely child collecting shining pebbles in its dress!

XXI.

Bullets all around were falling; rose the din of strife appalling;
Like an angel among demons seemed that smiling infant there.
To every fear or doubt a stranger, all unconscious of its danger,
Surely Heaven held securely fate suspended by a hair.

XXII.

Heeding not the warnings sounded, quick across the way I bounded,
Seized the child now strangely frightened by my rough, unpracticed grasp;
With my heart a shield before it, through the iron rain I bore it,
Gave it, weeping and bewildered, safe into its mother's clasp.

XXIII.

Ah! no hero e'er had token, never words of praise were spoken,
Like those trembling tones that told me all a mother's gratitude.
Surely it was Heaven smiling, and that radiance beguiling,
Spite of all the evil round me, filled my throbbing heart with good.

XXIV.

Not for rarest decoration awarded valor by each nation
 Would I yield the holy memory which that one brief moment gives.
 Gilding all of memory's sorrows, brightening all of hope's to-morrows,
 Fair and pure and proudly cherished, sacred in my heart it lives.

XXV.

Now the little act inditing, I have lived it o'er while writing,
 Gathered from it strength and courage, cheered my erstwhile saddened heart.
 Day by day, in life's march older, for that moment's sake I'm bolder,
 And that mother's smile has nerved me many a time to sternest part.

XXVI.

Thus, my comrade, backward scanning war-time memories, may the planning
 Of divine, far-reaching wisdom, be revealed throughout the strife;
 As the hours again seem ages, while we read the well-known pages,
 May their lessons call out nobly all the energies of life.

XXVII.

Sorrows come as helpers often; griefs, in distance, pale and soften;
 And the shadows that were darkest mellow lights by outline dim.
 Backward to these memories turning, proven precepts we are learning,
 That our lives may henceforth echo in a grand, triumphant hymn.

SALLIE NEILL ROACH.

MAY, 1882.

SIXTEEN YEARS AGO—WASHINGTON CITY ON THE NIGHT OF MR. LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

BY CAPT. C. T. ALLEN, OF THE PRINCETON BANNER.

This day sixteen years ago at ten o'clock P.M., Mr. Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth in Ford's theater in Washington city. The editor of the *Banner* was there—not in the theater, but in Washington city—and he will never, never forget it. He was not there by invitation of Mr. Lincoln or of any member of his Cabinet, nor was he there in the capacity of a congressional lobbyist or office seeker. He arrived in the city that evening (Friday, April 14) about 3 o'clock on a fine steamer from City Point—Grant's base of supplies on James River. He didn't put up at the Ebbitt or take rooms at the Riggs House, but contented himself, as best he could, with an humble place on the floor of the old capitol. He and his accompan-

ing friends, some three or four hundred in number, received a good deal of attention on their arrival in the famous and splendid city. At the wharf he was met by a full regiment of handsomely uniformed soldiers with flags flying and band playing national airs. He and his friends were not so well clad. Some had shoes and some had not; some had hats and some had not; some had coats or jackets and some had not; but all of them had a big appetite and a long face.

Washington was then enjoying a smile that covered its whole face. Every body seemed to be gay and happy. Every body, it seemed, had on his or her holiday attire—men, women, boys, girls, were all out on the streets, glad and rejoicing. Lee had surrendered. The grand old Army of Northern Virginia, which, for four long, weary, terrible years of battle and blood, had stood as a stone wall between the Army of the Potomac and the Confederate capital, had gone down in defeat. The clouds of war, black and dismal, that had hung like a pall of death over the national capital for four years, were flying in all directions, and the sun of peace, full-orbed and cheery, was shining in glorious splendor. The great national heart was beating regularly and happily and sending healthy blood to the utmost limits of the national body, and brought in its backward flow tidings of gladness and joy from all parts of the great Republic. Many and joyous were the congratulations given and received. The beardless boy who had for years bivouaced on many a tentless field, threw his arms, in the ecstasy of his joy, around the neck of mother and brother and sister and wept what words could not tell; and father and mother and sister, in a silence that spoke volumes of gratitude to Him who holds all in the hollow of His hand, hugged the boy to their throbbing bosom. Every body was glad and happy, except the poor, dejected, ragged, footsore, and almost broken-hearted Confederate prisoner. Yet he, as he tramped along the streets to the Old Capitol Prison, catching now and then a sight of the glad and joyous faces, and witnessing occasionally the happy embrace of mother and her returning boy, felt grateful that his life had been spared during the most terrible and bloodiest of civil wars. He sighed deeply as he looked upon these scenes and thought of the loved ones far away, and of the time when he too could step in the front door of his old home in the distant sunny South and receive the sad welcome that awaited him. But when he recalled the fact, as many a poor Confederate prisoner did, that his old home had been destroyed by the relentless waves of war, that the loved ones were gone he knew not whither, that one or more of his brothers and scores of his friends

had fallen in the last heroic struggles around Petersburg and along the line of Lee's retreat, he bowed his head in silence and wept as he never wept before. Who can tell how a Confederate prisoner felt on the streets of Washington city on April 14, 1865? Witnessing scenes of joy, hearing the shouts of final triumph, looking into faces that spoke a gladness that words could not express, he looked, no doubt, as he felt, the picture of despair.

Alas! what a dreadful, what a terrible blow was awaiting that vast congregation of happy people who crowded the streets of Washington on that ever-memorable day—April 14, 1865! The hand was raised which, that night at ten o'clock, was to strike a blow that would stagger the whole nation; that would cause a shriek of woe to be heard throughout Christendom; that would send sorrow and grief and mourning throughout the length and breadth of the land; that would awaken mingled feelings of sympathy and rage wherever civilization had left a footprint!

And the blow was given!

That night at ten o'clock, in the midst of a crowded theater, Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, and in his own home in the same city Mr. Seward's throat was cut!

The news spread rapidly, not only over the city but over the whole country. In the city the shock must have been terrific. It is said that men staggered as if intoxicated, and women screamed when they heard it. It was late, after midnight, before the terrible deed became known among the masses of the people, but when it was known they came out upon the streets, gathered upon the corners, discussed the situation, and the more they discussed it the more excited they became. The city was moved to its very depths and it was evident that the mob spirit was uppermost.

Just at this juncture of affairs some one recalled the fact that a large lot of Confederate prisoners had been brought in that evening and were confined in the old capitol. "Hang 'em," "shoot 'em," "burn 'em," became the cry, and to carry this threat into execution preparations were made. Ropes were procured, knots were made, every thing ready for a general massacre of the helpless Confederate prisoners who knew nothing on earth of the occurrences of the night. Within the walls of the old capitol they were sleeping and dreaming of "home, sweet home," or perhaps of the last charge at Five Forks or Sailor's Creek.

At that time General Green Clay Smith, now of Frankfort, Ky., was a representative in Congress from Kentucky. He saw what was

going on, witnessed the preparations being made to usher into eternity the helpless and innocent Confederates in the old capitol, and realizing what a terrible deed it would be for a mob to hang, shoot, or kill three or four hundred helpless men on the streets of Washington who were innocent of any complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, procured the services of two or three friends to hold the mob in hand by speaking until he could see Secretary Stanton, and provide some means, if possible, to protect the prisoners from the rage of the mob. His friends—God bless them, whoever they were and wherever they are—responded promptly, mounted a box on the streets, and addressed the mob. When one had said all he could say, another followed him, and so on, occupying half an hour, perhaps an hour; thus giving General Smith time to see Mr. Stanton.

General Smith went, or rather ran, to the War Office, rushed in, found Mr. Stanton's private office door locked. He knocked again and again without a response. Finally, General Smith made himself known and was admitted. He says that Mr. Stanton was overcome with excitement, was armed, and without doubt greatly frightened. General Smith told him briefly of what was going on in the streets, begged for troops to protect the unarmed prisoners from the mob. Mr. Stanton told him "to go and do as he thought best." General Smith left in a run, soon found a battalion of troops on the streets, took charge of them, rushed them to the old capitol, arriving just in time to place them between its walls and the enraged mob—just in time to save from a terrible death some three or four hundred helpless Confederate prisoners.

During the night the prisoners suspected that something unusual was going on, though they had not the slightest idea what it was. Guards were doubled, troops were marching, horses galloping all night, all of which they could hear. Next morning at daylight we were told by the guard that Mr. Lincoln had been shot in Ford's theater and was dead; that Mr. Seward's throat had been cut and he was dying; that a mob was on hand to destroy us. We looked out through the windows and saw files of soldiers with fixed bayonets, artillery unlimbered in the streets and loaded, cavalry with drawn sabers, and a mob whose very look was appalling.

Our feelings can be imagined but they can not be described. The writer of this went out in the gray light of the morning in the back yard to get some water at the pump, but he could not drink; he tried to wash his face and hands, but he could not. He sat down upon an old trough, placed his head in his hands, and sat there absorbed in

thought until a friend touched him on the shoulder and asked him what was the matter.

The mob lingered about the prison several hours before it broke. Its dispersion lifted a load from the bosoms of the prisoners that had weighed them down to the very ground. On the Sunday following the prisoners left for Johnston's Island, Lake Erie, where they were kept until grim-visaged war had smoothed its wrinkled front in all parts of the Confederate States.

To General Green Clay Smith, then a representative in Congress from Kentucky, Temperance candidate for President in 1876, at present pastor of the Baptist Church in Mt. Sterling, Ky., and a gentleman of the noblest impulses and finest nature, the Confederate prisoners in the old capitol at Washington on April 14, 1865, are indebted for their lives. But for his exertions they would have suffered the most horrible of deaths—death by hanging, shooting, burning by an infuriated mob. There were not a thousand men in Washington that night who would have done as General Smith did! May God bless him and his all through time and eternity!

A MANIAC'S CALL—TATTOO AND REVEILLE.

A maniac Southern soldier, whose light of mind fled at the battle of Chicamauga, not for fear, but horror at the fast-falling forms of his comrades.

Hark! hark! tattoo! Another soul
Is called to heaven or hell.
Myriads speed on to their last goal.
Comrades! a gay farewell.
Nay, say not 'tis a madman's joy
That sparkles in my eyes,
Death is a *treasure*, life a toy.
Three cheers for him that dies.

Then wrap him in his blanket's fold,
His colors o'er him wave,
Thousands to-day like him lie cold,
Waiting a bloody grave.
Nay, comrades! why those burning tears?
Dash, dash them from your eyes.
Death is a *treasure*, then three cheers!
Huzza! for him that dies.

Hark! hark! tattoo! Eternity
Is calling still another
To his long rest; then cheer with glee
The last breath of our brother.
Nay, say not 'tis a madman's joy
That sparkles in my eyes,
Death is a *treasure*, life a toy.
Three cheers for him that dies!

Hark! hark! tattoo! Another call.
Comrades, 'tis *now* for me.
Deep in my bosom speeds the ball.
Now shout loud bursts of glee.
Nay, say not 'tis a madman's joy
That sparkles in my eyes,
Death is a *treasure*, life a toy;
Then *cheer* thou him that dies.

Tattoo! how faint its sounds are borne,
And hark! a reveille!
Our *night* is on the earth, our *morn*
Is in eternity.
Then think *not* 'tis a madman's joy,
That sparkles in my eyes,
Death is a *treasure*, life a toy.
Here's to the *next* that dies!

MRS. AMANDA KEITH.

BRANDENBURG, KY., June 5, 1882.

THE YOUNG COLOR-BEARER.

A PAPER READ BY MAJOR E. H. M'DONALD.

In the spring of 1863, while the Army of Northern Virginia was encamped on the Rapidan River, preparing for that memorable campaign which included the battle of Gettysburg, there came to it from Hampshire County, Virginia, a beardless boy, scarcely eighteen years of age, the eldest son of a widowed mother. His home was within the enemy's lines, and he had walked more than one hundred miles to offer his services to assist in repelling a foe which was then preying upon the fairest portions of his native State. He made application to join Company "D," Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, which was made up principally from his county, and therefore contained many of his

acquaintances, and seemed much surprised when told that the Confederate Government did not furnish its cavalry with horses and equipments. Some members of the company present, who noted his earnestness, and the disappointment caused by this announcement from the officer, said, "Enroll him, Captain, and we will see that he has a horse and equipments the next fight we get into!" On faith of this promise he was enrolled.

JAMES M. WATKINS, COMPANY "D,"

Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, Jones's brigade. Shortly afterward the campaign opened with the fight at Brandy Station, in which twenty thousand cavalry were engaged from daylight to sundown, and before the battle was over Watkins was mounted and fully equipped, and took his place with his company. It was not long after this engagement that Gen. Lee advanced the whole army and crossed into Maryland, Watkins's command covering the rear. During the battle of Gettysburg, on the 3d and 4th of July, we were engaged several times with the enemy's cavalry on our right, upon which occasions he was always found in the front, and while on the march was ever bright and cheerful.

On the evening of the fourth, Gen. Lee, in preparation for his retreat, began to send his wagons to the rear in the direction of Williamsport, when it was found that the enemy's cavalry had gone around our left and taken possession of a pass in South Mountain, through which lay our line of march. To dislodge them required a stubborn fight, lasting late into the night, in which Gen. Jones's brigade was engaged, and he himself becoming separated from his men in the darkness, was supposed

TO HAVE BEEN CAPTURED OR KILLED.

Finally the Federals were repulsed, and the wagon train proceeded on its way to Williamsport. In the morning Watkins's command was ordered to march on the left flank of the train to prevent a renewal of the attack upon it, and on approaching Hagerstown those in the rear of the column heard loud and repeated cheering from the men in front. After having been in an enemy's country fighting night and day, in rain and mud, those cheers came to those who heard them in the distance as the first rays of sunshine after a storm. Many were the conjectures as to their cause; some said it was fresh troops from the other side of the Potomac; others that it was the ammunition wagons, for the supply was known to be short; while others

surmised that it was Gen. Jones, reappearing after his supposed death or capture. Whatever the cause was, its effect was wonderful upon the morale of those men, and cheers went up all along the line from those who did not know the cause, in answer to those who did. When the command had reached a stone mill, about three miles southeast of Hagerstown, they found the cause only a

LITTLE GIRL ABOUT FOURTEEN

years of age, perhaps the miller's daughter, standing in the door wearing an apron in which the colors were so blended as to represent the Confederate flag. A trivial thing it may seem to those who were not there, but to those jaded, war-worn men it was the first expression of sympathy for them and their cause that had been openly given them since they had crossed the Potomac, and their cheers went up in recognition of the courage of the little girl and her parents, who thus dared to give their sympathy to a retreating army, almost in sight of a revengeful foe. When Company "D" was passing the house the captain rode up and thanked the little girl for having done so much to revive the drooping spirits of the troops, and asked her if she would not give him a piece of the apron as a souvenir of the incident. "Yes, certainly," she replied, "you may have it all." And in her enthusiasm she tore it off, not waiting to unpin it, and handed it to the officer, who said it should be the flag of his company as long as it was upon Maryland soil. "Let me be the color-bearer, Captain," said young Watkins, who was by his side; "I promise to protect it with my life." And fastening it to a staff he resumed his place at the head of the company, which was in the front squadron of the regiment. Later in the evening, in obedience to an order brought by a courier, the Eleventh Cavalry moved at a gallop in the direction of Williamsport, whence the roll of musketry and report of cannon had been heard for some time, and, rejoining the brigade, was engaged in a desperate struggle to prevent the Federal cavalry from destroying the wagons of the whole army, which, the river being unfordable, were halted and parked at this point, their principal defense against the whole cavalry force of the enemy being the teamsters and stragglers that Gen. Imboden had organized. The Eleventh Cavalry charged the battery in front of them, this

GALLANT BOY WITH HIS APRON FLAG

riding side by side with those who led the charge. The battery was taken and retaken, and then taken again, before the Federals with-

drew from the field, followed in the direction of Boonsboro', until darkness covered their retreat. In those desperate surges many went down on both sides, and it was not until after it was over that men thought of their comrades and inquiries were made for the missing. The captain of Company "D," looking over the battle-field for the killed and wounded of his command, found young Watkins lying on the ground, his head supported by the surgeon. In reply to his question, "was he badly hurt?" he answered, "Not much, Captain, but I've got the flag!" and putting his hand in his bosom he drew out the little apron and gave it to the officer. When asked how it came there he said that when he was wounded and fell from his horse the Federals were all around him, and to prevent their capturing it he had torn it from the staff

AND HID IT IN HIS BOSOM.

The surgeon told the captain, aside, that his leg was shattered by a large piece of shell, which was imbedded in the bone; that amputation would be necessary, and he feared the wound was mortal. "But," he added, "he has been so intent upon the safe delivery of that apron into your hands as to seem utterly unconscious of his wound." After parting with his flag the brave boy sank rapidly. He was tenderly carried by his comrades back to Hagerstown, where a hospital had been established, and his leg amputated. The next morning his captain found him pale and haggard from suffering. By his side was a bouquet of flowers, placed by some kind hand, which seemed to cheer him much. The third day afterward he died, and was buried in a strange land by strangers' hands, without a stone to mark the spot where he sleeps. Thus ended the mortal career of this gallant youth, who had seen scarce sixty days' service; but though he lies in an unknown grave, he has left behind a name which should outlast the most costly obelisk that wealth or fame can erect. Gentle as a woman, yet perfectly fearless in the discharge of his duty, so sacred did he deem the trust confided to him that he forgot even his own terrible sufferings while defending it. Such names as this it is our duty to rescue from oblivion, and to write on the page of history, where the children of our common country may learn from them lessons of virtue and self-sacrifice. In his character and death he was not isolated from many of his comrades; he was but a type of many men, young and old, whose devotion to what is now known as a "lost cause" made them heroes in the fullest acceptation of the term,

flinching from neither suffering nor death itself if coming to them in the line of duty.

INTERESTING RELICS.

At the conclusion of the paper the major stated that he was not in possession of many mementoes of the "Lost Cause," but he was happy to be able to present the society with the apron to which he had reference, and which the gallant Watkins had borne through the fight. The unfurling of the apron battle-flag was greeted with a round of applause, and, upon a call from the audience, it was passed around and examined by every one present.

A BIVOUAC REVERIE.

Our flag is furled and stacked our arms,
No boom of gun, no whirr of bomb,
No ringing shout, no wild alarms,
No cheer to swell the old-time yell
With "Close up boys, dress up to right,
We'll give 'em yet a little"—well,
That day is passed, and of the fight
We've nothing left but the memory.
Nothing left but the memory.

Gather the dry wood, the logs high heap,
Touch fire to leaves, and in the blaze,
In curl of smoke, in flame's bright leap,
We'll live again our soldier days.
The boys will be here in firelight's play,
Circling the fires on the living green;
We'll see them again in their rags of gray,
With corn-cob pipe and old canteen.
We'll hear again their stories.

We'll sip the nectar of roasted bean,
Quaff of the wine of sassafras tea,
Broil our bacon 'thout streak of lean,
And drink of the juice of the old pine tree.
We'll call from the past each jest and joke,
Hear call of bugle or revielle's rattle;
We'll frame in lines of the spiral smoke
Pictures of camp, skirmish, or battle,
As we meet again at the bivouac.

LEE'S RETREAT.

INCIDENTS OF THE RETREAT OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY TO APPOMATTOX—
MAHONE'S DIVISION AND ITS PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE MARCH—
THE MEMORABLE SURRENDER—A DESCRIPTION BY AN OFFICER OF THE
DIVISION—CAPT. M'DONALD'S NARRATIVE.

Following is the interesting paper of Capt. W. N. McDonald, read at the May meeting of the Southern Historical Society.

It is my purpose this evening to give, from memory, some account of Lee's retreat to Appomattox. No description of the military movements of the different commands will be attempted, but the rambling narrative will deal chiefly in incidents which illustrate the vexations and trials, the hopes and fears, of the masses on that memorable retreat. The command to which I then belonged, Mahone's division, was, at the time of the defeat at Petersburg, stationed along the line of defense from that city to Drury's Bluff, on the James. It may be said, at the outset, that for weeks at least before Grant broke our line the impression prevailed that nothing short of a miracle could keep Grant back. His army daily increased while Lee's daily grew smaller. Constant losses by desertion, besides exhausting our strength seriously, affected the morale of the troops. Famine and disease did us more harm than the bullets of the enemy, for the savage warfare made by Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley had brought Lee's army to the brink of starvation. Every morning there were official reports of desertion. I remember once an officer reporting that nearly one whole company had deserted during the night while on picket. "Arrest the captain," said Mahone. "He has gone, too," was the reply. "Arrest the officer of the day, then." "He has deserted also," responded the lieutenant.

On the 2d of April Grant pierced Lee's center at Petersburg. The distant roar of cannon had already informed us that a terrible battle was going on at Petersburg, but it was not until after nightfall that the disaster was known. There was now mounting in hot haste and all the confusion of a sudden departure. I am bound to say that I did not realize the stunning nature of the calamity till I went to order my horse. No amount of banging at the door of my servant's cabin received any attention from within. A hasty search revealed the fact that he had vanished. As he was a steady negro, of a pious turn, and withal timid to a degree, I knew that nothing but an overwhelming disaster to our arms could have led him to try the perils of

desertion. So that it was not till I began to saddle my horse that I truly felt that the Confederacy was on its last legs.

For a while black darkness enveloped every thing as we groped our way through the woods. All at once the heavens were lit up with a blaze of light. Then followed a crash that shook the earth. It was the blowing up of the fort at Drury's Bluff, the Gibraltar of the James. This was followed at intervals by other explosions, so numerous and terrific that it seemed as if they were blowing up the whole Confederacy. About midnight there appeared toward Richmond a bright light in the sky. Gradually it increased in brightness and extent until, though eight or ten miles away, we could distinctly see the landscape around us. This, as we afterward learned, was caused by the burning of the supply depots at Richmond, though at the time we thought the whole city was being burned.

When day dawned we were still in full retreat and the Federals were not far behind. About noon we were joined by the troops from Richmond, who were accompanied by as picturesque a mob of fugitives as it was ever my fortune to look upon. There were department clerks with their nice clothes bespattered with mud and faces pale with fatigue; post commissaries puffing under the weight of their own fat, and larding the lean earth as they walked along; marines from the gunboats, groaning and cursing at every step, and a promiscuous crowd of nondescripts. Many of them had taken advantage of the abandonment of the government stores to carry off some precious object of plunder. One man, with ragged pants, wore a general's coat and a cocked hat and plume; another rough looking fellow had a splendid looking sword strapped around his waist. One man I remember distinctly. He was an Irishman and barefooted, with a greasy hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth; but he stepped with a proud air, for he was arrayed in a gorgeous new naval suit that must have been intended for a commodore.

On the morning of the 4th, I think, many wagons were burned, and on the mornings of the 5th and 6th Lee seemed to be burning his whole baggage-train. That is, what was left of it, for Sheridan's cavalry continually harassed our flanks, coming in at all the cross-roads and burning or carrying off the wagons. At the same time a strong force pressed upon our rear, and every hour almost we heard of heavy losses by capture. Many gave up all hope and fell an easy prey, but many, even when the bulk of their commands was taken, marched on, following the fortunes of Lee. As our number of fighting men diminished, the enemy became more and more daring. I

remember that on the 7th we could see Sheridan's cavalry on the hills to our right, while on the left we were fiercely attacked. To show the vigor of Sheridan's pursuit, the following incident is added :

I had been invited to breakfast on the roadside on the morning of the 7th. As it was the only "square" meal taken on that retreat, it is well remembered. The cook was slow in preparing the meal, and, while waiting, my command passed out of sight. This was enough to make one impatient, especially as no man felt safe then unless he was guarded by at least a division. But there was another source of uneasiness. Near the spot the road forked ; an examination of the one leading to the right revealed the fact that no trains or troops had passed that way. A moment's reflection convinced me that Sheridan's men would come down that road in less than twenty minutes. My forebodings were communicated to the party. I made a short but solid meal and went off without any formal leave-taking. In less than twenty minutes Sheridan did come down that road, and laid hands on most of the breakfast party. This information was gotten from a negro who managed to escape, and whose master could have gotten away too, but he took advantage of the occasion to desert to the enemy. The noble son of Africa, upon being asked why he had not deserted, proudly replied, "When I begin a thing, I most in general go through with it."

If, in those last days of the struggle, there were some who yielded to despair and disgraced themselves, there were men whose loftiness of spirit disdained misfortune. One only will be mentioned— Lieutenant James Thompson, of Chew's Horse Artillery. He was a youth fair to look upon, gay and dashing, the knightliest of the knightly, and the bravest of the brave. I saw him on the morning of the 7th for the last time. He had been wounded the day before. His left arm lay in a sling, and he was pale from pain and loss of blood. Upon being asked where he was going, he said he was about to join the cavalry. "You can not fight," said I ; "you can hardly sit on your horse." For some moments he seemed to be trying to conceal the resolution he had then already formed. At last he said, "I have made up my mind not to survive the Confederacy," and rode away as if ashamed of seeming to boast.

Not long afterward, as I learned from an eye-witness, he joined Rosser's brigade at the High Bridge, and plunged into the thickest of the fight. With the bridle-reins between his teeth, and a pistol in his right hand, he penetrated deep into the masses of the enemy and fell covered with wounds.

As we neared Appomattox the army was forced to move in a more limited space. As far as one could judge, we seemed to be marching forward in an irregular rectangle, with the main body a central line. The stragglers and unarmed men apparently outnumbered the central column. At times the road seemed to be entirely occupied by them, and yet there was not once any thing like a panic. The stragglers did not seem frightened at all; they pushed steadily onward, looking toward the mountains. Their only thought seemed to be to find something to eat and something to ride.

While stopping at a well in a farm-yard by the wayside, I witnessed a scene that feebly illustrates the fatigue of the foot-sore and weary men. The farmer had brought into the road a batch of mules for the purpose of running them off from the Federals. One mule refused to budge past the yard gate. The owner, after many vain efforts to drag him by main force, called for volunteer equestrians. Several at once offered their services. The foremost leaped upon the mule's back, and so quickly was he thrown that his rising motion was in a measure continuous. Another victim, and then another, was called for, and each served in the same way. For a while the crowd surged respectfully past the animal, and then fresh victims arrived. The last man I saw thrown was a stout, grim-looking fellow. He was armed with a canteen and a long stick upon which he seemed to lean for support. "If you can ride," said the farmer, "here's a chance to rest yourself." "Ride," said the soldier, transported with the thought, "why I could ride a loose tiger." The soldier mounted, and the mule, who seemed to improve by practice, responded in the old way.

The last I saw of that farmer he was sitting on the fence, the picture of despair, while the mule was gazing defiantly at the passing columns, as if to say, "If there be any more of you military gentlemen who want to ride me, I am most respectfully yours to command."

The morning of the surrender is well remembered. Reports of heavy losses of artillery and trains the night before were rife. The want of food was very great for man and beast, and now and then men spoke in whispers of a surrender. By nine o'clock there was firing all around the line. Our last position was upon a raised plateau, with a wood-covered ridge on our left and a valley flanking our right. In front was another valley reaching to the railroad junction. Lee had still an army of about twelve thousand, rank and file, exclusive of the cavalry, and of these at least one half would have dared any thing at his command. That he could have gotten away with a

considerable portion of his troops there is not a doubt. The soldiers were not demoralized. Many were eager for battle, and even the stragglers calmly expected Lee to carry them off safely. Being ordered to deliver a message to one of Lee's staff, in the search for him I rode across the plateau in several directions, and nearly at every point of our line there was fighting. The central portion of what the soldiers called the "bull-ring" was covered with the various impediments of an army. Among these were about three thousand prisoners.

The surging mass kept moving around and around as if looking for some outlet or place of shelter. At last there seemed to be a settled conviction that the fatal day had arrived, and still many thought that the genius of Lee would yet triumph. I saw Custar gallop by, holding in his hand a ramrod with a white handkerchief upon it. At this very moment there was passing a Federal battery with horses and men that had just been captured. Two old soldiers were standing near discussing the situation. At the sight of Custar one said, "What did I tell you; look at that Yankee chap with the white rag. It's all up with us." "O, that's nothing," the other replied, "look at that fine battery we have just captured. Massa Bob'll beat 'em yet."

When it was known that we had surrendered, there was at first some dissatisfaction, but sympathy for Lee soon did away with all individual sense of humiliation. When Harris's Mississippi brigade of Mahone's division were informed of the surrender, and ordered to cease firing, most of the officers and men refused to obey, declaring that they would never surrender. Mahone went and expostulated with them, but they would not listen to him. Finally Lee came and made a personal appeal. For some time even his authority was disregarded. Many of the officers and men gathered around him and implored him not to put upon them such disgrace. With tears they begged him to trust himself to their care, swearing that they could and would carry him through safely, and telling him that once in the mountains he could raise another army.

But Lee told them with broken accents and with many tears, that he could not break his word; that his honor was involved. Finally he asked them if they who had followed him so long and stood by him so faithfully were ashamed to share his fate. This appeal they could not resist, though with heart-breaking sobs they yielded.

There is hardly a doubt that this brigade would have carried Lee out safely had he let them try it. Mahone called them the "Invincibles." They were often selected for quick and desperate work. I

will state a single instance of their valor. At Farmville, when the Federals made a determined effort to break our lines, in the midst of the battle a courier rode up and told Mahone that a part of the St newall Division had given way, and that the enemy at this point had penetrated half a mile beyond our right flank. Mahone at once sped away like an arrow, down the line. In less than twenty minutes he returned with Harris's brigade, and charging the enemy in flank with the bayonet, killed or captured nearly every one.

As soon as the firing ceased, many of the Federals came into our lines and began to fraternize with the men. In order to carry home some relic of the surrender, they swapped knives, or any thing they had for the old plunder of the Confederates. Some of the latter, alive to the situation, having exhausted their stock in trade, went about seeking to replenish it, and hence there arose quite a brisk demand for old papers, combs, etc.

The Federals seemed overjoyed at the issue, and their hearts were running over with kindly feeling. One man, a colonel, made a speech to a large crowd of Confederates. He was a big-hearted soldier, and with many compliments to Lee and his men, seemed to be trying to take away the sting of defeat from the crest-fallen foes. Among other things, he said that the North loved the South, and that the next President of the United States would be General Lee. Finally he said, "We are all a band of brothers now," and seemed to pause for a reply. A grim, battle-scarred veteran responded in audible tones and with an oath, "If I had you out in the woods by yourself I'd brother you."

I have only to add, in conclusion, that this retreat which, in the eyes of some, reflects somewhat upon the fame of Lee, may yet go down into history as the triumphant masterpiece of his genius.

The wonder is, not that his army was captured at Appomattox, but that it was not captured long before it reached that point. To successfully conduct a beaten army, after the stunning defeats at Petersburg and Five Forks, almost as he was surrounded by overwhelming numbers, for eight days, without food and with little ammunition, is a feat almost without a parallel in military annals. And when he at last resolved to cease the struggle, it was not with a corporal's guard around him, but a gallant army of twelve thousand men. If he saw fit to forget his own glory, and to consult only the interests of our common country, let us endeavor to appreciate his magnanimity, and give him that praise which posterity will certainly accord him.

It is impossible to estimate the heroism of his army on this retreat, unless we consider the sufferings they were subjected to, and above all, the sufferings from hunger. I know of no rations that were issued after the 5th, except that of parched corn. This was to Mahone's men, while halting in the road under arms. They were not allowed to stop to eat it, but appeased their hunger as they marched; not irregularly, but by fours, every man in his place ready for action.

During that whole terrible retreat, Mahone maintained the strictest discipline, though fighting a battle nearly every day. How the other divisions of Lee's army behaved in those closing days of the struggle, I am not able to speak, but the conduct of Mahone's men could not be surpassed.

It was not only that they fought so well against superior numbers, and with foes confident of victory, but that they kept this up day after day, often far into the night, suffering terribly from hunger and fatigue and seeing Lee's army apparently going to pieces.

To fight bravely on the pitched field in the presence of a cloud of witnesses, when the issue is of national pride, and when if one falls a grateful country will take care of his family and honor his name, is thought not only praiseworthy but glorious. What shall we say then of those who not only covered with their bodies the retreat of a beaten army, but with their own life-blood kept alive a dying cause; who, unappalled by repeated disasters, still turned, like lions at bay, upon their pursuers, and who, though ready to drop from watching and marching, never gave up, even to the bitter end? This, indeed, was the achievement of heroes only.

Query Box.

NOTE.—The editor of this department will endeavor to ascertain the whereabouts of ex-Confederate soldiers, and answer all questions when the information sought for is accessible.

I. O. B., Mobile, Ala.: "Who are the officers of the Southern Historical Association, of Louisville?"

Answer: W. O. Dodd, President; Basil Duke, Vice-president; E. H. McDonald, Secretary; J. S. Jackman, Treasurer.

W. O. H., Cincinnati: "Who is Wild Bill, mentioned in May selections from THE BIVOUAC?"

Answer: A sketch of his life and career will soon be published in this magazine.

WILL some friend please send us the poem in which occur these lines?

"'Tis hard for you'uns and we'ans to part;
Since you'uns have got we'ans' heart."

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if Major Bird Rogers, of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, who was killed at Kenesaw Mountain, was ever found by his friends. Some body will please answer through this department of THE BIVOUAC.

B. T. F. desires to know if there is any of the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry in Louisville.

We answer that there is one member of that regiment here, and we expect a contribution from him soon.

DEAR BIVOUAC: Please find out, if possible, by the next number how many regiments, battalions, companies, squadrons, and batteries went in the Confederate Army from Kentucky.

Yours,

J. W.

BARDSTOWN.

Answer: We can do so if our friends will forward us the information promptly. We are glad you have started this question so early; let us find out and publish a full list of all the commands in THE BIVOUAC as soon as possible.

Taps.

CAPT. T. S. HARWOOD, of Island Station, Ky., sends an interesting article entitled "The Confederate Scout."

MR. J. W. BROWN, of Paul's Valley, Indian Territory, contributes a very readable account of the boy soldiers around Mobile.

AN article from Fate, Texas, will be read with interest in our next number. A lack of space precludes the mention of many more contributions.

THE subscription-price (one dollar and fifty cents) to THE BIVOUC, is less than for any periodical of like character *in the world*. Will you not send us the \$1.50?

BOB PARSONS says he once saw a member of Second Kentucky double-quick through the commissary tent and fill his war-bag with hard-tack, and never lose the step.

THE conspicuous blanks at the end of this number will be filled with choice advertisements in our next. Those who send us their cards now will find that they have saved money by being prompt.

WE expect to tell you all about "Wild Bill," "Devil Dick," "Polk Stone," "Jim Cunningham," and other celebrated wits of the First Kentucky Brigade, in the numbers following.

MRS. VIRGINIA HANSON is doing a noble work soliciting for the Confederate Orphans and Widows' Home, located at Georgetown. Send her a liberal donation of money to Mount Sterling, Ky., her post-office address.

EX-CONFEDERATE soldiers and their friends, wherever you may be, this is an invitation to send us articles for this department. Anecdotes or reminiscences, written on *one side* of your paper, will be promptly acknowledged.

AT the reunion, nobody was more gladly received than Mrs.

Fannie Breckinridge Steele (daughter of our beloved Gen. John C. Breckinridge). To see her was a joyous surprise to us all, as well as the presence of Mrs. Roger W. Hanson. Their names head the roll of membership of the First Kentucky Brigade.

SEND in your advertisements early. Remember we guarantee a circulation of not less than one thousand, and hope soon to make it ten times that number. Those putting in their cards now for one year will reap the advantage of the increase without extra cost.

ANECDOTE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.—At a council of generals early in the war, one remarked that Major —— was wounded and would not be able to perform a duty that it was proposed to assign him. “Wounded!” said Jackson. “If it really is so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!”

FORREST’S BATTLE-FLAG.—Mr. Thomas Shacklett, of Brown’s Park, Winter County, Utah, says that he knows the whereabouts of the flag used by Forrest’s command at the battle of Fort Donaldson. He states that he escaped with it and carried it as far as Tupelo, Miss., and deposited it with a citizen whose name he thinks was Davis. Mr. S. believes it may still be found there.

THE reunion of the First Kentucky Brigade of Infantry at Blue Lick Springs on the 20th July was a magnificent success. A large number of the old command met and interchanged their heartfelt greetings. The sight will long be remembered by those present, and when they parted it was with a full determination to meet again at Lexington on the 5th September, 1883. May we all live to be there.

A MEMBER of one of the regiments composing the “Orphan Brigade,” had never been known to fire his gun in battle, or, for that matter, out of it, although his place in the company was never vacant.

He did not fear the battle’s risk,
To him ’twas but a trifle,
But he had a holy horror of
The kick from his own rifle.

THE feasibility of blowing up the tunnel at Tunnel Hill, Ga., in order to delay the march of Sherman to Atlanta, being under discussion by a mess of “wagon-dogs,” a lengthy Tennessean suggested that there was no use in doing it, as Sherman had a duplicate of all the Southern roads, and that the destruction of the tunnel would not

delay his advance a day, and the mule-whacker's shot was not very wide of the mark.

J. D. MOORE, of the steamer Vint Shinkle, sends the following anecdote of General Jubal A. Early, in 1862, after the Sharpsburg fight, or, as the Federals have it, Antietam: Some of his musicians sent applications for furloughs to headquarters, which were returned with the following laconic indorsement: "Respectfully disapproved. 'Shooters' before 'tooters.'"

"J. A. EARLY, Major-General."

ON a night march of Breckinridge's division, a Floridian, sleepy and fatigued, fell into a ditch by the roadside, where he lay bemoaning his fate, when the next regiment in line of march came up, and hearing his moans, hastened to his rescue. Standing him upon his feet, bedraggled and slightly demoralized, he turned to one of his rescuers and said, "Stranger, don't you think South Carolina was a little hasty?"

NOT SO PARTICULAR.—When in the vicinity of Yorktown General Magruder and staff were invited to dinner, and in deference to a custom among soldiers, accepted the invitation. As the party moved toward the table, a very ragged soldier quietly occupied a seat intended for one of the staff-officers, and began a vigorous onslaught on the edibles, to the great disgust of the gallant general.

"Do you *know*, sir," demanded that officer, "whom you are dining with."

"No!" responded the intruder, with a contemptuous glance at little "Red Breeches," "I *used* to be a little particular about that, but since I've been in the army I don't care a *d—n*, so that the victuals are clean."

After that the meal was discussed in silence, and the general paid for the soldier's dinner.

SOMETHING from W. A. Kendall, Pilot Point, Texas: As a tribute to the memory of my old commander, J. H. Morgan, I will relate the following incident: When Colonel Johnson was detailed by General Rosecranz to capture Morgan, and was on his way to Gallatin, Tennessee, passing through Hartsville, he boasted to the ladies of that patriotic town that they might take off his ears if he returned without the rebel chief, either dead or alive. And on the following day after having encountered the wily rebel

and met a most disastrous defeat, his whole command either killed, captured, or scattered, and himself a prisoner, when within a few miles of Hartsville, where he had made his idle threat and promised mutilation, the writer being wounded and permitted with others to pass the advance guard in order that we might reach Hartsville for surgical aid, we passed the captor and captive, halted in the road, the latter pleading to be spared the humiliation of being taken through town a prisoner; acknowledged having acted the bravado the day previous, overestimating his own prowess and underrating ours, etc. Then his noble captor, true to the instincts of kindness which always characterized him, left the pike, and by circuitous by-paths reached his camp, thus sparing his crest-fallen captive the pain and mortification of meeting those whom he had so recently insulted by his taunts and ungallant threats. Alas! how different when he became a prisoner. A grief-stricken nation, a widow, and an orphan may draw the contrast.

FRED. JOYCE writes the following:

The soldier's lot was not an easy one at best. There are other occupations more inviting even than luxuriating in camp with full half rations of corn bread and blue beef, and the everlasting drill and guard mounting. Under such charming mode of living, I have really heard strong, able-bodied men say they "wish they were at home." But I did have something to happen me once which discounted all my other trials put together, and crowned my lonesome, want-to-go-home existence with a cankering sorrow that shattered my bones. We were on the march, and on one third rations of corn bread and bacon. Of course we measured out the three meals per day as true sons of Kentucky should. I went to bed supperless in order to have a double portion for breakfast ere resuming our forced march. Carefully placing my "Harvy bag" under my head for a pillow, I rushed swiftly to the waiting god of slumber, and immediately dreamed of better days. (They say an empty stomach makes pleasant dreams.)

A snort, a sudden dropping of my head on the ground, a scampering through the dry leaves, and I awoke to find myself pursuing a "razor-backed" sow that had stolen my precious "Harvey" from beneath my head. There is no animal that can outrun a hungry "razor-backed" hog, and they display more magnificent sense (which some learned people, who never saw one run, call instinct) during a chase than any animal, be it a biped or quadruped. Need I go on

with this? I think not. After winding me along the meanderings of Duck River for fifteen minutes, she plunged bravely over a cliff, which, in the dim and uncertain light of the moon I did not discover till nearly too late. My only way of safety was to throw myself against a huge boulder on the brink. When I recovered sufficiently I dragged my mangled body to the edge, and by a single ray of the moon which struggled on the stream, I saw Mrs. "Razor-back" with my dear, greasy, old "Harvey" in her mouth, head high above the water, and swimming with the quiet self-possession of a swan. I sneaked sorely back to camp, and with a heavy heart sank into slumber again.

CAPTAIN F., of the Signal Corps, was visiting his posts near Culpeper, when an infantryman lounged up to the man on duty and seemed deeply interested while the signal-man was "flopping" away right and left with his flag. After gazing a while the soldier drawled out, "I sa-a-y, str-a-nger, are the fli-ies a pestering of you?"

WE are endeavoring to get a reliable history of the corps of sharpshooters of Lewis's Kentucky Brigade. When written, it will be of thrilling interest to every reader, as it was probably the most remarkable body of men in the Confederate army. A Federal soldier living in this city says that on one occasion a single member of that corps killed and wounded six of his men in an incredibly short space of time.

A GEORGIA home-guard captain invited a well-known general to witness the "revolutions" of his company. In due time, the company having "fell in," in executing the command, "In two ranks, git," became entangled in a "solid circle." The captain yelled out a "halt," and turned his head to one side, like a duck when he sees the shadow of a hawk, and thought on the situation until an idea struck him, and he triumphantly cried out, "Company, disentangle to the front, march."

WE HAVE FOUND HIM.—A citizen of Georgia who was blessed with an enormous "bay window" was watching the march of Joe Johnston's men when he was suddenly surrounded by a crowd joyfully exclaiming, "We've found him! we've found him!" The captain of the company demanded what they had found. The reply astonished the fat man. "O, captain, *we've found the man who swallowed our bass drum!*"

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THE BIVOUAC.

THE BATTLE OF HARTSVILLE.

It will be remembered by the ex-Confederate soldiers who served with the army of Tennessee, and by all others who observed with much interest and can now recall distinctly the current of events immediately succeeding the retreat of General Bragg from Kentucky, in the autumn of 1862, that the general aspect of affairs in the department commanded by that officer was ominous of evil to the Confederacy. Not only were hopes of a speedy termination of the bloody struggle and the sure establishment of Southern independence which the occupation of Kentucky had inspired—hopes as just as they were glorious—stricken into sterility by that fatal retreat, but it touched our boldest with a demoralization never completely shaken off, and nerved the enemy with a confidence unfelt before, which thenceforward added audacity to his attack and stubborn tenacity to his defense, eventually enabling him to retrieve the defeat of Stone River, and out of the rout at Chicamauga to organize the victory of Missionary Ridge. Had I time, and it were necessary and proper to the scope and purpose of this communication, I could readily demonstrate, I think, that the effort to hold Kentucky permanently should have been made at any cost or hazard; that to do so was absolutely essential to Confederate success. I am permitted only a bare allusion to the military situation and political status existent at that period of the conflict, but the most cursory examination of either should suffice to make evident the exceeding importance, indeed the vital necessity of a daring and vigorous policy on the part of the Confederate authorities—a policy which should have risked every thing at that stage of the game. Notwithstanding the tremendous energies it had put forth and the purpose which still animated it, the Federal government was at that date visibly slack-

ening in its efforts. It had continued to pour men and material into the contest, especially in the East, and repeated successes had visited its banners in the West, but so far the South had seemed not indeed invulnerable, but possessed of a strange vitality which the severest wounds could not seriously affect, and blows given her that should have been mortal only tired the arm which dealt them. The army of Virginia, instinct with the valor and genius of its great leader, and thrilled with the memories of successive victories, had come to believe itself invincible. Matchless in its undaunted mettle, it was as resourceful as Lee, as rapid and as tireless as Jackson. The bravest legions of the Army of the Potomac had learned a cautious respect—near akin to dread—for its formidable antagonist, and gave ground before its advance as the hunters shrink away from the rush of the lion. The Federal army of the West was there—I speak of the date of our march into Kentucky—numerically much inferior to what it had previously been, or ever was again, and even after reënforced by the recruits hastily collected at Louisville to repel Bragg's invasion was not nearly so formidable as it subsequently became. The Confederate army of the West was composed of the veterans of Shiloh and the soldiers formed in the ordeal of Corinth. It was as nearly equal to the Federal army in numerical strength as it could ever be, and the character of its material more than made up for this inequality. The contest, regarded from a purely military standpoint, presented this general view—that while at almost every point of subordinate importance the Confederates were holding their own, they were, at those points where the war assumed grand proportions and the issues at stake were vital, carrying every thing before them. But if there were strong military reasons why this campaign should have been conducted in the most audacious spirit, and made, if possible, decisive of the war, there were other and even stronger arguments to be discovered in support of such a policy in the political conditions North and South. The Confederacy, alarmed by the reverses of the previous winter and spring, had just made almost incredible exertions and had certainly strained their resources to their very utmost. The South had done all that she could be made to do by the stimulus of fear. Increased, aye, even sustained exertion could have been elicited from her people only by the intoxication of unwonted and dazzling success. No additional inducement could have been offered the soldier, whom pride and patriotism had already sent into the field, to remain with his colors, save the attraction of brilliant victories and popular campaigns. No

incentive could have lured into the ranks the young men who had evaded the conscription and held out against the sentiment which bade them volunteer but the prospect of a speedy and triumphant termination of hostilities. Yet is there any one acquainted with the temper, at that time, of the people of Tennessee, Arkansas, Alabama, and Mississippi, who will not say that a great victory in Kentucky and the prospect of holding her territory would have brought to Bragg's army more men from those States than were gotten into the Confederate service during the remaining two and a half years of the war? And how tremendous would have been the effect of such a Confederate victory in the North, and the direction it might have given the popular mind and feeling there in favor of peace and Confederate recognition as an indispensable prelude to peace! Immense efforts had been made, immense sums had been expended, immense armies had been levied and put in the field, and still the Southern people were unconquered, defiant, and apparently stronger than ever. Would it not have been possible by a rapid series of aggressive movements and Confederate victories to strengthen a doubt of their ability to subdue the South into a conviction and induce a general demand that the effort should cease? Volunteering was no longer filling the ranks of the Federal armies. They were to be subsequently filled by the draft. Now if the Confederate armies had been carried in aggressive triumph from the Potomac to the Ohio; if Northern territory had been in turn invaded; and if the option of continuing the war thus going against them had been submitted at the critical moment to the Northern people, how would they have decided? Would they have encouraged their government to desperate measures, or would they have required it to desist from its attempts at coercion? At any rate the experiment was worth trying. My own opinion has always been that the border States of the North, if none other, would have made peace by separate State action. But when the magnificent and inspiring policy, of which the invasion of Kentucky was thought to have been only the overture, was abandoned forever with the retreat from her borders, the pall fell once for all upon the fortunes of the Confederacy. The war then became simply a comparison of national resources. The Northern people then learned their real strength. They found that bounties and the draft, and the black freedmen, and importations from all the recruiting markets of the world would keep their armies full; and finding that success was but a matter of time, nothing could have made them again despondent.

I have always believed that from this retreat, and not from Gettysburg, dates our death-stroke. All subsequent effort was but the dying agony of a grand cause and a gallant people. So when the Army of the Tennessee had made its painful and toilsome way to Murfreesboro, after a wide detour through the eastern and more mountainous portions of Kentucky and Tennessee, it found itself surrounded by a disheartened population, and confronted with its old foe, now formidable in spirit as well as in numbers. Kentucky and the more northern and fertile counties of Tennessee were not only again securely in the Federal grasp, but we were already forced to contemplate another retreat, not strategic, like that which had preceded Shiloh, but suggested by weakness which was becoming daily more apparant and remediless. It may not be amiss, perhaps, to say here that the person by whom I heard the views just presented first expressed was General Morgan. They were expressed immediately after the evacuation of Kentucky, in private conversation with one or two friends and officers who shared his confidence in all matters—given not petulantly and in the irritation natural at such a time to a Confederate soldier, and especially a Kentuckian—but calmly, and with an air of the profoundest conviction. I have reason to know that this opinion was never afterward altered; and my admiration of him was in no small measure enhanced when I witnessed him battling against an adverse fate with the same courage, energy, and enterprise which had characterized him in the days of his most sanguine and brilliant expectancy, and at length give his life for a cause which he had long believed to be hopeless. The most perfectly successful and not the least audacious exploit of his eventful career was performed at the very period when this depressing conviction had just forced itself upon him. This was the combat at Hartsville, Tenn., and the capture of the entire Federal force—much larger than his own—which he engaged there. It is this affair of which I propose to give an account in this paper.

On the 21st of November, 1862, General Bragg's army reached Murfreesboro, and was cantoned between that place and Lavergne. Its lines may be roughly described as extending from Baird's Mill, on the right—some sixteen miles from Murfreesboro, on the Lebanon pike—to Franklin, on the left. General Breckinridge had occupied Murfreesboro for some weeks previously with a force which, exclusive of cavalry, did not reach four thousand men. Rosecrans, who had succeeded Buell in command of the Army of the Cumberland, had reached Nashville on the 12th of November with more than half

of his army, and it was a matter of wonder then, and is difficult to understand now, why he did not attack Breckinridge, overwhelm or drive off his slender force, and shut Bragg up in the mountains of East Tennessee.

It became obvious to General Bragg so soon as he had established his army about Murfreesboro, that the hour of attack and battle could not long be postponed, and with a vigor which (to do him no more than justice) he always exhibited in the maneuvering preliminary to general battle, he began to bestir himself, and especially to employ his cavalry, in a manner well calculated not only to harass the enemy but to render any movement attempted by him, uncautiously and not in force, extremely hazardous. Forrest, Wharton, Wheeler, and Morgan were kept constantly and exceedingly busy in this meritorious work. It was especially desirable to obtain free and frequent access to Sumner County—the county of which Gallatin is the county seat—a fertile, beautiful, and productive country, well known, doubtless, to more than one of my readers. This region abounded in supplies of every description, and the intensely Southern feeling of its people disposed them to give without stint or word to all who wore the gray. Morgan and his command had an especial affection for this people which they as heartily reciprocated. He had harbored in Sumner County during the greater part of the previous summer, making his headquarters at the little village of Hartsville, situated nearly due north of Murfreesboro, and about forty miles distant. He was determined to revisit his old haunts and strike, as he had been wont to do, the bluecoats who intruded upon this Eden of the Cumberland. But it seemed that Rosecrans was just as determined to keep him and all other rebels out of the county, for he had stationed at Hartsville a force of twenty-five hundred infantry, with artillery and a battalion of cavalry, and at Castalian Springs, only six miles from Hartsville, six thousand men under command of our former townsman General (now Judge) John M. Harlan, while at Gallatin a yet heavier force was kept constantly on the alert. General Morgan believed that he could surprise and capture the enemy at Hartsville, and persistently applied for leave to attempt it, and leave was at length granted him. Two of his veteran regiments, the Second and Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, were at that date at Fayetteville, Tennessee, resting after the unusually hard work of the two previous months, and with the exception of Gano's regiment, the cavalry commands he had then at his disposal for this expedition, although composed of the very best material, were raw

and unused either to raid or battles. He obtained permission to take with him a portion of the Kentucky infantry command, then under General Roger Hanson, an officer justly esteemed one of the best in all respects in the Confederate service. This infantry, so well known during and since the war as the "Kentucky Brigade," had not then seen service either so dangerous or so arduous as that to which it was subsequently exposed; nevertheless it had passed through such conflicts as Donaldson and Shiloh, and although not yet so thoroughly proved in the fiery furnace of battle as later, after it had charged over fifty stricken fields, I doubt if its fighting qualities were ever better than at the time of which I speak. Morgan selected from this brigade the Second and Ninth Kentucky regiments, and requested that his uncle, Colonel Thomas H. Hunt, than whom our army knew no more gallant and efficient officer, should be detailed to command this detachment. On the morning of the 7th of December General Morgan commenced his march for Hartsville. The cavalry was placed under my command and consisted of Gano's, Bennett's, Cluke's, and Chenault's regiments, and Stoner's battalion, numbering in all about one thousand five hundred men. Hanson's brigade was encamped at Baird's Mill. Here the infantry detachment joined us, seven hundred effectives, the full strength of neither regiment being taken. To this detachment was attached Cobb's battery, a very fine one, manned and officered by Kentuckians. Quirk's "scouts" and other scouting parties were sent in advance and well out upon the left flank to picket the various roads leading toward Nashville, to reconnoiter in the direction of Hartsville and Castalian Springs, and to watch the fords of the Cumberland River which it was necessary that we should cross in order to reach our destination. Of course they were also instructed to report the status and any movement of the enemy. Leaving Baird's Mill about 11 A.M. on that day, the command passed through Lebanon about 2 P.M. taking the Lebanon and Hartsville pike. The snow lay some four or five inches deep on the ground and the cold was intensely severe. It was necessary to continue the march throughout the night in order to reach Hartsville at a sufficiently early hour on the next day to deliver the attack before the news of our approach could be communicated to the garrison at Castalian Springs, and that body be brought to reënforce the fellows we were after.

The infantry had been promised that they should ride and tie with the cavalry, and after trudging some twenty miles they very naturally clamored to be put on horseback, and accordingly a few

miles beyond Lebanon a part of the cavalry turned over to them their horses. This turned out, however, to be an injudicious measure, and bad for all parties. Not only did the change delay us very considerably both when the cavalry were being dismounted and when they resumed their horses, but it subjected all to a far greater annoyance than fatigue. The infantry had gotten their feet wet in marching through the snow, and after riding a short time were of course nearly frozen, and squealed louder to dismount than they had previously howled for horses. I heard many a sturdy fellow, while impatiently waiting for the man whose horse he was on to come and, reclaiming his animal, release him from a position constantly growing more uncomfortable, anathematize, with more vigor than grace, the "d——d fool cavalryman who couldn't tell his own beast." On the other hand, the cavalymen swore lustily that the "blamed wet-feet" had neither sense enough to take care of themselves nor let other people alone, and were in their turn nearly killed by the cold, when, with thoroughly saturated feet, they had gotten back into their saddles. However, the boys learned to know each other better before another twenty-four hours, and parted good friends. The infantry and Cobb's battery reached the ferry where it was intended they should cross the river about ten o'clock, and were put over in two small and leaky boats, a difficult and tedious job. This service was superintended by Capt. Chris. Busch, of the Ninth Kentucky, now, as before the war, a citizen of Louisville. Of course it is not necessary to say that it was well done. When I reached the ford where I had been instructed to cross with the cavalry I found that the river had so risen since the latest reconnoissance that it was unfordable at that point, and I had to seek a crossing further down. I could not venture, in search of an eligible crossing, to go too far, lest I should fail to reach the point selected for our rendezvous at daybreak when we were to attack. The ford where I decided to cross was very difficult of access, reached by a very narrow and rugged bridle-path, and we progressed very slowly. Only one man could approach the river bank at a time. He was then compelled to leap into the river from a bluff about four feet high. Horse and man were generally submerged by the plunge, and a cold bath in such weather was by no means agreeable. The ascent on the other side was nearly as difficult, and of course both banks, cut up by the passage of the horses, grew constantly worse. The cold, after the ducking in the river, very nearly disabled the men, and some were frozen literally stiff and could not continue their march. I was compelled to have fires built

and leave them to thaw out. Finding as the night wore on that it would be daylight before all got across, and fearing that I would delay Gen. Morgan, I moved about three o'clock in the morning with the men already on the northern bank, leaving a great part of my column still on the southern side of the river. It was more important to be up with a part of my command in time for the fight than to be late with all. I instructed the officers commanding those not yet over to hasten to Hartsville as rapidly as possible, and posted strong pickets on the roads by which they might have been attacked. After a march of five miles I rejoined Morgan, who was with the infantry at the point he had designated about three miles from Hartsville. He decided not to wait for the rest of the cavalry, fearing that information of his presence would be taken to Castalian Springs. He moved forward at once. The enemy were encamped south of the little town of Hartsville on a high, broad plateau which overlooks the river and is not far from it. Just at daylight the cavalry vanguard came upon a heavy picket force stationed about half a mile from the encampment, which fired and retreated, pressed closely into the very camp itself by the foremost of the advance guard. We had not, however, expected to literally surprise the enemy in his tents. We hoped no more than to attack so suddenly that he could not summon his comrades to his assistance and strike him with that sort of enervation which is apt to be induced by a rapid and unexpected onslaught. Stoner's battalion had been purposely left on the southern side of the river, opposite the Federal encampment and instructed to demonstrate immediately that the fight opened as if about to cross the river from that quarter. The two little mountain howitzers had been also intrusted to Stoner, and he was bade to use them for all they were worth. When we came in sight of the enemy we saw him already in motion; the long columns were issuing from the clusters of tents and forming in the wooded ground which was in front of the camp. Morgan had been led to believe from the reports of his spies that the force here was not much more than one thousand five hundred men. It was at once apparent that it was much stronger than that. As we watched them rapidly falling into ranks I said to him, "You have more work cut out for you here than you bargained for." "Yes," he answered, "but you gentlemen will have to whip these fellows and get away from here in less than two hours, or you will have six thousand more on your backs." This was evidently too true, and Col. Hunt and I, to whom the remark was addressed, promptly determined to whip "those fellows" and get away on time.

Bennett's regiment was immediately sent into Hartsville and to the rear of the encampment. Notwithstanding the evident disparity of forces, Gen. Morgan was determined to employ a part of his troops in closing all the roads by which the enemy might escape, so that his victory, if he gained one, should be complete. Opposite the right flank and center of the Federal line of battle was a large, wide meadow, between which and the wooded hill, or rather, as I have already termed it, plateau, where their line was formed, was a slight valley or hollow, which deepened as it approached the river bank into two wide and precipitous ravines, bifurcating, as it were, but not diverging widely from each other. I was ordered to form Cluke's and Chenault's regiments, the only two I had on the ground after sending off Bennett's, opposite to and outflanking the enemy's right. These two regiments when dismounted to fight, and horseholders were detailed, numbered only four hundred and fifty men. So that our entire force engaged, exclusive of Cobb's battery, was only one thousand one hundred and fifty men, against two thousand six hundred or two thousand seven hundred of the Federals. Gen. Morgan had intended that the infantry should form in the ravines and attack thence, but the enemy's line was established so near to them that this was not attempted. It was therefore aligned in front of the Federal center and left on the western side of the ravines and was compelled to cross them when it advanced. Cobb's battery confronted the enemy's extreme left and was intended to supply the place of troops, which we did not have, to fill the gap between our right and the river. Our line was at no point when forming at a greater distance from the enemy than four hundred and fifty yards, and was therefore fully exposed to their skirmish fire. Gen. Morgan formed it purposely thus near, for he meant that the fight should be short, sharp, and decisive. Cobb's battery opened the ball and was firing rapidly while our line was forming. It was not at first answered by the enemy's artillery, which had been directed, as Gen. Morgan hoped would be the case, against Stoner's little howitzers on the southern side of the river. Soon, however, the futility of Stoner's fire was discovered, and both the Federal guns, superb three-inch steel Parrots, were turned on Cobb. The second or third shot blew up one of his caissons, killing and wounding four or five men and several horses. I had been directed to commence the attack and at all hazards rout the enemy's right wing. This was composed of the One-hundred-and-eighth Ohio Infantry; but as that regiment was arrayed in the solid two-rank infantry formation, and my two regi-

ments were formed in the open skirmish order in which they always fought dismounted, my line, although its strength was but little more than half that of the enemy's, was much longer; so that while Cluke confronted the entire front of that wing, Chenault overlapped it, and was instructed to press on its flank and rear. I moved the men forward as soon as they were dismounted. As I have stated, they were raw and inexperienced, and I was not fully confident as to their behavior under fire. All doubts about that were quickly dispelled. The Federal skirmishers commenced firing as my line was dismounting. Several men were shot just as they were fairly off their horses. I watched the line closely and could see no wavering, and perceived that they were as cool as veterans; then I had no doubt as to the result. Our ringing shouts as we moved forward were answered with feeble cheers. No shot was fired by my line until close upon the skirmishers, who were posted behind a low fence about one hundred yards in front of the Federal regimental line. I made them fire one volley then, and the skirmishers were dislodged and dashed back like a scattered covey of partridges. Just as my line dipped into the hollow of which I have spoken the One-hundred-and-eighth Ohio began firing volleys by rank. Had they fired by file it would have been better for them and worse for us. First a long, gleaming flash came from the rear rank, followed by a wall of bluish-white smoke and immediately afterward the dense smoke was pierced by the spouting streams of fire from the muskets of the front rank. The loud thunder of the rifles was quickly followed by the venomous hisses of the bullets, but as I had anticipated they overshot us and our loss was small. My line instantly dashed in at a double-quick, and when in sixty yards commenced firing with extraordinary rapidity and effect. Cluke bore down on their front, Chenault dashed past their flank and came on their rear, until I almost thought the two regiments would soon be firing into each other. The Ohioans recoiled with their faces to Cluke for some yards, striving desperately but unsuccessfully to reload. They fell in scores. I am certain that one gap fully sixty yards in length was opened in the center of their line, where our fire seemed to focus, and, utterly unable to hold their ground, they turned and fled in confusion leaving piles of dead. I pressed them, as I had been ordered to do, until this wing, when it was reformed partially in rear of the Federal center, made with that part of the line somewhat the figure of a V. The space between them was rapidly filling with stragglers from both. All that I have been relating transpired in about twenty minutes. So soon as Gen. Mor-

gan saw that this part of his plan had worked well he ordered the infantry in. Col. Hunt formed the two regiments *en echelon* and put them in at the double. The brave boys had marched quite thirty miles over slippery roads and through chill and night, and many of them stumbled with fatigue and numbness, but they rushed on as if hastening to a frolic. The Second Kentucky first dashed over the ravines, and as it emerged from the second one in some disorder some one gave the order to halt and align. Unfortunately it was obeyed and cost many lives, for the enemy redoubled his fire when he saw this regiment apparently falter, and most of its loss was sustained just here. Several officers sprang to the front and countermanded the order, and Sergt. John H. Oldham seized the colors, all the guard having fallen, and dashed forward. The gallant Second pressed on again like a whirlwind. Just then the Ninth came to its support, and the two together bore down with wild yells and threatening steel upon the foe. Dropping and recoiling before their fire, blinded and demoralized, the enemy turned for flight, but met their comrades of the right wing again in full retreat, coming right toward them, and closely pursued by Cluke and Chenault, who had renewed their attack. Crowded together, the Federals were slain like sheep in the shambles, and the white flag was hoisted when the combatants were near enough to each other to have crossed bayonets. I will not comment on this fight, on the enterprise and strategic skill of the commander, or the hardy endurance and unflinching courage of the men. I will simply claim that this, at least, was a decisive victory, for we captured two pieces of artillery, every wagon and ambulance, carried off all stores of every kind, and burned every tent in the encampment. Our loss was one hundred and twenty-five in killed and wounded. The enemy lost over four hundred in killed and wounded and two thousand and four prisoners, aggregating a loss to them out of about two thousand seven hundred men of nearly two thousand five hundred. The fight lasted just one hour and ten minutes. We remained about an hour in the encampment before recrossing the river, and our rear guard was shelled by Gen. Harlan's command, which came up from Castalian Springs just as we were getting out of sight. We reached Baird's Mill on our return at 11 o'clock of that night. The conduct of the two infantry regiments was worthy of all praise. They marched sixty miles and fought a battle in thirty-six hours.

ON THE BANKS OF SHENANDOAH.

In early youth, a truant boy,
I wandered over hill and dale;
And in Froissart, with ardent joy,
I read the knightly tale.

I read Sir Walter's glowing page
Of war against the Paynim foe—
Of Cœur de Leon's martial rage,
Of courtly Ivanhoe.

With flushing face and beating heart,
With kindling spirit rising light,
A fervent wish my lips would part—
"O, would I were a knight!"

I wished to be a fuedal lord,
With burnished armor on my breast,
To charge upon the Moslem horde
With pointed lance in rest.

With favor of my ladye-love
Entwined amid my floating plume,
Upon a barbed steed to rove
And sing a fair cheek's bloom.

I little deemed the time would come
When, with ancestral sword in hand,
Amid the bullet's deathly hum
I'd strike for mother-land.

To-night the radiant moonbeams fall,
And, dappling, light the forest dim,
I hear the night-hawk's piercing call,
The katydid's weird hymn.

I hear some charger's restive snort,
I hear the sentry's lonely step,
While many a Southern soldier haught
Lies near me locked in sleep.

And sweetly rolls the Shenandoah
Its lucid waters from the west,
As when the Indian maiden's oar
Erst touched its silver breast;

As when the Golden Horseshoe Knights,
Led by the gallant Spotswood's plume,
First scaled these blue Virginian heights
And saw this land of bloom.

My saber leans against an oak,
My holsters are beneath my head,
And, folded in my martial cloak,
I muse on comrades dead.

Now, from the river's dewy haze
A band of warriors seems to rise,
And lighted by the moon's pure rays
They pass before my eyes.

Three noble youths ride in the van —
Young Fontaine and the Conrads brave ;*
Their ebon plumes the breezes fan,
Their crimson pennons wave.

Now, squadrons come in grand array,
With neigh of steed—with saber-clank—
O, splendid is that line of gray
That skirts the river bank !

There Ashby sits, with knightly grace ,
His proudly-prancing milk-white steed
The soldier's joy upon his face
Ere daring some bold deed.

His features glow as once they glowed ,
His dark brown eyes are fierce and large,
As last he pointed with his sword
And cried, "Virginians, charge!"†

And there, a form, unknown to fame,‡
A soldier form of tender years ;
My lips can never breathe his name
Without fast-falling tears.

There Pelham in the flush of youth,
The light of victory in his eye,
And Farley with his smile of truth
Go dashing gaily by.

There Jackson, glorious battle-king,
Rides in his grim, gray uniform,
As when his troops made welkin ring
Amidst the bullet-storm.

*Three of the author's classmates at the University of Virginia. They fell at the battle of First Manassas.

†General Ashby's last words.

‡Sergeant Philip Aylett Fontaine, of Carter's Battery, who, having faithfully served his country fifteen months without applying for a furlough, mindful of his grandsire's ringing words, "Give me liberty or give me death!" laid down his bright young life as a martyr for his beloved native State, August 6, 1862, aged seventeen years and six months.

There Stuart, princely cavalier,
With some gay love-song on his lips,
Who led the way with gleeful cheer
Upon the bayonet tips.

But hark! but hark! the bugle sounds!
Away the phantom horsemen speed,
And from the ground each trooper bounds,
And mounts his battle-steed.

The couriers come! and hark, the cry!
"The foe, the foe is near at hand!"
The squadrons form with flashing eye—
In martial silence stand.

Virginia's flag in breeze above!
Virginia's soil my feet beneath!
I draw my sword for her I love,
And State which gave me breath.

IN BIVOUC ON THE SHENANDOAH, September, 1864.

ISLAND No. 10.

It was thought by eminent Confederate engineers that Columbus, Ky., could be made the Gibraltar of the Mississippi. But the attempt to hold Gibraltar is what ruined us. We lost more by the capture of garrisons than the defeat of armies in the field. Henry and Donaldson, Vicksburg and Port Hudson are witnesses. Gen. Polk, after Columbus was fortified, said he had the Mississippi by the throat. But the capture of Fort Donaldson on the 16th of February, 1862, compelled him to relinquish his hold. He evacuated those formidable works with admirable secrecy and completeness and the left of our defensive line fell down the river to Island No. 10, just opposite the boundary of Kentucky and Tennessee. Nashville, which with the line of Columbus, Henry, and Donaldson we had hoped to hold, had to be abandoned and our purpose then was, the left being established at Island No. 10, and the right at Cumberland Gap, to maintain the curve that would protect the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. Island No. 10 divides the Mississippi into two comparatively narrow rivers. The Mississippi there describes a great S reversed and faced to the north, the lower limb being the larger and the island in the middle of the letter. From the island the course of the river is almost due

north for eleven miles to where it receives, from the Missouri side, St. John's Bayou, about a hundred yards wide and very deep, which empties from north side of the river. At the mouth of the bayou on the Mississippi, below it, is situated the ancient little town of New Madrid. Across the bayou from New Madrid to the Mississippi above is a great forest subject to overflow and then deeply overflowed. But on the Madrid side of the bayou the land is above the high-water line, immensely fertile and stretched to the north and west in a cultivated level field of about two thousand acres, gradually getting lower as it reaches back from the river until at about the distance of three miles it sinks into extensive and impracticable swamps. From New Madrid the Mississippi sweeps to the west and then to the south, forming on its left bank the peninsula called the Madrid Bend, and coming back at Tiptonville, Tenn., after a circuit of thirty miles, to within six miles of Island 10. Opposite New Madrid, in Kentucky, for about three miles is a country called the Overflow, and at that time deeply under water; but the balance of the bend is above high water, fertile and level, its then highly cultivated plantations and fields being separated by magnificent forests in which flourished as lordly representatives of the oak, the ash, the sycamore, the hackberry, the walnut, and the cottonwood as I have ever seen.

Reel-foot lake, about thirty miles long and from one to nine wide, produced by a depression of the land in the earthquake of 1812, stretches perpendicularly before the isthmus of the bend. A mile above the island the overflow united the lake and the river, and the only way of exit from the bend was by a very narrow bridge of land on the river-bank just below Tiptonville, upon which was a wagon-road. A part of this road was partially under water. This was the place selected by Gen. Beauregard, as I have understood, to blockade the Mississippi, which we at that time held from there to New Orleans.

It was believed that by establishing heavy batteries above the island on the high Kentucky shore side and upon the upper point and western shore of the island, the gun-boats stuck in the wide river above could never run the gauntlet of the short range of the island batteries.

But Col. Marsh Walker said to me at Fort Pillow in January, 1862, that the river could not in his judgment be blockaded at that or any other point. He predicted that the Federal gunboats, to use his expression, would shut their eyes and go by in any dark and stormy night when they chose. But he believed that Fort Pillow, about sixty miles above Memphis, whose lofty bluffs, like those at Columbus,

would give us a blazing fire against which the iron armor of the gun-boats could not guard, was the point to be fortified and made the left of our line. He thought the Kentucky shore at the island too low and part of it and the island too even to be inundated, and the result vindicated his military judgment.

At that time his regiment, the Fortieth Tennessee, and mine, the first Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi, constituted the garrison of Fort Pillow of which he was the commandant. This Col. Walker, who was from Memphis, Tenn, was a young West Point officer of great activity—silent, stern, and unapproachable—and I know of no commander in the war of whom officers and men stood in so much awe, but he possessed their confidence and was gradually securing their attachment, and it was a calamity to the Confederate cause when he fell, as he did, in a duel by the hand of Gen. Marmaduke.

One morning—it was Wednesday, February 29, 1862—Col. W. came with his long and sober stride toward me and handed me a telegram from Gen. Polk in these words: “Move instantly with Seventh Regiment to New Madrid, and also with Col. Walker’s if it has been armed.” My regiment was about one thousand strong and was composed of four Alabama, four Tennessee, and two Mississippi companies. It was variously provided with implements of destruction. Some had no arms, others flint and steel rifles that had killed squirrels in the days of Daniel Boone. About twenty-five had good percussion muskets, but the greater part had the rebored rifle of Memphis. The old squirrel rifles were bored out and enlarged at a gun-shop there so as to receive the minie-bullet and thus become very formidable weapons—to those who had to stand behind them. I received a lot of eighty of these guns one morning, and before putting them in the hands of my men, tested them with the usual charge of powder behind the minie-bullet, and, at the first fire, twenty-four out of the eighty burst open near the breech. Nevertheless, hoping to be better armed, as, after a while I was, it being left to my option, I determined to follow Col. Walker and embarked with eight companies on the Vicksburg that night, leaving orders for companies A (which was not ready) and H, then on picket duty, to follow as soon as possible to the east of Fort Pillow. A second dispatch had been received as follows: “Leave camp equipage, commissary stores, every thing but arms and ammunition, and come on.” Expecting from these dispatches an engagement immediately upon landing at New Madrid, we spent the night on the boat molding bullets and folding powder in papers as a druggist does prescriptions, these blue pills and powders being our substitute for cartridges.

At 11 A.M. we disembarked at Fort Thompson, Mo., about a mile below New Madrid. We found Col. Gantt, of Arkansas, in command. Col. Walker immediately threw up an entrenchment from St. John's Bayou to the river below, inclosing in an equilateral triangle about eight acres of New Madrid, and constructed an abattis. Our two regiments occupied this work, in the center of which stood the county jail. Our fortification was not completed when, in the afternoon of Saturday, March 1, the advance of Pope's army of twenty-five thousand appeared and drove in our pickets. We there sustained a siege of thirteen days. We had within our works Bankhead's field artillery of four pieces and four thirty-two pounders, besides the little garrison of Fort Thompson. In the river were our gunboats—the McRea, five guns, Com. Hallins, Flag Officer; the Maurepas, six guns, Capt. Fry; the Pontchartrain, six guns, Lieut. Lunnington; the Livingston, six guns, Lieut. Renfroe; the Polk, four guns, Lieut. Carter. An iron-clad floating battery of eight heavy guns, sixty-four pounders, I think, which had been brought up from New Orleans, ascended to the island and was moored upon its western bank.

These gunboats could sweep the great level corn-field and for ten days kept the vastly superior force of the enemy at bay; but as they were frail structures, without armor, it was necessary for them to descend the river to avoid destruction by batteries which we learned the enemy was establishing on the Missouri shore, below them. It then became necessary for us to cross the river or be captured. This was effected during a hurricane on the night of Thursday, March, 13. Some crossed the river on the gunboat, which, after disembarking there, ran the gauntlet of the batteries below that night; but the greater number under my command were carried over on the Steamer De Soto. As I kept a journal at that time, I may be pardoned for reading the following extract therefrom in relation to this perilous undertaking:

“Thursday, March 13, 1862.—At daylight the cannonading commenced.

“Our gun-boats replied, and the firing of heavy guns was incessant. Dr. Bell, of Memphis, the medical director, who was sitting at the time on board the Mohawk, conversing with Gen. McCown, then our commanding general, had both his feet carried away by a twenty-four-pound shot and died during the day. They had evidently brought some heavier pieces across the great swamp in rear of New Madrid, which it was believed could not be done, for eight inch shells fell and burst within the works. The brass pieces about one

thousand yards distant glittered in the evening sun. Though none of our men were killed, they were worn out with anxiety and a comprehension of the enormous inequality of the struggle. At sundown Gen. McCown, Gen. A. P. Stewart, and Col., now Gen. Walker, were in council on the commodore's boat. At dark the latter came to me and said, "It is decided to attempt to evacuate to-night. The gun-boats must leave us or be captured. There is every indication of a stormy night, which will favor our success.

"The utmost secrecy is indispensable. If the enemy gets wind of our purpose there will be a disaster. No noise must be made, no loud commands given. Withdraw the men from the intrenchments, strike the tents, carry every thing aboard, give two short whistles and be off." About one thousand and nine hundred men, together with Bankhead's artillery, were to be crowded on that small steamer. The night was intensely dark. There was distant thunder and incessant lightning, and when about one thousand seven hundred men had got aboard the hurricane was upon us. I shall never forget the expression of the upturned faces of that anxious mass upon the bank as the lightning flashed upon them. Fearful of being left, dreading an assault in their defenseless condition, they overcrowded the staging and it broke with a crash. The awful roar of the storm drowned every other sound, however, and after a horrible delay another staging was substituted. Then came an alarm that the boat was sinking. The bow dipped water. The captain took me by the arm and declared that if I took on any more she would sink. But I ordered the troops to crowd aft. The bow lightened and I took on two hundred more. The captain reiterated his warning and I ordered him to cast off. The two whistles were given and we were out in the roaring river slowly buffeting its current. Every foot of space was black with drenched, exhausted men. We steamed up to Island No. 10 and there found an order to disembark on the first high ground on the Kentucky shore. So we dropped down about four miles, and at daylight landed in a corn-field." The next morning at sunrise across the river we could see the stars and stripes flying from the top of the jail we had escaped from. Gen. Pope, with twenty-five thousand men, was over there, and it was our business to keep him on his own side of the river.

In the meantime, on discovering the evacuation of Columbus the Federal gunboats came down the river, and on the morning of Monday, the 17th of March, opened upon us with their thirteen-inch mortars and rifled cannon and kept up an incessant cannonade all

day. Their fire slackened the next day, but was continued at intervals night and day until the 6th of April, during all which time there was only one man killed, Lieut. Clarke, of Rucker's Battery No. 1, the highest up the river, who was killed in the engagement of March 17th. An incalculable amount of Federal ammunition was wasted in this noisy bombardment, whose only effect was to furnish us in the night superb pyrotechnic entertainments in the graceful curves of fire described by those soaring bombshells.

On March 30th, Gen. McCown being ordered elsewhere, Gen. W. W. Mackall took command of our troops. On the night of the 1st of April another storm occurred which killed more of our men than all the shot and shell of the enemy, for Lieut. Smith, of my command, was killed and six or seven men crippled by a falling tree, and a first sergeant was similarly killed in a regiment on the island. During this storm a party from the Federal gunboats landed at Battery No. 1, then partially under water, and spiked its guns, but were driven back and returned to the fleet.

Hon. W. T. Avery, a beloved and distinguished citizen of Memphis, who had twice represented that district in the Federal Congress, one of the best and bravest men I ever knew, was my lieutenant-colonel. On Wednesday, the 2d of April, a stranger came on foot to headquarters and called Col. Avery, apart, had a long conversation with him, at the end which he bought Col. Avery's horse, a very fine animal, paid him five hundred dollars down for it, mounted, and rode off. I asked Avery who he was, when he told me he was a man whom he had long known, and that he had told him a very strange story; that is, that he had been for some time Mackall's spy, and had just come from his headquarters, to which he had carried information from Pope's army, but that he dared not come over any more, and that this would be his last visit; that the Federals had been for weeks cutting a canal through the river, from the Mississippi above into St. John's Bayou, by sawing the trees off three feet below the water; that empty transports were being floated through this canal, and that very evening it would be completed and the transports passed through it into the bayou.

The next morning, Thursday, I was ordered with my regiment to picket the island. The enemy's fire slackened very much that day. Night came on and the sky was perfectly clear. The river was like silver and the picket's task was easy. The next morning a furious cannonade of the island commenced from the fleet and continued till dark; my regiment was not relieved as was usual by another. A

serious disaster occurred to us in the afternoon, for one of those thirteen-inch shells fell through the floating battery, and with her eighty-five guns so admirably planted, she went to the bottom in a few minutes.

At midnight I detached half my regiment to picket the western shore of the island, under the command of Capt. J. L. Morphis, an excellent officer, then of Tennessee, but since the war a member of the United States Congress from Mississippi. I remained with the other half on the eastern shore. All was quiet after dark until about 9 o'clock. The night up to that hour was perfectly clear, and the stars fairly glittered in the sky. You could see a floating log on the river at the distance of two hundred yards, and there was consequently no fear of a surprise. I was talking to some of my officers, who were sitting around me, when suddenly the stars went out as if a black gauze had been drawn across the stream. I never saw the sky so suddenly darkened in my recollection and almost immediately there was a dreadful hurricane. Presently our batteries opened all along the Tennessee shore and mingled their thunders with the incessant peals that crashed from the clouds, and the flashes of lightning were answered by those of our guns from that shore as well as from the island. In the intervals of the lighting there was an Egyptian darkness. Trees were falling; the ground was slippery as soap and full of deep pitfalls, caused by the explosion of those great mortar-shells. But I crossed with my reserve as rapidly as possible to the command of Capt. Morphis, who at once reported that a gunboat had passed by. He said that she had come within seventy-five yards of the island shore and that he had fired into her as long as she was within range, but that not a man was to be seen aboard of her; that she had made no attempt to land and had gone below.

I immediately went to the upper end of the island, where we had a fire signal station, and found that the intelligence had been signaled to headquarters.

At nine the next morning, April 5th, my regiment was relieved, and crossed to the Tennessee shore and reported at once to Gen. Mackall. I said, "Well, general, I supposed they had got one gunboat through?" "O, no, colonel," he answered, "that is a mistake." I was amazed at this reply, and told him it was impossible that there could be a mistake. "Did you see the gunboat, colonel?" he asked. I told him no, but that Morphis had seen it and all his command, and had fired into it at seventy-five yards. He shook his head and smiled incredulously. I represented that Morphis was a cool and intelligent officer, and that in my opinion his report could be implicitly relied on, and

I remember that he answered, "No doubt the captain thinks so, colonel, but he is mistaken. Early this morning I sent two officers of my staff with glasses down the river, and they have seen in daylight the vessel which in the night the captain supposed was a gunboat, and it is only a double-decked transport, which is now in St. John's Bayou." This incredulity lost us five thousand good soldiers at Island No. 10.

I returned to my regiment and all was perfectly quiet till the next day, Sunday, the 5th, the day of the battle of Shiloh, when about noon we heard an ominous booming of guns down the river. The sound was familiar, and marvelously like those we had been hearing for three weeks in a very different direction. The boys said, "That's their gunboat down the river, sure." In half an hour couriers came dashing by on their way to headquarters, and in a few minutes I was summoned there. As soon as I entered, Gen. Mackall said to me, "Colonel, your report yesterday was, unfortunately, correct. There is a gunboat in the river above, and she has attacked and destroyed two of our batteries down there." The plan was now to move our army at dark to the center of the bend. There we would not be more than four or five miles from any point in the thirty-mile circuit at which the enemy might attempt to cross over. The gunboat could bring not more than five hundred at a time. We would so picket the river as to be immediately informed where the landing was attempted, and could attack in detail with every advantage in our favor. Our troops understood the plan and were in high spirits at the prospect. At dusk, therefore, our little army of about thirty-five hundred effectives, fifteen hundred being sick or unarmed, moved to the point indicated and bivouacked for the night. Another of those strange storms occurred about midnight, but not so severe as either of the three former, though, being camped in the woods, there was great apprehension among the men. Simultaneously our batteries opened up the river and there was a long sustained cannonade. Early Monday morning Gen. Mackall, to whom a mud-spattered courier had just delivered a dispatch, sent for the regimental commanders and said, "Gentlemen, I have some good news to communicate at last," and read the dispatch. The gunboats had attempted to pass during the storm but had been gallantly repulsed and driven back. This was a great and unexpected relief. But about 12 o'clock we were again summoned, and the general, with deep anxiety in his countenance, informed us that the first dispatch was incorrect; another gunboat had passed our battery in the storm, and there were now two gunboats and five transports in the river, which were landing five

thousand men at a time within three miles of us. He said his decision was taken, but he had called us together in a council of war, and, commencing at the youngest, asked what we thought was best to be attempted. It was unanimously and speedily decided that we ought to try to get out of the bend as promptly as possible, so we moved at once, and turned our faces down the river. But the march was slow, with many halts, and when we approached Tiptonville at dusk, making for that narrow and now partially overflowed bridge of land, between the lake and the river, which was the only point of exit, we found something worse than a lion in our path, for there lay the two iron-clad gunboats close into shore with their guns trained upon that narrow bridge of land which would have carried us within seventy-five yards of their muzzles. So we halted and lay down, hungry and exhausted, in the swamp. I remember how the poor fellows snored, and all night long I could hear the commands of the enemy near us, "Close up! Close up!" and then I knew we were surrounded. At daylight I received my last order from Gen. Mackall, informing me that his army had been surrendered as prisoners of war. The terms had been agreed upon during the night. Soon after, when the enemy came in sight, I saw that spy riding on Col. Avery's fine horse by the side of one of the Federal generals. The transport which the aids had seen in St. John's Bayou was one of the five that had passed through the canal, as he had informed Col. Avery on the evening of Wednesday the 2d, and which enabled Gen. Pope, with the aid of the gunboats and Reelfoot Lake, to capture that army."

THE CHARGE OF THE FIRST KENTUCKY BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.*

Madly is flowing the red tide of battle,
Dark Chickamauga, thy shadows among,
And true to thy legends,† with fierce roar and rattle,
The shadows of death o'er thy bosom are flung.
See, up yon hillside a dark line is sweeping,
Breasting the thick storm of grapeshot and shell,
Shouting like demons o'er abattis leaping,
Sons of Kentucky, ye charge them right well!

* Written in the Chattanooga Prison, September, 1864, by Dr. J. M. Tydings, Ninth Kentucky Infantry.

† The name Chickamauga signifies death, and according to Indian legends, its banks were a favorite battle-ground among the early tribes.

Up to the cannon's mouth, on to the rampart,
Shoulder to shoulder they gallantly press;
Steel into steel flashing fierce in the sunlight,
Pulsing out life-drops like wine from the press.

Think they of far homes, once sunny and bright,
Now blackened and dreary, swept by the flame—
Fair sisters and sweethearts—God pity the sight—
Wandering outcasts, with heads bowed in shame!

Hark to the answer! That shout of defiance
Rings out like a knell above the fierce strife,
'Tis death without shrift to the dastardly foe,
And heaven have pity on sweetheart and wife.

On, on, like a wave that engulfs, do they press
O'er rider and horse, o'er dying and dead;
Nor stop they till night—blessed night for the foe—
Her mantle of peace o'er the fallen hath spread.

The battle is over; but where is thy chief,
The Bayard of battle, dauntless and brave?
There, cold and uncoffined, lies chivalrous Helm†,
Where glory's mailed hand hath found him a grave.

Where Hewitt and Daniel?‡ Where trumpet-voiced Graves?§
And where the brave men they gallantly led?
There, voiceless forever and dreamless they lie
On the field they have won, immortal, though dead.

Flow on Chickamauga, in silence flow on,
Among the dun shadows that fall on thy breast;
These comrades in battle, aweary of strife,
Have halted them here by thy waters to rest.

AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CAMP DOUGLAS CONSPIRACY.

The winter of 1863 and 1864 was the most severe in the history of men now living. Nearly twelve thousand prisoners of war had been gathered into Camp Douglas, on the shore of Lake Michigan, within sight of Chicago. The Southern soldiers there confined had, in November, 1863, been stripped of all their blankets and warm

† Brigadier-General Ben. Hardin Helm.

‡ Captain Peter V. Daniel, of Company G, Ninth Kentucky Infantry.

§ Major Rice E. Graves, Chief of Artillery to Major-General John C. Breckinridge, who early in the action ran a battery forward to the skirmish-line, personally directed and superintended a duello at close quarters with the enemy.

clothing, and thin cottonade jackets only had been supplied in place of those taken away.

The rations had been reduced below the point of sustaining life. The barracks were built of a single thickness of pine boards, with loose strips nailed over the cracks, with no plastering or ceiling. The cold winds swept over the icy lake or the still more freezing prairies of northern Illinois and Michigan, penetrating with their chilling breath the inmost marrow of the bones. For weeks the fresh baker's bread had to be cut with an axe, frozen hard in being brought from the bakery to the barracks. The meat could only be cut after boiling and while hot. Vinegar froze, and then whisky, and thermometers of mercury would no longer register the fall of temperature. Hundreds starved to death and hundreds of men perished of cold. Scurvy and all the diseases arising from want, privation, insufficient and improper nutrition, decimated the population inclosed within the four narrow walls of this prison. Although the guard was small, in April, 1864, being reduced to about one thousand men, such was the system of vigilance that the chance of individual escape was well-nigh hopeless, unless the prisoner could in some way command a considerable sum of money.

The wan faces and wasted forms; the wild, uneasy look of restless despair, told the student of human nature that the men were ready for any desperate adventure. The rate of mortality that winter exceeded that of the hottest campaign in the field. The chances of life in Camp Douglas were very much less than in the battles of the Wilderness, Chickamauga, Murfreesboro, or Perryville.

These twelve thousand prisoners were gathered from every army, and every one of the Confederate States.

The most compact, cohesive, intelligent, and spirited body there was the squadron of cavalry led out of Kentucky by John Hunt Morgan.

With these men he had invaded Indiana and Ohio, and surrendered them the 6th of July, 1863, within eight miles of Pennsylvania.

These were mostly of the best families of central Kentucky, who had enlisted in the Confederate service not for glory, or the hope of personal reward, or under the pressure of any popular sentiment. All the domestic and social forces surrounding them were such as to induce them to remain at home. The political leaders in Kentucky, John J. Crittenden, and the followers of Clay were all for neutrality in the great impending struggle. But these Kentuckians, who armed, mounted, and equipped themselves, at their own expense,

and left their native State to fight the battles of the seceded States, did so out of a pure love of liberty and of right. They believed that all government has its only just foundation in the free consent of the people governed. They took their lives in their own hands and freely espoused the weaker side, because they knew it to be the side of freedom and of justice. The active spirit of such men could not be subdued by the restraint of a bastille, nor overcome by the hardships of extreme cold, starvation, or suffering.

In the early spring of 1864, six or seven of Morgan's men began to arrange and perfect an organization of the entire body of prisoners, with a view to effect their escape by a sudden assault.

This was a task of no small difficulty. There were many traitors in our midst, who for a bribe or release of their own persons, would betray their comrades. Then there were many who, though loyal-hearted, were yet indiscreet, and through heedlessness likely to divulge the most momentous matters. There are many men as well as women who can not keep a secret.

The originators of this organization were seven. They constituted themselves a "Supreme Council of Seven." The names of all I have forgotten. Clayton Anderson, Harmon Barlow, Ottway B. Norvell, A. W. Cockrell, Winder Monroe, Jno. H. Waller, E. M. Headelston, were, I believe, some of them. They first took a most solemn oath of secrecy and mutual fidelity. The oath would make one's blood run cold, and the brave man, accustomed to scenes of danger, would turn pale and tremble as he repeated its awful words of solemn imprecation on himself if he should violate its sacred obligation.

No man was admitted without the unanimous consent of the Supreme Council. When the name of any soldier was proposed for membership, his history and character were carefully investigated, especially as to fidelity and discretion, and many of the truest, bravest soldiers were rejected because they could not keep a secret.

After the person proposed had been accepted, a member was deputed cautiously to sound him as to his inclination to join. If he freely consented, the same solemn oath of fidelity, secrecy, and *implicit obedience* was administered — the novitiate repeating the words.

This mode of organization was slow and tedious, and required great care and untiring, inexhaustible patience. Many times the solemn ritual was interrupted by the guard, or a careless or too inquisitive prisoner, who was not in the secret. No member was allowed to know the name of any other member except those of his

own superior officers, and the names of the Supreme Council. You might be a member, or even an officer, and not know if your own mess-mate, or bed-fellow, or brother, was or was not a member.

After months of patient labor, we organized a company in each barrack. There were sixty-four barracks with about one hundred and ninety-eight men to each barrack. Our idea was, that if we had an organized company of from fifty to one hundred and fifty men in each barrack, under a common oath, watch-word, alarm-cry, and recognized officers, whom they knew to be such, and were sworn to obey implicitly unto death, when the movement was made those who were not members and in the secret would instinctively follow their comrades.

The Supreme Council, after careful canvassing of character and fitness to command, selected all the officers and regiments. Brigades were organized and all the officers chosen, designated, assigned to specific duties, and each man sworn to obey his superior officers. By bribery of the guard, we obtained the report of the adjutant of the prison-guard nearly every morning. Daily newspapers cost us one dollar to one dollar and a half each in greenbacks. The present writer surreptitiously obtained admission to the camp of the garrison, and drew a careful and accurate plan of the camp, showing the location of the quarters of the officers, and of each company; the location of the arsenals, artillery, ordnance-stores, commissary and quartermaster storehouses, where and how the guns were stacked, and the entire disposition of the garrison, both by night and by day.

With the aid of this diagram every officer was made familiar with his specific duty. Each company of our organization was assigned to a given point of attack. A perfect plan of battle and of action was arranged. Clubs, billets of wood, stones, bricks, and hatchets were stolen from the guard and concealed in clothing or under coverlids. Every possible weapon of offense was eagerly abstracted and concealed.

Most stringent orders for discipline were issued. Any Confederate caught stealing, or straggling, or trying to get into the city of Chicago, was to be shot on the spot. No soldier or company was to enter the city of Chicago, for fear of demoralization. Sherman was just opening his campaign in Tennessee, and General Price of the Confederate army was reported to be in Missouri, near St. Louis, with an army. Nine thousand prisoners (Confederates) were at Rock Island, in the Mississippi River, one hundred and twenty miles to the west. All

our arrangements for an outbreak were complete. Our plan was to seize arms and supplies in and near Chicago, take cars to Rock Island, release the nine thousand prisoners confined there, cross the Mississippi River with an army of twenty-one thousand Confederates, rendered desperate by privation and suffering, join Price, recross the river at St. Louis, or possibly at Hickman, or Columbus, Kentucky, and fall on Sherman's rear. The garrison had been reduced to less than one thousand effectives. There were on duty at night only seventy-five to one hundred on watch at once, relieving each other every three hours, the rest of the guard asleep in their bunks.

We were twelve thousand strong, with one or two thousand sticks and stones, and perhaps a dozen hatchets. By mere force of numbers, we could overpower and disarm the guard. Our organization was entirely originated and perfected among and by ourselves, and before we had an intimation of any assistance from the outside. A night had been chosen for the attack, and orders had been issued to all the officers to move at a certain hour, when a letter was received informing us, in covert and well-concealed terms, that Captain Tom Hines, of our command, who had not been captured, was in Chicago—on business. This letter was written by Capt. Tom's father to his cousin in prison. The brother brought it to a member of the Supreme Council. The council thereupon resolved to postpone action, and to endeavor to find out what the letter meant. I earnestly opposed postponement, urging that delay increased the danger of discovery, and discouraged our own men. The other members of the Supreme Council were of mature years, and the views of the majority, in favor of a postponement, prevailed. The writer was then barely twenty-one, and his earnest expostulations against any dependence on aid from the outside were looked upon as the hot-headed rashness of a boy.

Every letter that entered the prison and that left it was read by the officers of the guard, and the difficulty was presented how to arrange a certain means of communication with our friends in Chicago, without detection. Of course no cypher nor any thing enigmatical would be allowed to pass either way.

We adopted the large, nearly square, "Congress" letter-paper, on which all communications were to be written. In two or three sheets, at irregular intervals, spaces were cut large enough for long words. The position of the *cut* spaces of course exactly corresponded in the sheets, like duplicate stencil plates. One of these cut sheets being placed over a whole sheet, the significant words were written

in the spaces, the cut sheet was then removed, and the intervals on the whole sheet were then filled up with any words that would make complete sense on any subject of domestic or friendly correspondence.

It was found that a faithful Confederate prisoner named Joseph Grey, had established such friendly relations with a Federal officer of the guard, as to enable him to escape for a pecuniary consideration. One hundred and thirty dollars was the price of the honor of this valiant Yankee officer. This was raised by small subscriptions, and by selling sutlers' checks at enormous discounts to the Federal soldiers on duty as a patrol guard.

Joseph Grey was in this manner sent out of prison with our stencil-plate cypher to our friends in Chicago, and in a few days we were in safe and regular communication with them.

The names of the persons addressed and the handwriting being always varied. The letters coming into the prison were always addressed to some one of the Council of Seven. In this way we were informed that Captain Tom Hines, St. Leger Grenfel, Captain Castleman, and others, with about eighty of our comrades who had not been captured, were in Chicago, had come thither by way of Canada, for the purpose of liberating us, and they expected to be joined and aided by one or two hundred "Copperheads," as they were then called, from Southern Illinois. These Southern soldiers in Chicago, were concealed in different parts of the city. Our secret and oath-bound organization was complete and all our plans perfected before Captain Tom Hines or any of his party reached Chicago, and before we had the slightest intimation of their coming. The delay occasioned by our waiting for their co-operation, proved fatal. The exact means of discovery or betrayal are not certainly known. The report circulated in the prison at the time was, that a member of our secret order, taken with a brain fever, in his delirium in the hospital, divulged the existence of our organization and something of our early hopes. This led the Federal officers to send out a spy, who represented himself an escaped prisoner, to a lady of Chicago, who was friendly to us, and who was in the secret of the body of soldiers in the city under the command of Captain Hines, and she, thinking to secure a recruit, either divulged the plan, or put it in the power of the spy to obtain information of our design for releasing the prisoners in a body.

At any rate, it was discovered, and created great alarm among the garrison. The telegraph summoned five thousand troops to

increase the garrison. They slept no longer in their barracks, but camped under arms, and with a battery of six pieces, loaded with grape and canister, every night on different sides of the prison.

Large rewards were publicly offered for the names of the Supreme Council of Seven, and it was announced that they would be tried by court-martial and shot. Several of the officers and soldiers who had come to Chicago, were captured, and Captain St. Leger Grenfel sent to the Dry Tortugas for life.

Judge Buck Morris, a wealthy and prominent attorney of Chicago, and his estimable wife, a sister of Dr. Luke Blackburn, of Kentucky (now Governor), both of whom had been active in assisting us, were arrested, taken to Cincinnati, tried by a military commission for their lives, and escaped through the cupidity of members of the court, by a sacrifice of their fortune.

At the time of the discovery and search, Captain Tom Hines was in Mr. Morris's house, and was saved by being placed between two mattresses on a bed while two ladies reposed in apparent sleep upon the upper mattress, with suitable bed-clothes. This gentleman so preserved to his country, is now one of the judges of the Court of Appeals—the highest court of Kentucky.

In the prison, the most stringent measures were taken to prevent an outbreak, and the precautions were such as to make any attempt to escape certain self-destruction.

Every inducement was offered to procure a betrayal of the conspirators, without success. It was well known that no traitor could have remained alive in the prison. Offers of release, and rewards in money, did not secure betrayal. Thus all our fond hopes of liberty, of glory, and of patriotism died away.

Who can say that the sudden escape of these twenty-one thousand prisoners, and their addition to the Confederate army, would not have altered the result of the civil war, and the destiny of the country.

BEEF SEEKERS.

“The battle above the clouds” had been fought and won; Missionary Ridge, assaulted by overwhelming numbers, had been carried, and Bragg's army, crushed and bruised, but not beaten, had sullenly and slowly, and with but little loss in men or material, retired upon

and gone into winter quarters in and around the small village of Dalton, Ga.

Who of the survivors of the noble army of Tennessee to-day but will readily remember the inadequate capacity of the commissary department to supply it with good, ample, and wholesome food during a great portion of the memorable winter of 1863 and '64. The country south of us was filled with provisions and provender, but there was a balk in transportation somewhere, and in consequence thereof the army was brought lip to lip with the situation of one Tantalus of ancient memory. No box from home came to the self-exiled Kentuckians; we were indeed "Breckinridge's orphans," and many and ingenious were the devices resorted to by the "boys" to obtain the wherewith for a good, substantial, square meal. It is not intended at this date to investigate the cause or causes of the scarcity of subsistence at that time and place, but simply to use the fact as the incentive which developed the most ingenious, bold, and thoroughly successful ruse by which a couple of Kentucky soldiers, in the face of open day, and from the midst of its guards, succeeded not only in carrying off an entire quarter of good beef, but did it in such a manner as to elicit the outspoken admiration of more than one officer of rank who witnessed the affair.

Two soldiers of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry had obtained a pass for the day, which enabled them to take in the sights at Dalton and any thing else which was not too hot or too heavy to be carried off by them. It was very natural for them to do the railroad depot in their tour of inspection, as through its portals came most if not all they were in quest of, viz. commissary and quartermaster stores; and last, but by no means least, the well filled boxes sent by loving hands to sons and husbands at the front, who pined for the flesh-pots at home. As many, very many, of these boxes had found their way into the Kentucky camp by the aid of quick wits, elastic consciences, and strong shoulders, our adventurers thought first to try their fortune in the box-from-home line; but finding that the depot contained absolutely nothing in that shape, were turning away in disgust, when they discovered that the guard over the beef, which had just been received from Atlanta, was thinking of any and every thing but his present duty. Here was their chance, but how were they to use it? This apparently drowsy sentinel would be wide enough awake if any attempt should be made to take the meat over which he nodded as special guardian. No; the risk was too great even for Jim's sleight or Aleck's strength, and to work the affair safely

and successfully, the sentinel must be relieved from duty by one of our heroes, while the other should relieve the government of as much beef as he could carry. The idea, although extra hazardous if the attempt be discovered and frustrated, was well conceived and boldly and successfully executed as follows: Aleck, the muscular Christian of this adventurous pair, was to remain on the ground and note all changes, should any be made, while Jim, lithe of limb and the beau ideal of an infantry soldier in form and action, should return to camp after his gun and accoutrements.

Obtaining these without question or trouble and returning rapidly to the depot, he took in the situation at a glance. No change had taken place. The same sentinel hummed his plaintive love-ditty and dreamed his bright and glowing day-dream of happiness to come "when the cruel war was over" and Samantha should be his very own; and seeing Jim armed and equipped for duty and pacing with soldierly tread before the pile of beef, very naturally thought that he had been relieved by a detail from another regiment. And, after imparting to Jim the instructions due from the relieved to the relieving guard, slowly and calmly withdrew from the spot as one who had well and faithfully discharged a trust. So far the plot was an absolute and positive success, and now came Aleck's time to play his part of the little game. Waiting until the relieved guard was out of sight, Aleck seized the fattest, largest, and best quarter of beef and tossing it upon his brawny shoulders, started off for camp. Jim let him get the meat well upon his back, and then springing to the front of him and bringing his gun to a charge, in a loud voice thus addressed him, "Halt there, I have caught you at last and in the very act. I will not wait for or call the corporal of the guard, but take you myself, and at once, before the provost-marshal with the meat you have stolen, still on your thieving shoulders." Aleck tried in vain to put down the beef, saying that he had been driven to commit the theft by great and gnawing hunger, and if the guard would only let him off this time he would promise on the honor of a soldier never to do so again; that it was his first and should be his last offense; but Jim was determined to exhibit him as an example to all evil-doers, and stoutly adhered to his first intention of taking him before the provost-marshal with the evidence of his guilt around him. Aleck deeply mortified (*apparently*) and muttering curses low and threatening, took up the line of march, directed from the rear by Jim's bayonet, and in the midst of execrations for him and praises without stint for Jim, moved briskly off, not however,

to the provost's office, as was thought by the admiring spectators, none of whom followed, but to the camp of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, and the gallant old company "I" lived well for two whole days as far as beef was concerned.

My beef heroes survived both bullets and disease. There appears to be a providential provision for the protection of such daring spirits, as they are rarely killed in battle and have too much vitality to succumb to disease, and when last heard from one was living in Jefferson County, Kentucky, and the other had returned to his native State, Pennsylvania.

The late Judge M. H. Cofer was, at the time the foregoing incident occurred, Provost-marshal General of the Army of Tennessee, and was fully cognizant of the transaction. His admiration of the pluck and adroitness of the men was so great that, meeting the writer a few days after, he told him if the two men could be discovered and induced to call at his office so that he could form their acquaintance, he would give them an order on the commissary for any thing they wanted, and also use his influence in getting them a furlough; but the boys, remembering the story of the Spider and the Fly, said they could provide food for themselves, as Col. Cofer had found out, and had no use for a furlough. They also held the writer under solemn promise not to give their names to Col. Cofer, nor was he any wiser until the war was over and his power to punish had been numbered with the things that were.

TWO DOGS.

A member of Company H, Fourth Kentucky Regiment, owned a pup which followed him into the battle of Shiloh. The second day of the fight, the writer of this observed the faithful creature sitting on his haunches in the rear of the company, and on a line with the file closers. We were engaged in supporting Cobb's battery, and it seemed that the whole North had suddenly concentrated their stock of powder and iron and were determined to plow us up and turn us under. The dog sat there, and viewing him as I was lying flat on the ground, it seemed the missiles shook his ears by their close proximity to his head. He was struck by and by and as I never saw him again I think he was killed. I can never forget the seeming anxiety depicted on his countenance while we were getting *shelled*, but faithful

to the instincts of his race, this little long-eared puppy remained near his master, till the piece of iron ended his existence.

Being on the subject of dogs, I have taken from Ed. Porter Thompson's history of the First Kentucky Brigade a sketch entitled "Frank, the Soldier Dog" which is as follows :

This dog, Frank, was brought into the Second Regiment by one of the members of Company B, and long shared with the men the privations of inclement season, scanty fare, and hard marching, and the perils of the field. He went into the engagement at Donaldson, was captured with the troops, and spent his six months in prison at Camp Morton ; and to all attempts of the Federal guard to coax him away, he returned a silent but very dignified refusal, as much as to say that he preferred the life of a captive and scraps of the barracks to the freedom that was then vouchsafed by "the best government." When the regiment was marched out from the prison inclosure, on the 26th of August, 1862, Frank was observed to wag his tail joyfully, and he departed somewhat from his ordinarily dignified demeanor, and was gleeful at the prospect of going forth again to "the stern joys of the battle."

In more than one subsequent engagement he was wounded, but that did not deter him from marching out promptly when the "long-roll" was sounded next time, and taking his chances. If a soldier fell, Frank looked at him with the eye of a philosopher ; and the close observer might have discovered something of pity in his glance, and a half-consciousness that the poor man was dead, or in agony, and that he could not help him. On these, as indeed on almost all occasions, he seemed to partake largely of the spirit of the men. If the conflict was obstinate, Frank was silent and dogged. If the men shouted in the outset, or cheered when the ground was won, he barked in unison.

He took part in the memorable "snow ball battle" at Dalton, March 22, 1864, and was wounded in the foot, having come in contact during the melee, with one of his own species who was serving with an adverse party. On the march he frequently carried his own rations in a small haversack hung on his neck. He almost invariably went out, when not "excused by the surgeon," to company, regimental, and brigade drills, sometimes looking on like a reviewing officer, but oftener taking part in the maneuvers ; but he had a sovereign contempt for "dress parade" and generally stayed at his quarters when he found that the men were to go no further than the color line.

He was rather choice, too, in his associates ; and, though widely known and friendly to all, he would not allow of much familiarity outside of his own mess. When rations were short he would visit other messes, and even other companies, and accept of the little that his friends could spare, but he did not want them to presume upon his sense of obligation, and indulge in any thing like caresses.

In this way he lived 'the soldier's life. If Company B had a shelter, Frank had his corner in it. When he was shot, his wounds were dressed, and he had no lack of attention. If the commissariat were well supplied, he fed bountifully, and put on his best looks. If life were eked out on "hard tack" and a slice of bacon, or of poor beef, Frank had but his share of that, and grew lean and hollow-eyed like his soldier friends.

But, in the summer campaign of 1864, he disappeared, and we have to write of Frank, the soldier dog, as we have done of many a noble soldier boy, "fate unknown." Perhaps some admirer of his species laid felonious hands upon him and carried him captive away ; or, perhaps, a ball from some "vile gun" laid him low while he was taking a lonely stroll in the woods. Or it may be that Frank had a premonition of the evil days upon which we were about to fall — when the proud little armies should go down, and the beautiful banner that had shone like a meteor above the horizon of nations, should disappear forever ; and that he voluntarily withdrew from the scene — obeying the instinct of far more noble natures than some, and disdaining even to look upon, let alone gloat over, the last sad act, and the wreck of a people's hopes.

COLUMBIA—AS SEEN BY A REBEL SCOUTING PARTY THE DAY AFTER SHERMAN'S EVACUATION.

I have read with pleasure every line published by your society in regard to our "late unpleasantness," and not having seen any article giving a description of the above-named city after its destruction by Sherman's army, I have concluded to contribute a little of what I saw with my own eyes.

While in bivouac on North Edisto River on the — day of February, 1865, I was ordered to take charge of a scout of ten men, detailed from companies B, C, D, and H, and to follow Sherman's trail in the direction of Columbia, and to report at Lexington Court-

house as soon as possible. After two or three hours' travel from camp we struck the main road leading to Columbia, and from the destruction of farm-houses, cross-road stores, even to the burning of fences—setting the forest on fire—we could easily conjecture the fate of Columbia. When we arrived within about five miles of the city squads of negroes were met carrying old blue uniforms, and were considerably frightened at what they had witnessed in Columbia. They gave us the information that Sherman had burned the city, and killed all the people. We rode on rapidly to the river and found the bridge spanning the Congaree totally destroyed. Near by was left standing two frame houses which were densely crowded with negroes having a few bundles of clothing and bedding, but with nothing to eat save a few beans. Not far off stood the blackened stone walls of the Saluda Cotton Factory, filled to the second-story windows with ruined machinery. By the destruction of this factory three or four hundred old men, women, and children were thrown out of employment, without any subsistence. Right here, however, I want to give the Federals the credit of sparing the little village occupied by the employes of the factory. We now turned our attention to finding some way to cross the Congaree. Just below the bridge the stream at this point was very swift, and beginning to rise a little from a slight swell of the Saluda and Broad rivers. In a short time a small boat started from the Columbia side loaded with women and children, the oars manned by a darkey who disappeared on landing. The ladies, when they saw we were soldiers, commenced crying, and holding out their little bundles, saying, "This is all we have left of our comfortable homes and plenty to live on when Sherman entered the city!" I insisted on their returning, assuring them that relief would be sent as soon as their condition was known at Augusta. We took charge of the boat, and leaving our horses in care of half the detail, I crossed with the others, and we soon found out that it was difficult to tell which was the most expert with the torch, Sherman's forces or Kilpatrick's. The main business street of the city, which seemed to have been entirely built up with brick buildings, was totally destroyed, the street filled with brick and mortar from both sides. The gas-works were a total wreck. The shrubbery and shade-trees in the once beautiful yards were cut, piled up, and burned. Bureau drawers were scattered around that had been used as feed-boxes. Wardrobe-doors and piano-tops had been used as beds. Pieces of burned furniture of every description were scattered about where the soldiers

camped in the streets, which was evidence enough that they had used the furniture of the neighboring residences for fuel. Silver-plated door-knobs and door-plates had been cut from the doors. The sidebrake fire-engine belonging to the Washington Fire Company was standing in the street demolished, and its brakes, gallery, hubs, and corners of its body stripped of its silver mountings, which showed what a good many were hunting and hankering after. I saw several years ago in the *Courier-Journal* where the silver trumpet belonging to this company had been returned to them by a New York pawnbroker. The destruction of war material in the government buildings was immense, ten thousand boxes of fixed ammunition having been thrown into the Congaree just below the bridge, together with several pieces of unfinished artillery. It seemed that several wagons of ammunition exploded while the Federals were at their work of destruction, as several blackened and charred wheels of wagons were standing near, and the trees around were full of strips of blue clothing. While there several negroes pulled to shore, from among the ammunition boxes, a Federal soldier with nothing on him but the waistband of his pants, and large flakes of skin were hanging from his body. There being no accommodations for interring the body, it was shoved out into the current of the river and was soon lost from view.

The citizens, after Sherman left, organized a committee and gathered together a great deal of provision that had been hidden away by negroes who had been privileged by General Sherman to act as they pleased while he sojourned in the city. During our ramble through the burned district we came across an old man, his name now forgotten, but who lived on the square adjoining the one where General Hampton resided at that time. The old gentleman told us that four soldiers volunteered their services to carry water to the roof of his dwelling, and to remove all his valuables. They assisted him in removing his trunks to the sidewalks, and two of them proposed to guard them while the other two went with him to the roof with water. When he returned the trunks and guards had both disappeared. The two who had volunteered to carry the water seemed surprised at the conduct of the guards, and promised the old man to do all in their power to regain the trunks, but never did so. Just at this time he said one of them asked him if he would like to see General Sherman, and being informed in the affirmative, the soldier told him that the general was then standing on the other side of the street with his hands locked behind him. The old man said he rushed

across the street and put in his complaint about his property, and wanted to know why he allowed the destruction of the city and the robbery of old men, women, and children. Sherman's reply was, "Sir, your mean whisky and bad women are the cause of your troubles!" and then walked away. Several of the citizens told us that there were a great many officers and men among the Federals who sympathized with them, and did not approve of the destruction of the city, and rendered them valuable service in the protection of their homes and property.

Columbia must have been the worst "looted" city during the war. It is almost impossible to believe the many acts of devilry committed while Sherman's army occupied the city. If Sherman's remark to the old gentleman alluded to was correct about mean whisky and bad women being the cause of the destruction of the city, they must have been acting under his orders, for the square that Generals Hampton, Butler, and Young lived on was not molested or injured to a very great extent. It looked ridiculous for these people to have such hatred as to fire artillery into the old blazing capitol where the first ordinance of secession was passed. The general commanding must have given them permission to use his batteries for that purpose. I was surprised at the citizens taking their loss with such composure, and they seemed more defiant and devoted to the Southern cause than ever.

After gaining all the information about the whereabouts of Sherman, we recrossed the Congaree and began our search for something to eat. Hearing that the negroes in the houses left standing had several bushels of beans hid under their bedding, we adopted the following plan to get a camp-kettle of bean soup: We had in our scout the faithful and brave *Konshattountzchette*, or Flying Cloud, a Mohawk Indian Chief, who had been silent and sullen after seeing the destruction of Columbia, and who was eyed and shunned by the negroes. I told him to go up to the houses and commence his war-dance among the negroes, and give several war-whoops, and halloo "Beans!" It had the desired effect, for the darkies scattered—especially the old women and children—and the bucks rolled over their beds and pulled out sacks of beans yelling, "Here, here, boss!" Cloud patted them on the back and told them, "Me no hurt you; cook beans quick!" and in a short time our appetites were appeased. We then mounted and proceeded to Lexington Court-house where the brigade was camped. This beautiful little place had been burned and looted the day before Columbia's destruction. We had been out

three days and subsisted on one day's rations and one kettle of bean soup. Our horses were fed on corn picked up grain by grain, where the enemy had fed theirs, this small quantity of corn being mixed with a few cane-tops. Notwithstanding all this we were happy, willing, and always ready.

ORGANIZATION OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF LOUISVILLE.

The society was organized at the office of Bullitt, Bullitt & Harris, southeast corner of Center and Green streets, on the evening of February 7, 1879. The following names were enrolled :

- | | |
|---|---|
| B. W. Duke, First Brigade Morgan's Division. | J. W. Waun, Assistant Engineer, Thirty-second Tennessee. |
| John H. Weller, Captain Fourth Kentucky Infantry. | O. B. Norvell, Second Kentucky Cavalry. |
| Lunsford P. Yandell, jr., Surgeon Hardee's Staff. | C. P. Allan, Second Kentucky. |
| Dr. C. G. Edwards, Eighth Virginia Infantry. | J. B. Goodloe, Captain and A.Q.M. Army Northern Virginia. |
| Nick Korhoy, Twenty-third Virginia Cavalry. | H. M. Bullitt, Second Kentucky Cavalry. |
| John Thompson, Second Kentucky Cavalry. | George H. Moore, Captain Thirty-ninth Mississippi Infantry. |
| M. Morris, Second Kentucky Infantry. | Jas. F. Callaway, Fifty-eighth Virginia. |
| Phil. L. Harrison, Fourth Maryland Battery. | G. B. Eastin, Second Kentucky Cavalry. |
| Casper Anderson, Ninth Kentucky. | G. A. Winston, Forty-fourth Tennessee. |
| Edward H. Seymour, Sixty-sixth Georgia | M. M. Levy, Paymaster C.S.A. |
| B. B. Cowherd, Third Kentucky. | W. W. Harr, Kentucky Cavalry. |
| Ed. B. Harding, Second Kentucky Infantry. | A. T. Kendall, Fourth Kentucky Infantry. |
| John S. Jackman, Ninth Kentucky Infantry. | W. O. Dodd, Fifth Mississippi Cavalry. |
| Andrew McDonald, Lieutenant-colonel General Holmes's Staff. | John W. Green, Ninth Kentucky Infantry. |
| Clinton McClarty, Adjutant-general Department of the Gulf. | E. T. Penkins, Chaplain at Large Army Northern Virginia. |
| Joseph B. Walker, Medical Department, Richmond, Va. | Henry W. Rau, Fourth Kentucky. |
| John L. Marshall, Fourth Kentucky Infantry. | W. J. McConathy, Twentieth Kentucky Cavalry. |
| | John D. Johnson, Fourth Ky. Infantry. |

B. W. Jenkins, Major Eighth Battalion West Virginia Cavalry.	G. J. Hennessy, Fourth Kentucky.
Jos. S. Woolfolk, Cobb's Ky. Battery.	Abner Harris, Captain Fourth Virginia Cavalry.
R. H. Thompson, Lieutenant-colonel Carlton's Arkansas Cavalry.	P. A. Garrett, Second Kentucky Cav alry.
John B. Pirtle, A. A. G. Bates's Divis- ion, Army of the Tennessee.	H. C. Reece, Eighth Virginia Cav- alry.
W. M. Marriner, Sixth Confederate Cavalry.	Buford Twyman, Fifth Kentucky Cav- alry.
Bennett H. Young, Eighth Ky. Cav.	John N. Moore, Stuart Horse Artil- lery.
John H. Leathers, Second Va. Infantry.	

Many others have since joined the Association, and the meetings are now held on the last Tuesday of each month, at the rooms of the Polytechnic Society. Ex-Confederates visiting the city, and citizens generally, are invited to attend these meetings.

CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

To the ex-Confederate Soldiers, their Friends, and all others interested:

The undersigned have been appointed by the Southern Historical Association of Louisville, Ky., to prepare each month a journal to be read before the Association. This journal will be made up of reminiscences of the late war and incidents in any way connected with it. Such articles, which are to be short, will be compiled in journal form and read before the Association at each regular monthly meeting, which takes place the last Tuesday evening of each month, and will be published after such reading. The name of this journal is *THE BIVOUAC*, and the first number was published in September. We earnestly request our friends, wherever they may be, to send us contributions, thus assisting us in making *THE BIVOUAC* a success. Anecdotes and reminiscences, either historical, humorous, or pathetic, in prose or poetry, free from sectional bitterness, are urgently solicited from those friendly to Southern history.

Send full name and address with your article, and *nom de plume*, if you so desire.

Respectfully,

WILLIAM M. MARRINER,
JOHN L. MARSHALL,
JOHN S. JACKMAN,
WM. WINSTON FONTAINE,
JOHN H. WELLER.

Address: EDITORS OF *THE BIVOUAC*, care William M. Marriner,
750 Fifth Street, Louisville, Ky.

Query Box.

The editor of this department will endeavor to ascertain the whereabouts of ex-Confederate soldiers, and answer all questions when the information sought for is accessible.

E. H. McD. wishes to know who the editors of *THE BIVOUAC* are, and suggests that in the September number they were entirely too modest in making claims upon the friends of the South for subscriptions and matter for their magazine.

For answer to the above we will state first the names and occupation of the editing committee: Wm. M. Marriner, Captain Company H, First Kentucky, Infantry, and afterward Adjutant Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry, Adjutant Sixth Confederate Cavalry, and principal second ward public school; John L. Marshall, Sergeant-major Fourth Kentucky Infantry, book-keeper for J. Simon & Co.; Wm. Winston Fontaine, First Lieutenant Henrico Battery, First Regiment Virginia Artillery, and afterward Colonel Fourth Regiment Cavalry, Virginia State Line, Floyd's command, and First Lieutenant of Cavalry, Regular Army Confederate States, and now president of the Holyoke Female College; John S. Jackman, Ninth Kentucky Infantry, attorney at law; John Weller, Captain Company D, Fourth Kentucky Infantry, clerk Louisville Chancery Court. These five were appointed a committee by the Southern Historical Association to prepare for each meeting those articles contributed by our friends throughout the South, or elsewhere, which were short, or not long enough of themselves to entertain the Association during the entire session. Such papers to be read of evenings when the regular historical paper had been read by the member assigned to that duty. An extensive notice was given of the appointment of the "Editing Committee," as it was called, and the responses became so numerous, and the contributions were of such interest, that if all had been collated and read at each meeting, there would have been no time for the chief historical paper. The committee suddenly determined to publish *THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC* in magazine form and lay it before the Association for their approval. The result speaks for itself. See September number. Hereafter we will publish not only the original *BIVOUAC*, but lead off with a solid historical sketch which has been regularly read first, in manuscript, before the Association. We are thus prepared to publish all kinds of articles of interest to the ex-Confederate soldier, his family, and to all friends of the South and its history. We earnestly invite their co-operation. If you do not feel like writing a regular article, send us the incident in your own language and style, and we will prepare it for these pages and give you the credit. But do not fail to send us, also, if you can spare it, the one dollar and fifty cents for one year's subscription to the magazine.

Any profit which may be made in this venture will be applied to the fitting up of suitable rooms for the preservation of records and meeting of the Association. Address, editors SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, Louisville, Ky.

IS GENERAL BATE, candidate for Governor of Tennessee, the same who commanded Breckinridge's division in the latter part of the war? G. W. T.

LEBANON, KY.

Answer: He is the same.

EDITORS BIVOUAC: Please tell me, if you can find out, the address of Major Walter H. Robertson, of Virginia, a brother of General Beverley Robertson?

LOUISVILLE.

W. W. F.

Answer: We hope your query will be read and answered by some one of our subscribers. We have been unable to find out his whereabouts.

A COMRADE wishes to know the present residence of Leslie T. Hardy, formerly of Buchanan, Virginia, and during the war a member of the Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry.

MISS B. B., city, asks, "Is it true that many of our solid citizens, while soldiers, regarded card-playing and petty pilfering as among the *accomplishments* of camp life?"

Answer: A base libel, madam, a calumny. True, they never left a friendless chicken to nod on its uncomfortable roost; never suffered an overburdened apple tree to break down from its load of fruit; never removed a bee-gum until the shades of night made the removal more to the comfort of the bees; never permitted the lacteal fluid to sour in badly-ventilated milk-houses; and never, no, *never* left a wounded shoat to bleed its young life away by the roadside; and as for cards, we give you our word that just before the battles of Seven Pines, of Perryville, of Murfreesboro, we saw cards strewn *all along* the road—so *great* was the soldiers' disgust for card-playing.

J. G. P., St. Louis, asks, "What did the Confederate soldiers eat?"

Answer: The cuisine was varied. Mule-meat was confined to the locality of Vicksburg; corn-bread, in homeopathic doses, cooked either with or without grease, according to the ability of the commissary to furnish his quarter pound chunk of fat, was the staple. In the valley of Virginia, bread was made from a select kind of flour called by the soldiers "sick flour," because the bread gave the hungry soldier all the pleasureable effects of a first sea-voyage. Blue beef was much sought after, and when jerked was the thing for a march. If a large soap-boiler could be found in the neighborhood, a few pumpkins boiled down to a pulp, without salt, and dipped out with improvised wooden spoons, was not to be sneezed at. Want of space prevents our giving *all* the luxuries of the "bill of fare" which was on great occasions rounded off with a dessert of sugarless fried pie, this having all the tough elasticity of a rubber suspender.

A. J. S., San Francisco: "Was it possible for a soldier to be a good Christian?"

Answer: Quite. Some of the best of our soldiers were consistent Christians. Many privates, as well as company, regimental, brigade, and division commanders were prayerful, Bible-reading Christians.

Taps.

EARLY in the war, when the Army of Northern Virginia lived in tents, an occasional keg of "jumper juice" was sent to the Georgians by considerate friends at home, and in camp eternal vigilance was the security of the "fire-water."

J. S. was asked his opinion of a company of Louisiana Tigers which had stopped over in Knoxville, *en route* for Virginia. Eyeing their quaint uniform and bronzed appearance a moment, he quietly replied, "Why they don't average an eye to the man."

LIEUTENANT T., of the Fourth, was very large and fleshy, but he was never wounded. Devil Dick says the reason of it was that when he went into a fight he would chalk off the size of a man on himself and if he was struck outside of that line he never counted it.

A HARD-HITTING general of the Virginia army was seen during a charge to wave his hand as though directing or encouraging his line of battle, when suddenly changing the position of his arm, he put his hand inside of his flannel shirt and withdrawing it almost instantly, crushed something between his thumb and forefinger and dropped it to the earth. It would be a useless waste of space and time to tell old soldiers *what* he had found.

NONDESCRIPT says give him the infantry all the time, for he is yet mindful of the time when he went ten miles for forage for his mess and when he returned with his mountain of hay resting on the pommel of his saddle, wornout, thirsty, and hungry, he was always met by his *sympathetic* comrades with the remark, "Thunder, John, didn't know that you were out, have eaten up every thing in the mess, haven't saved you a bite."

JUDGE THOMAS OWENS, writes from his home in Carlisle, Ky., "I am delighted with THE BIVOUAC, and feel like being astonished that such an enterprise had not been thought of sooner. It is just the thing. Count me in on any thing to keep it going." Judge Owens is preparing a history of the First Kentucky Brigade Sharp-

shooters, and our readers may expect some startling facts in connection with the narrative. We acknowledge the receipt of his subscription to THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC with thanks.

THE members of Gen. John H. Morgan's old command resident in Lexington and vicinity held a meeting on the 9th inst. in that city for the purpose of making arrangements for a reunion of all the surviving members of the command some time next summer. About fifty or sixty of the veterans of that well-known *corps* attended, and another meeting was called for the 13th of November next at Lexington, at which time it is expected that a complete organization will be effected. This meeting will no doubt be attended by "Morgan's men" from all parts of the State, anxious to greet again their former comrades and do honor to the memory of their famous leader.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HYNES of the Fourth brought with him to the war an old colored man named Jacob. He was cook and barber to regimental headquarters, and employed his leisure in shaving and hair-cutting throughout the regiment. He was as talkative as barbers usually are—gleaning from his customers all sorts of information. He always concluded by telling his victim about the bad luck he had with persons who received his services on credit. His debtors rarely ever missed getting killed in the first engagement after making a *promise* to pay, but his cash customers came out without a scratch. This had the effect of almost entirely relieving him of non-paying customers.

DEVIL DICK was a sergeant in his company (D, Fourth Kentucky). The first lieutenant was a small man and not very strong. While encamped at Dalton, the first lieutenant was in command, the captain being off on furlough. Dick was in an extra good humor one day and for the lack of any thing better to do, procured a wheelbarrow and caught the lieutenant and by force thrust him into the barrow and wheeled him swiftly down the color line. The lieutenant was shocked and outraged to such a degree that Dick was put in the guard-house and reduced to ranks. He was languishing under guard when his captain returned two weeks later, and it was with great difficulty that he got him relieved and restored to rank.

ANDREW JACKSON CONNOR, better known in his regiment as "Buena Vista," from having served during the Mexican war, was a queer specimen of the genus homo. At his own request he had been

detailed in the wagon-yard at the organization of the regiment. On one occasion the colonel, on inspecting the stock, harness, wagons, etc. in the yard, found Buny's lay-out in a shockingly demoralized condition, and calling the delinquent before him began to reprimand him in such Doric style that the whole regiment was entertained thereat. In a few moments "Buny" came sauntering past the adjutant's quarters and being inquired of as to the cause of the disturbance in the yard, waved his hand majestically in that direction and replied, "O, the colonel and I have just had some words, that's all."

OUR cavalry permeated the Southern country like the Western grasshoppers; always ahead of us infantrymen, and foraging to the utter extermination of eatables, on our flanks. They also impressed the citizens with the idea that it was the bon ton thing to be mounted. There was one young lady, however, near M——, Tenn., who probably had not arrived at an exact opinion as to the relative merits of these two arms of the service. At a party one night in or near M——, this young lady was dancing with Wild Bill, when he was rather amused at the following question propounded by her: "Mister, had you'uns reether be an officer in the infantry or jine the cavalry?" This was highly amusing to Bill, because it proved that the cavalry had been boasting to her as they often did to us, that they "had rather belong to the cavalry than to be an officer in infantry."

It is said that Confederate and Federal cavalry on the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, whenever their supplies ran short, would borrow ammunition from each other; but on one occasion they had a "sure enough" fight, in which the Confederate Colonel P. of this city was worsted and lost one of those diminutive nuisances, called mountain howitzers. The fact of the loss of artillery coming to the ears of the department commander, he sent for the defeated colonel and sternly asked him how he had lost his cannon.

"Why, general" said the colonel, "*soldiers* took that cannon."

"Well," replied the Commander, "what if soldiers *did* take it?"

"Soldiers!" responded the colonel, "why soldiers will take *any body's* cannon."

BOURBON NEWS: "We are in receipt of THE BIVOUAC, a magazine published monthly, by the Southern Historical Association of Louisville. It is filled with reminiscences of the late war, and is of rare interest to all old soldiers of either army."

A. R. SHACKLETT, Island Station, Ky., sends the following story of gauntlet-running: A shower had just driven our right into a gin-house near the road, when a lone horseman was seen galloping toward us. He was dressed in blue pants, black hat, and gum coat, and we were certain that he was a Federal courier, and a squad was at once ordered to "take him in." When within ten paces, the "capturing party" sprang forward and ordered the man to halt, dismount, and surrender. He halted for a second, then smiled, wheeled about, laid flat on his horse, and hanging by his left foot, while spurring with his right, rode through the line untouched by the volley of the detachment. Six hundred yards distant he reached a hill, then checked up his horse and looked back at us, when our Lieutenant-colonel said, "One of you men go and see what that fellow wants; he is not afraid of one man, since the whole company of you missed him. Give him my compliments." When interrogated, the stranger asked where the Eighth Kentucky was. When told he replied, "Col. Brown, of the Twentieth Mississippi says you needn't stay there any longer, as we've gobbled them fellers."

ONE day a gentleman, not connected with the army, was riding to overtake Lewis's Kentucky Brigade, then serving as mounted infantry, and operating between Augusta and Savannah, Ga., after Sherman had reached the latter city. The brigade, reduced to a few hundred by four years' active service in the field, had just marched through a little village, where the gentleman soon after arrived. He rode up to the door of a cottage in which dwelt an old Irishman and his spouse, and tipping his hat *a la* soldier, inquired if they had seen any rebels passing. The old lady, seeing that the interrogator had on a blue army overcoat, naturally concluded that he was the advance of a Federal column in pursuit, and being a true Southron, she thought to do the cause a service by at once striking terror into the enemy's ranks. She therefore answered:

"Yis, sir, they have jist been afther marching through, and there was *twinty thousand* o' them if there was a single mon!"

The gentleman thanked her for the information, and again tipping his hat *a la* soldier, turned his horse's head in the direction the "twinty thousand" had gone. The old man, thus thinking that the exaggeration had not been sufficiently complete, ceased the vigorous whiffing at his pipe long enough to call after the supposed Federal:

"Yis, sir, that's ivery word the thruth, it is. *And they were domned big min at that!*"

T. L. JEFFERSON, JR.

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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

B. F. Terry, a native of Todd County, Ky., but a Texan by long residence, left his sugar and cotton plantation on the Brazos, at the first drum-beat of the war, and, as a volunteer staff-officer, won his spurs in the battle of Bull Run. He was mentioned in general orders for his intrepidity and surprising exploits in that action. It was said of him that he captured a number of groups of infantrymen by his very audacity, pouncing down upon them as he did with his bridlereins in his teeth and a six-shooter crackling from either hand. President Davis commissioned him on the spot to return to Texas and raise a regiment of his own liking to fight his own way. The flower of the State rushed to him in response to his call, in numbers more than wanted, self-equipped—each man with two “navy six” pistols, a bowie, and double-barrel shotgun, and every thing ready for action from spurs to the lariat tethered to the horn of the saddle. Such was the ardor for the position of *high private* in this command, embracing ex-Governor Noble’s son, a son and nephew of Sam. Houston, Major Thornton, and J. A. McKenzie, present member of Congress from the second district of Kentucky, that the cry as made by Texan Unionists of “a rich man’s war and a poor man’s fight” was quickly silenced, and, all in all, from flag-bearer Jones, with sixty thousand acres of land at his back, to Elam, who had fourteen of his own horses shot under him, there was a make-up about the regiment exceptional and strong. They were sworn in at Houston, Texas, not for ninety days or other limited period, as troops were then being received, but “for the war,” as they insisted the oath should be administered. How well they kept that oath let facts attest. They were eleven hundred and seventy strong, rank and file, when organized. The muster-rolls show that they lost in killed and wounded and by

deaths from sickness, six hundred and twenty-five men, besides one hundred and ninety discharged for disease. Twenty-three were transferred to other commands under the act of the Confederate Congress. Forty-six are reported missing; two, only two, as having deserted. The total survivors at the end of the war, including recruits received from time to time, were two hundred and forty-eight men. Warworn to this fragment, they were averse to the surrender in North Carolina, particularly after the first terms agreed upon had been openly disregarded, and obtained permission from Wheeler to cut their way out and go to Kirby Smith in the trans-Mississippi department. He advised them of the difficulties in the way, and counseled against the undertaking, but finally yielded his authority longer to hold them, and, after shaking hands, with many a tear trembling in eyes unused to tears, the general and rangers parted. They succeeded in getting out of the tactical inclosure, as the whole army might have done, but Forrest surrendered before they reached him in Georgia, and the surrender of Kirby Smith soon followed, and the Confederacy was no more. The color-bearer snatched off what remained of the bullet-riddled flag, and folding it up in saddest silence, its history closed, the regiment disbanded, and after an absence of nearly four years, its remaining heroes, submissive but unvanquished, returned to their sunny homes between the Sabine and Rio Grande.

Of the eight commanders from the first to last, Terry was killed on the field in the first engagement, Lubbock died, Wharton was several times wounded and promoted to Major-general, Harrison was wounded a number of times and promoted to Brigadier-general, Ferrell was wounded and died, Walker was wounded and died, Evans, splendid Evans! was killed at Perryville, and Gustave Cook, the last Colonel with the scars of Shiloh, Griswoldville, and Farmington on his person, fell severely wounded at Bentonville.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist among military men as to which is the stronger arm of the service, cavalry or infantry, Terry's Rangers, opposed by an isolated regiment, never were repulsed, but in a fair match on one hundred fields perhaps made their adversaries bite the dust. But the rangers carried no clanging saber—that weapon of the centuries past, fit only to frighten women and hack unarmed footmen with—but bore arms they were accustomed to, rode lithe like Comanches, complete masters of the horse, and shot quick as sportsmen sure on the trigger. In brief, Terry's Rangers, known in reports of battles and on the muster-rolls as the "Eighth Texas Cavalry," constituted, so far as I have been able to

ascertain, the only body of genuine cavalry in the Confederate service. They were horsemen to the saddle born. Hundreds of citizens of Nashville can recall the pleasant days of September, '61, when the rangers lay in camp at the Fair Grounds and the fashionables of the city rode out in throngs to witness these gay troopers in trappings quaint, ride at full tilt and pick up from the ground a handkerchief or glove and fifty cent pieces as fast as placed before them.

They began the war in the department under Sidney Johnston by charging Willich's famous Thirty-second Indiana at Woodsonville, which regiment, composed of old Prussian veterans, they drove over rocky ground, and a part of it through a corn-field, and the whole finally across the bridge to Munfordville. It was in vain that, after staggering from the shock of shot-guns, these trained infantrymen threw themselves into groups after the regulation, and bristled all around to the command of "guard against cavalry." The crack of the navy six right over the glistening steel forced them back, and yet back, until, running and loading and firing over their shoulders as they ran, they regained the bridge, and wound under their covering batteries like a crippled moccasin, glad to escape. The noble Terry fell, but he lived to see the fame of his men, which had gone before, fully sustained.

General Albert Sidney Johnston paid the rangers a special visit on the eve of the movement from Corinth to Shiloh. In response to the cheers that greeted him he said, "With a little more drill you are the equals of the 'Old Guard' of Napoleon." They led the advance to Shiloh and covered the retreat from before the fresh second army encountered Monday on that sanguinary field. Wherever danger was most imminent or apprehended, in front, flank, or rear, I speak but the fair truth of history without detriment to others when I say, the rangers were always there. In reconnoissances, in picketing, in bringing on and slacking off engagements to time and place selected, they did their full share, but the charge in column or in line was their forte; and if cavalry be the eyes and ears of an army, be it said as their just due that they were never known to bring in a false report. They were never dismounted except where the nature of the ground compelled it. They fought unbrigaded until after the battle of Shiloh.

It was due perhaps to the fact that they had been hovering around Pittsburgh Landing off and on some days previous that a circumstance I am about to relate did not awaken Grant to his exposed situation. Saturday night preceding the battle Colonel Wharton gave

one man permission to discharge a wet gun. To his amazement the whole regiment had wet guns, and they all *went off*. General Polk double-quickened a brigade of infantry over from their hiding to discover if the army which next morning was to surprise the Federals was really surprised itself at that supreme hour under the shadows of the night. The old Bishop, on ascertaining the facts, was not in the mood to lead in sacred song, and Wharton and the entire regiment were placed under arrest, from which they were not released until long after the roar of battle, commencing on the right at dawn of day, told the way the tide was tending. It was of no avail that men and officers, through couriers dispatched, plead to take part in the glorious chase. Hours elapsed, it seemed, before Major Tom Jack—who had been promoted from the regiment to Johnston's staff—came galloping up, with face all wreathed in smiles, and gave the order to move. With a shout that gave no cheer to the Union General if, mayhap, it reached his ears through the cyclone that had burst about him, away from Owl Creek up a slope, over acres of ground blue with Federal dead, down the road through lanes of our own infantry, around a point of woods into an opening and across a ravine into line, and the regiment confronted the Federal General Prentiss, holding, as it were, the pivot on which hung for the time the fortunes of the day. Separated by a rail fence and half concealed by timber and undergrowth, the enemy made good use of his advantage. Wharton and the two Terrys—son and brother of the late leader—fell, the last mortally wounded, and thick and fast horses and riders were dropping, when a rush was made forward, and the enemy's front line gave back, followed by the rangers, who began tearing away and leaping the fence. Just then the enemy opened with grape and canister, and this brave command, instead of an opportunity to efface the memory of their arrest, found themselves now exposed to a fire not within the power of mortals long to withstand. But a wild yell and rattle of small arms is heard in the Federal rear. Hardee comes charging down; a whoop and another volley, and Prentiss and his brigade three thousand five hundred strong, surrender. The rangers had not charged in vain, and had the honor of escorting Prentiss and his men to the rear. To say that he was mad and swore like a trooper is to state it mildly, and give him the benefit of any membership he may have had in the Young Men's Christian Association.

Late on Tuesday following, as the rear guard of the retreating army, the rangers, reduced by details made to gather the immense

spoils to three hundred men, Major Tom Harrison, as senior officer succeeding to the command, called a halt as the fresh troops of Buell pushed in sight and began sending in a few leaden compliments. Breckinridge was but a mile ahead, struggling through the mire, with men almost exhausted. Old Tom, as called, a little man, seated on a large bay, with a red bandanna tied around his head in lieu of the hat he had lost in the dark of the preceding rainy night, was a picture for an artist; but not the white plume of Henry of Navarre was ever more gallantly borne or followed than that red bandanna that bobbed in the wind. Facing about and forming them into line he told them that Breckinridge's men were broken down and must have time to clear a marsh they were trudging through. Also, cautions were given to reserve fire and aim low. The enemy could plainly be seen over the swell of ground about four hundred yards distant forming in dense lines, with calvary in support and skirmishers to the front concealed behind trees, the whole, as has since transpired, led by General Sherman in person.

At their reunion in Cincinnati a little over a year ago, General Sherman gives his account of this affair, from which I beg in some respects to differ. He says, "In like manner on the 8th, when I was ordered by General Grant to move forward with one of my brigades and another of Thomas J. Wood's division, to ascertain if the rebel army had actually retreated to Corinth or were simply repairing damages to renew the attack, I led in person Hildebrand's brigade. We reached, about six miles out, an old cotton-field with deadened timber standing, fences all down, and mud in the road and in the plowed field ankle deep. Seeing ahead a large number of tents, with men and horses moving about, I concluded to deploy a couple of companies of the leading regiment forward at five paces interval, with the remaining eight companies in line in support, leaving the rest of the brigade to follow along the road by the flank. I gave the orders in person. . . . We moved forward, guide left, I with my staff close to the support. As we approached the ridge down came with a yell Forrest's cavalry, firing right and left with pistols over the skirmish line, over the supports and right in among me and my staff. Fortunately I had sent my adjutant (Hammond) back to the brigade to come forward into line *quickly*. My aide-de-camp (McCoy) was knocked down, horse and rider, into the mud, but I and the rest of my staff ingloriously fled, pell-mell, through the mud, closely followed by Forrest and his men, with pistols already emptied. We sought safety behind the brigade in the act of forming forward into

line, and Forrest and his followers were in turn surprised by a fire of the brigade."

Forrest barely came up in time with forty men to take part in the charge and waived the command to Harrison, who really led the charge, and is entitled to the credit of it. General Sherman does not say so, but he makes the impression that only one regiment of his forces, ten companies, was actively engaged, beside his escort. One thing is certain—there were two lines, the first kneeling, the next erect, and cavalry equal to our own in numbers fought to the last, only yielding as their gallant leader fell, shouting, "Stand to me, my brave Ohioans! You've never deserted me yet." Then began the pursuit and stampede, continued into the green woods, and that General Sherman only found safety in the rear of the brigade shows that more than one regiment was involved in the discomfiture, and that explains that "act of forming into line."

The truth is, the double-barrels, with eighteen and twenty-two buckshots in each, delivered at the proper range, did the work, and the hero, whose monuments are lone chimneys and burnt Columbias, may possibly thank his Napoleonic stars that he was not known on the field. The rangers bivouacked on that ground and only retired next day leisurely, and without an enemy in sight. Our loss was considerable. Their dead lay two and three deep, scattered far back to where the rally was made by the rear of the brigade; and so many prisoners were taken that it gave the regiment the blues until they were gotten rid of at Breckinridge's quarters. So ended Shiloh and the battle of the deadening.

From shortly after the battle of Shiloh to October following, the regiment did some of its best service under Forrest—notably the dash upon Murfreesboro, July 15, 1862, where, with about fourteen hundred men—consisting of the rangers, parts of the First and Second Georgia, two Kentucky companies, and Major Baxter Smith's battalion of Tennesseans—seventeen hundred and sixty-five prisoners were captured, besides a battery of new Parrot twelve-pounders.

About the time Bragg entered Kentucky the mounted troops on both sides engaged in a rather diverting chase, that illustrates cavalry life at that time. A Federal force was after Adam Johnson; Morgan went in pursuit of them; another Federal force (Wolford's, perhaps) pursued Morgan; Forrest pursued them; another force of Federals followed him; and so went the circus, the pursued and pursuers in blissful ignorance for two days and nights of the danger behind.

At Murfreesboro (Stone River) a regiment of Federals—I believe

the Fourth Regulars—with saber in hand, came charging in column upon the rangers in line. All cramped up, with their knees nearly to their chins, on they came. It took but a few minutes to double them up and hurl them back, tumbling from their horses and scattering their paraphernalia like leaves before the wind. While every other weapon counts its slain by thousands, a score or two, I much suspect, will embrace all on both sides killed by the saber in the late war.

In February, 1863, Wheeler, at the head of Forrest's and Wharton's divisions—the latter including the rangers in Harrison's brigade and two sections of artillery, in all some six thousand mounted men undertook to surprise Fort Donelson. Slipping away from before Rosecrans, near Shelbyville, Tenn., three days and nights' hard riding brought the command, about ten o'clock at night, in sight of the fort—or rather a new fort on a hill in the little town of Dover, overlooking the old fort in the bend of the river. Recent rains had swollen the Cumberland until it was a roaring torrent, and muddy. A deep snow had fallen that day and the night previous, and it had turned so cold that steel and iron were not handy to handle. The full moon was shining; all was quiet; the snow around was untrodden by patriot or picket, and the indications were favorable for a complete surprise. But the advance up the slope had barely begun before light, like sunbeams, broke over the earthworks and the stillness was broken by cannon and musketry. Up and at them quickly was the only hope, the more so as a gunboat signaled its coming and to hold the fort. Not a moment could be lost, and with a yell and a rush the outer line of fortifications was carried. After a breath, another yell and charge took the second line, but could it be held? An unexpected raking fire poured in from a force concealed in the town, out of windows and port-holes, while the gunboat, still blowing its deep bass, would soon reach a bend in the river and sweep the whole ground from the other side. The enterprise was lost, and here was a second Hohenlinden. It was not wholly lost—several hundred prisoners were captured and a standard or two and some brass cannon, but who shall tell the agony of the wounded, left in hundreds as they fell, and the sufferings of all on that bitterly cold and biting night?

A daring feat performed by a ranger just before the arrival of the gunboat deserves mention. Sam Maverick, fastening some matches in his hair and drinking about a pint of "medical supplies," plunged into the river, and "hand over hand" swam across the river and set fire to and destroyed a large transport loaded with army stores valued at five hundred thousand dollars. The light was soon seen from the

fort, and many a shot plunged in the water around him, but he safely returned and obtained a lieutenancy and another pint on the spot.

I shall not attempt to give losses, but that they were heavy may be judged from the fact that Forrest, Wharton, and Harrison each had several horses shot under them. As to cold, particularly that night on the retreat, it was so intense that four Georgians were taken from their horses frozen dead.

At Bentonville, N. C., where was fought the last and one of the most terrific battles of the war, although scarcely given a place in history—the prompt action of the rangers alone saved the army from surrender. This is stating it strong, but not stronger than the facts warrant. The battle began March 19, 1865, and continued through three days, for the most part in a dense pine and turpentine forest. After the first day's firing this forest got on fire and at night, the scene beggars description, as lurid flames, fed by the rosin on the trees, would shoot up into the sky and suddenly drop back like so many tongues, while underneath the wounded moaned piteously for help or struggled to escape roasting alive. Sometimes huge logs of fire would drop from a great height, or a shell would knock off a blazing tree-top upon a litter corps or other troops in motion or at rest. It was grim-visaged war in his most weird, most grand and appalling aspect. Our line of battle was in the horse-shoe shape common for the weaker force to take—the toe toward Sherman—our left resting on a swamp. The Neuse River lay across the two heels, as it were, over which was a bridge connecting with the camp of the wounded and with our entire army-train of supply and ordnance wagons all in park. There was a temporary lull on the left, and the rangers, under Capt. Matthews as the ranking officer—all his superiors being wounded and disabled—had orders to move back about a mile toward the bridge to a low and open place, and feed.

About two quarts of corn were issued to horse and rider, and it was while the men were parching and eating their portion of it that young Hardee joined the regiment, having that morning refused a place on his father's staff with the remark that he would not have rank until he won it. He was detailing the latest news around headquarters when a sharp rattle and then a roar of small arms was heard at the bridge. There was no mistaking what it meant. The enemy had gained the rear, infantry at that; an entire brigade, with pick and spade had come to stay. The situation was comprehended in a moment. The swamp had by some means been crossed; the guard at the bridge had been surprised, and our camps, with wounded, ammunition, pro-

visions, teams, every thing making up the appointments of a moving army, were for the time in the enemy's possession. Without waiting for orders, without stopping to form, every ranger leaped into his saddle and away they rode at full gallop for this new danger that imperiled all. Companies continued intermixed, but into "fours" was effected on the ride under spur, when General Hardee, with a single staff officer, dashed up on another road and took the lead of the column.

In the old general's face was read an anxiety and suspense never observed there before. In a short time an open space was reached where four hundred yards beyond the Federals were seen, busy as bees, throwing up breastworks across the highway leading to the bridge. "There they are, boys, charge them!" said Hardee, as he reined up and sent his aide back for more troops, and watched through his eyeglass that charge of less than three hundred men upon a picked brigade at least one thousand five hundred strong. Word passed among the rangers, "Close order and reserve fire," and on they went, a living wedge into a wall of blazing fire. Disincumbering themselves of their guns after they were emptied (by throwing them to the ground) and seizing their six-shooters, they spurred right on for the Federal center, already shattered and wavering as if with wonder at such a cavalcade of yelling, desperate madmen. Yell answered to yell, and fire flashed in the face was flashed back again, but so fast and fierce did the rangers ride, so fast and true were their bullets sent, that the enemy's line, though deep and strong, was cut in two, and then, taken in the rear and on all sides, encumbered with weighty arms and extra rounds of ammunition and with knapsacks stuffed with stolen plunder, and in some instances with whole hams of bacon lashed to their knapsacks, they fell like leaves shaken after a biting frost, and pell-mell, God save the hindmost, rushed bleeding at every step, back into the friendly swamp and under the shelter of Sheridan's corps, just too late in coming to their support.

General Hardee, much delighted, turned to a brother officer and staff who had but then reached the field, and remarked that he had seen many a charge of cavalry, infantry, and artillery on the plains of Mexico and elsewhere, and had seen the old United States dragoons charge, and the Comanches charge, but had never witnessed the equal of the charge just made. It was sad that he was presently informed that his gallant and noble son, and only son, was among the mortally wounded.

**A CORRECTION—SECOND BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON,
TENNESSEE, FEBRUARY 3, 1863.**

I saw in an article of the Southern Historical Society, at their last meeting, a reference being made in relation to the battle of Fort Donelson, on February 3, 1863, in which the writer says:

“In February, 1863, Wheeler, at the head of Forrest’s and Wharton’s divisions—the latter including the rangers in Harrison’s brigade and two sections of artillery, in all some six thousand mounted men—undertook to surprise Fort Donelson. Slipping away from before Rosecrans, near Shelbyville, Tenn., three days and nights’ hard riding brought the command, about ten o’clock at night, in sight of the fort—or rather the new fort on a hill in the little town of Dover, overlooking the old fort in the bend of the river. Recent rains had swollen the Cumberland until it was a roaring torrent, and muddy. A deep snow had fallen that day and the night previous, and it had turned so cold that steel or iron were not handy to handle. The full moon was shining; all was quiet; the snow around was untrodden by patrol or picket, and the indications were favorable for a complete surprise. But the advance up the slope had barely begun before light, like sunbeams, broke over the earthworks, and the stillness was broken by cannon and musketry. Up and at them quickly was the only hope, the more so as a gunboat signaled its coming to the aid of the fort. Not a moment could be lost, and with a yell and a rush the outer line of fortifications was carried. After a breath, another yell and charge took the second line; but could it be held? An unexpected raking fire poured in from a force concealed in the town, out of windows and port-holes, while the gunboat, still blowing its deep bass, would soon reach a bend in the river and sweep the whole ground from the other side. The enterprise was lost, and here was a second Hohenlinden. It was not wholly lost—several hundred prisoners were captured, and a standard or two and some brass cannon, but who shall tell the agony of the wounded, left in hundreds as they fell, and the suffering of all on that bitterly cold and biting night?

“A daring feat performed by a ranger just before the arrival of the gunboat deserves mention. Samuel Maverick, fastening some matches in his hair and drinking about a pint of “medical supplies,” plunged into the river, and “hand over hand” swam across and set fire to and destroyed a large transport loaded with army stores, valued at five hundred thousand dollars. The light was soon seen

from the fort, and many a shot plunged in the water around him, but he safely returned and obtained a lieutenancy and another pint on the spot.

“I shall not attempt to give losses, but that they were heavy may be judged from the fact that Forrest, Wharton, and Harrison each had several horses shot under them. As to cold, particularly that night on the retreat, it was so intense that four Georgians were taken from their horses frozen dead.”

Now, I wish to say that I was at the battle of Fort Donelson on the 3d day of February, 1863. I had come up the Tennessee River to Fort Henry, and had crossed over on the Ridge road to Fort Donelson, Tenn., on the Cumberland River, twelve miles distant, and in doing so had seen the enemy in a large body on the lower road, or Forge road, about two miles from Fort Donelson, at about eleven o'clock A.M. on the 3d of February. I made all haste to Fort Donelson and reported to Colonel A. C. Hardin, commander of the post, what I had seen. I found at the fort, or in the town of Dover, a section of Company C, Second Illinois Artillery, with four guns—twelve-pound rifled Dahlgrens; the Thirteenth Iowa Infantry, and two companies of the Fifth Iowa Cavalry, under Colonel W. W. Lowe. They also had a fort built in the center of the town, with a sixty-four-pound pivot Columbian. The town of Dover is situated on a hill and is surrounded by a deep ravine, making a circle around the town to the river; there was a light rifle-pit built for infantry at the top of the ravine. As soon as I notified Colonel Hardin he sent two guns to the graveyard on the northwest part of the town, and two near the pike leading into the town. At about one o'clock P.M. the enemy made their appearance on the hill around the town, completely surrounding it, and sent in a flag of truce demanding a surrender, and if we did not surrender we would not be treated as prisoners of war, which we refused to do. They then sent in a second one stating if we did not disarm the negroes that we had armed, that any one taken as prisoner would be shot. This we refused to do. At about two o'clock P.M. they opened fire on us which was answered. I should judge that their force was near ten thousand, and they had twelve pieces of artillery. I went and took charge of the sixty-four-pound gun in the star fort and commenced heavy firing at their artillery with shell, and succeeded in silencing part of them. The fight was kept up till dark. They made charge after charge, but were repulsed and went back down the ravine with great loss. About five o'clock the Texas Rangers went around to the river and

made a charge up the ravine that came from the river up to where my gun sat. I should judge they were about two hundred strong. They rode up to the cannon's mouth, demanding us to surrender, and we opened fire with a double charge of canister and swept them before it. They retreated again, leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded. They then retreated to the hills surrounding the town. About eight o'clock P.M. there was a fleet of gunboats and transports loaded with troops coming up the river. The gunboats had heard the battle, and were in the advance. They were notified of the position of the enemy, and commenced to shell them, when they (the enemy) began their retreat. They shelled the hills for the balance of the night, and at daylight the cavalry gave them chase, capturing several of them and a lot of wounded. We buried over one hundred of the enemy, and captured over two hundred, mostly wounded. Our killed was Lieutenant E. J. Moore, Battery C, Second Illinois Artillery, and twenty-seven men, and over a hundred wounded. We lost one gun, which was captured in the graveyard, and had a caisson exploded. The writer says that there were several hundred prisoners taken. They never got a man, and our main force was only seven hundred strong. He also says it was very cold, and snow upon the ground. I do not remember of any snow, or of it being so cold. I know that there was no snow on the ground at the time of the battle. He also speaks of a comrade swimming the river and setting fire to a steamboat at the wharf and destroying it. I was in a position to know, and there was no steamboat there until the gunboats came up, but they did burn about one hundred bales of hay that was at the landing. He also says that the battle began at night. It was from two o'clock P.M. until near six, as it was then too dark to see. If it had not been for the gunboats coming up the river we would have had to surrender in the morning, as we were out of ammunition. I must say one word of praise to the gallant band that stood so nobly against such terrible odds.

EDWARD T. LINCOLN,

Late Colonel Second Regiment Ills. Artillery Vols.

FATHER RYAN, the poet-priest, is lecturing for the benefit of the Society of the Army of Tennessee, in its endeavor to raise a monument to the memory of fallen comrades.

HARCOURT'S REJOINDER.

EDITORS BIVOUAC: On the 8th of the present month an article appeared in the *Louisville Commercial* supplement, under the caption of "A Correction," in which the writer, a Colonel Lincoln of an Illinois regiment in the late war, takes issue with me sharply in my account of Wheeler's attack on Fort Donelson. I did not see this "correction" until two days after its appearance, when I immediately wrote and sent the *Commercial* a reply, which for some cause that paper has never published.

After some twenty years it does look like "Billy Feds" and "Johnny Rebs" might begin to agree about some of the battles of the war. But Colonel Lincoln will not even agree with me about the inconsequential matter as to the time of day the attack on Fort Donelson, in February, 1863, was made. He says the fight began about two o'clock P. M. and continued "till nearly six," and yet again he says the gunboats arrived "about eight o'clock P. M." and "were notified of the position of the enemy and commenced to shell them when they (the enemy) began their retreat." And yet again he says, "They shelled the hills for the balance of the night and at daylight the cavalry gave them chase," etc. I submit the colonel's own account is a little mixed. If any thing were lacking to convince me that this witness has a very confused recollection of the fight at all, it is furnished when he says the rangers rode up to the mouth of his sixty-four-pound gun and sat there demanding surrender until the colonel "opened fire with a double charge of canister and swept them before it." They were about two hundred strong, he says, and yet after getting to the mouth of a heavy, unmanageable siege-gun, they could not capture it, but "retreated again, leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded." Now the fact is no such charge was made at Fort Donelson by the rangers, nor any charge like unto it in any particular.

General Thomas Harrison, under date of October 15, 1882, writes me, "I can not now remember the details of the Fort Donelson affair, and have no papers before me. My own notes and official papers were captured and destroyed by the enemy pending an armistice at the close of the war. My recollection sustains you in your statement of the prominent facts of the affair. Certainly it was very cold—sleet and snow. A strong rear-guard was used by me to prevent the men from falling to sleep—the sleep of death in the snow. Some of other commands I heard at the time did die

rom cold. I do not remember that we carried away prisoners—some were taken. I captured one myself, a sentinel at his post. He did not fire.” The prisoners were paroled and sent back that night of the retreat. The rangers were in the rear and I remember we met the prisoners all along the road for some distance, going back toward the fort, in their shirt-sleeves, and I remember making the remark that it was not treating them right to strip them of their coats and send them back in that manner, and that it was justified on the ground that they would soon reach fire and shelter, and it was a matter of life and death with many of our men to keep from freezing.

In Drake’s “Chronological Summary of Battles and Engagements of the Western Armies,” which is made up from the admissions of both sides, on page 79, our captures on the 3d of February, 1863, are put at “a battery of brass guns *transport*, one hundred and twenty horses, stores, and small arms,” and the Federal loss in killed, wounded, and *missing* is put at one hundred and thirty-six.

General Wheeler, in a letter to the author, page sixty-seven of same book, says, “On February 3d we know our loss was one hundred and sixty-eight, and the opposing officer puts his loss at sixteen killed, sixty wounded, and fifty captured. So we put that figure as correct, while we know we captured more than fifty prisoners.”

The above corroborates me in all but two immaterial points, namely, whether the fight began before or after dark, and whether Sam Maverick performed that feat or not.

As to the first, I am a little indifferent. Have it, if you prefer, that the fight began at two o’clock P. M., though that makes a cavalry fight take Colonel Lincoln’s own account of it, equal to one said to have occurred in Virginia, where they fought so long, said a cavalryman, that both sides had to run and plunge into a river to cool the handles of their sabers. Now as to Maverick, I can not be so indifferent. *He did perform that feat*, and if there ever was a soldier who ought to have credit for what he did, Maverick is the man. He is living now, at San Antonio, Texas.

II. Now as to the criticism of one “S. G.,” in the *Commercial* of October 22, giving a different account of the affair at Woodsonville. He says, “The fact that no prisoners were taken from the thirty-second Indiana by the rangers, is proof sufficient of their discomfiture on that occasion.” Then the converse ought to follow, that if the rangers did take prisoners it is proof sufficient that the Thirty-second was discomfited. Consult the Louisville *Courier* and the Nash-

ville papers of the next day after the fight, and you will find that the rangers did take prisoners, and that they were Germans, who could not speak English.

"S. G." admits being driven back "about five hundred yards," but says it was artillery that drove them back. O, no, that was the rangers and their double-barrels, but from the racket they made, and from the way they hurled buckshot by the handful, it is not so strange perhaps that S. G. took it to be artillery, throwing grape and canister.

Extract from letter of Hon. J. K. P. Blackburn: "I don't know as to time of attack on Fort Donelson, in 1863, as it was about dark or very late in evening. I am sure it was very cold, as several men in our company were frost-bitten on that trip. Snow from four to six inches on the ground at the time, as I distinctly remember. I heard, when the command returned, that Sam Maverick swam the Cumberland River and burned a transport loaded with supplies. I have also heard Sam reiterate the statement as late as 1879 at our reunion in San Antonio, Texas. Another circumstance that I think of now was that Colonel Christian and Private Baker of Company C stripped their clothing and swam Duck River to get the ferry-boat to use in crossing the command. There was ice all over their whiskers and heads when they landed the boat."

CHICKAMAUGA.

BY JOHN H. WELLER.

I.

On the ridge-top darkness had shrouded the rocks and the pine,
And stillness brought its blessings to veterans of the line ;
Sweet dreams chased each other through the slumbering hero's brain,
And thought he not of blood and carnage waiting on the plain.

On his stone bed rough and jagged
Prone he lay and took his rest,
In his gray coat, torn and ragged,
Buttoned closely o'er his breast ;
And the moments fleeting,
Filled with merry greeting,
Loved ones at home meeting,
Love's phrases oft repeating—
Slept these Sons of Freedom,
Near Chickamauga's rippling waters.

II.

It was autumn. The night concealed a splendid landscape scene,
Millions of tinted leaves dotting background of leafy green ;
Georgia had gathered a beauteous mantle of purple and red,
And orange about her shapely mountains. In valley spread,

A crystal stream is flowing,
Blue in color, fresh and clear,
Stealing along, ever going
Through the valley lying near ;
Its edges fringing,
In curvelets hinging,
Boldly, not cringing,
With beauty tinging,
Rolled and ebed, it passed on proudly,
Chickamauga's laving waters.

III.

The soldiers sleep on. In the east the darkness seems to part,
Its column broken, it slowly opens, and forth from its heart
Another day begins. Long ere the sun shed mellow rays
On peaceful nature's heavenly painting, as light on canvas plays ;

Or ere the birds in matin song
Had chorus'd their good mornings,
Or owls retired from searchings long,
With snapping sounds and scornings,
The cannon booming,
Their deep sound looming,
Repose entombing,
Brave comrades dooming,
Thundered from mount to mount and cove to cove,
Near Chickamauga's winding waters.

IV.

Rudely awakened, the soldiers rise with rifles ready ;
A living wall they look, each in his place true and steady,
And as the approaching sun turned darkness into day,
Toward battle's roar these fresh 'roused heroes speed away.

From quick to double-quick by flank,
A holiday cadence keeping ;
Right shoulder shift in file and rank,
As if they'd ne'er been sleeping,
Bursting bombs unheeding,
Cheer on cheer succeeding,
Each other's faces reading,
Naught their march impeding ;
With chivalry's tread this noble band
Crossed Chickamauga's bubbling waters.

V.

Along the spot where day before Pat. Cleburne pressed them back,
Scarred trees, dismounted guns, and furrowed earth, the schrapnell's track
Marked the place where Federal troops essayed to stand their ground
Before the flower of Arkansas. Stretched they around
 Beneath the forest kings their bed,
 Beneath their branches resting ;
Like giant's arms their forms o'erspread,
 Uncouth, though kind, investing,
 Mute in death reclining,
 Ghastly wounds defining,
 Heedless of morning's shining,
 Dew their hair entwining,
Lay those "boys in blue" far from home,
Near Chickamauga's gurgling waters.

VI.

But not alone the boys in blue the giant trees protected ;
No tale is valorous when 'tis told, if victory's cheap expected.
When South and West, opposing lines, stood waiting for the charge,
Neither would move till overcome. Our men were there in numbers large.
 Our glorious dead so fitly prove
 They valued not the price,
But gave this last great gift of love
 A willing sacrifice.
 In faded gray reposing,
 A peaceful death disclosing,
 Patriots' blood exposing,
 Duty fresh imposing
On those who were yet to die
Near Chickamauga's weeping waters.

VII.

Our bugles sound the charge ; no longer by the dead as lately,
But forth to meet the living, we move with solid front and stately,
Until in range, when clear from out the cannon's deaf'ning roar,
The bullets' hissing noise is heard, as through the leaves they tore,
 Now joining with the mighty rattle,
 Our arms turn loose with fire,
Our Enfields go to swell the battle
 And minies thick and nigher,
 Destruction bringing,
 Death speed winging,
 Its victims stinging,
 In our ranks flinging
Brave men, who join the throng now sleeping
Near Chickamauga's famous waters.

VIII.

Above the roar and sulphurous smoke the shout is heard again,
 As madly on we plunged through wood and brush and o'er the slain.
 Crouching, begging, surrendering, we leave two lines in rear,
 And push on through grape and canister of a battery near.

'Tis now a race of who shall be
 The first to reach the prize ;
 Like vivid lightning's brilliancy
 Its deathly fires arise.
 Tall trees are bending,
 Smaller ones rending,
 Through the space sending,
 Blood and groans attending,
 Rattled and torn those iron balls,
 Near Chickamauga's list'ning waters.

IX.

We reach the guns, and turn them on the enemy o'er the field.
 Infantry turns to artillery, defiant shouts to vict'ry yield ;
 But a new danger signals from our left, and toward the rear
 Loud musketry, spent balls flying, betrays the fighting near.
 The Ninth and Second struck their line where strong entrenchments were,
 The Fourth and Sixth had overlapp'd and missed this dangerous snare.

In haste we seek our friends again
 To offer them our aid ;
 Alas! throughout that gallant band
 The best, the flowers, were dead.
 Upon the autumn's leafing,
 Among the soldiers, grieving,
 Toward wreaths of angels' weaving,
 In future help believing,
 Lay Helm, and Graves, and many more,
 Near Chickamauga's solemn waters.

X.

'Twas thus all day we fought, till their last column was broken,
 And the field was ours. The cost so dear it checked the words unspoken
 Of victory. For well we knew that all the vale with Southern blood was
 Flowing on to swell the river, and on to larger waters teeming. [streaming,
 Tranquilly on through Southland streams,
 "Where fig and orange grow,"
 "And skies o'erlook with softening beams,"
 "And balmy breezes blow."
 Till mighty ocean gaining,
 Changeless still this blood remaining,
 Swept 'round the world explaining,
 Our noble cause maintaining
 On its bosom, that all the earth might know our gallant
 Near Chickamauga's sacred waters. [dead

AFTER HARTSVILLE.

The cavalry with the velocity of the winds made a rapid detour to the left of the enemy, surprising the town and garrison, attacking the enemy in flank and in front, and meeting the Kentucky brigade in line of battle, opposite the "eminence," where the encamped Federals were surprised. The battle, which resulted in the capture of four thousand Federal prisoners and many killed and wounded on both sides, was of short duration, perhaps as long as three hours.

In a very short space of time General Morgan, with his usual celerity, had crossed the steep banks of the river, and in a word, was in "Dixie."

It was the writer's misfortune to be the only Confederate surgeon left on the battle-field with the wounded. Perhaps some minor details may be interesting to friends and the public.

The circumstances of this battle-field were different from any we ever read of. The conquering foe with his rich body of men, arms, provisions, and clothes, had left the dead and wounded on the field of carnage, and for an hour or more there reigned a silence as gloomy and solemn as the midnight habitation of the dead. Nothing was seen save here and there a dead or wounded soldier, a dismantled gun or abandoned musket.

A wagon belonging to some negroes was pressed into service and a majority of the wounded were conveyed to a house near by.

We will never forget the explosion of a caisson of Cobb's battery, with its frightful effects; the scattering of men and horses, with a horrible noise which hushed the din of battle. Near this spot before the Federals marched up from the rear, we found the body of Watts of Paducah. He was so shockingly disfigured from the explosion that we could not have recognized him had we not known the tiny little artillery cap we saw him boyishly smile under a few moments before, as he thoughtless of any mishap rode on that very fatal caisson into the raging combat. Close by him lay *hors de combat* Lieutenant Eskridge of Mississippi—a noble specimen of the Anglo-Saxon. Little did he heed his fate when a few moments before he jocosely requested us to write to his lady-love on the banks of the majestic Mississippi, should misfortune befall him.

A little further on toward the crest of the hill we recognized Lieutenant Thomas wounded in the left breast; at each breath the crimson life-blood spouted and bespoiled his richly gilded sword-belt. Near by him cold in the embrace of death lay his handsome mess-

mate, Lieutenant Rogers of Captain Phil. Lee's company. Here is the spot where, in the charge up the hill in a galling fire in front of enemy, there was some confusion, when McDowell, Lee, Joyce, Moss, and Higgins rushed forward and by command and cheer renewed the charge.

At the hospital there were about one hundred and fifty wounded which the Federal cavalry captured. We recollect one "brave" from Stoke's cavalry even captured a United States blanket from young Bailey Peyton—a wounded man—remarking at the same time, "I reckon this is 'our'n.'" Peyton, who was badly wounded in the leg, remarked, "that he was welcome to the United States blanket," but he was thankful he did not see his fine ivory-mounted pistol presented to him by his beloved general. Soon this brave equestrian ordered myself and nurses to report to the general, who had now occupied the deserted camp on the eminence. As we approached the hill where the Federal troops were drawn up in "line belligerent," we expected to see some Burbridge or Butler who would send us manacled to the dismal cells of Fort Hamilton.

But Kentucky on the other side had some of her gallant sons there, although a little too late to enjoy the surprise, and another of her beloved Johns was there encircled with his staff of proud chivalric Kentuckians. The writer had no idea who was the red-headed, red-whiskered, savage-looking commanding general, until one of the detailed nurses under guard, who in ante-bellum days was one of John Harlan's political pets, hailed the man on horseback with, "how are you, John?" As soon as that social bombshell was exploded, all soon recognized each other and there was a general shaking of hands and greeting of friends, relations, neighbors, and schoolmates. There were inquiries of brothers and cousins. Colonel Hunt wished to know of his brother; Colonel McKay, Wharton, and Davenport of their friends, and others whom we have forgotten. When we pointed to Mrs. Halliburton's house with the yellow flag containing the wounded, men and officers went over and vied with each other in cheering words and kind acts. It was a grand sight to see the man in the blue in all kindness and affection, assisting his brother of the gray.

Harlan entered into the enthusiasm and ordered coffee, sugar, meat, and an ambulance and surgeon for the wounded.

By the aid of Harlan's ambulances the wounded were transported to Hartsville; the ladies emulating each other in nursing the wounded of their "adored deliverer." Mrs. Hart kindly had young Pey-

ton conveyed to her own house. He afterward died there from the wound, which was from a pistol made in a charge on a battery. Young Hodges from Bourbon had his leg amputated and died under chloroform, never rallying. We can never forget a soldier by the name of Edwards from the Purchase, who was shot through the right lung, the air making a very distinct noise at each expiration. During the first night after the battle he believed he was dying and requested one of the nurses to pray for him; the nurse not being a saint or having inherited the gown of the order of Melchizedek, rushed for the chaplain, Mr. Pickett, who in the solemn hour of night among the wounded and the dying uttered a prayer to God, so fervent and earnest that the most hardened and wicked men wept like children. We believe that the soul of that soldier with Pickett by his side, begging God to have mercy on him, ascended on high, although he was neither immersed nor sprinkled.

When, after the wounded were cared for, we returned to our command at Murfreesboro, we called on General Hanson and narrated to him the kindness of Harlan to his wounded, who, viewing us with that fierce expression which he could assume when occasion demanded, remarked, "And did he tell you what he was fighting for?"

Chivalric, generous, and noble Hanson, thou art bivouacked with our departed comrades on the golden shores of that land where a nation's brave are at rest! We of the command who survive in holy memory of the heroic dead, respond that Harlan (now of United States Supreme Court) "was fighting for" near a score of years of bounteous plenty and joyful peace, and a bright halo encircling the distant future of a gigantic and happy empire of those whose swords and bayonets are turned into the plowshare and pruning-hook.

A RAILROAD ADVENTURE.

In May, 1863, Breckinridge's division, then serving with General Bragg in Tennessee, was ordered to Mississippi to re-enforce General Joseph E. Johnston, who was organizing an army at Jackson, and vicinity, for the purpose of attempting the relief of Vicksburg.

Late in the afternoon of the 25th, a thousand of us boarded a long train of dilapidated freight cars at Wartrace, and at sunset we moved down the road, ours being the advance train. Ere we reached

the mountain range, night had set in, yet a half-aged moon gave us light. We passed Cowan and soon after we were in the darkness of the great tunnel.

The conductor had informed us that there was but one car in the train supplied with a brake, and as the grade on the opposite side was of very rapid descent, he expected to give us a merry ride down the mountain by moonlight. We were therefore on the *qui vive* for the occasion, yet we little suspected that our "merry ride" would be attended by the danger afterward experienced.

When we again emerged into the moonlight, the speed of the train had greatly increased, and was rapidly increasing. Often and in quick succession the engineer whistled "down brakes," and a timber having been interlocked in the wheel of the only one, thus acting as a lever, the strength of several soldiers, in aid of the regular brakeman, wrenched it down, but without checking our speed in the least. On the contrary, it kept on increasing at a fearful rate. It was evident that the engineer had neglected to reverse his engine in time, and it was now too late. To have attempted it at the rate the train was then running would have hurled the cars from the track, and where would we have landed? Only a thousand soldiers, 'tis true, yet under each "jacket of gray" beat a heart desiring that home and friends might be seen again. The engineer very wisely concluded that it would be better to put on steam in order to keep the train extended as much as possible so as to prevent the rear cars from crowding those in front from the track; and thus began our "merry ride" down the mountain by moonlight.

Seven miles of down grade were before us, the track, in bad repair, winding through mountain gorges, and the train composed of old crazy cars. The mere momentum of this heavy train would have carried us into the valley entirely too fast, but we went down under a full head of steam at the rate of nearly two miles a minute, by actual calculation, according to the statement of the engineer, for the seven miles were run in a little over four minutes.

How the objects seemingly danced by us! The soldiers "bivouacking" on top of the cars could best see the perilous places we were passing. At one moment we would be dashing through a cut where, on either side of us rose walls of jagged rocks which almost brushed the cars. In a twinkling this would be passed and we would dart out across an airy trestle, spanning a yawning chasm, that made our heads dizzy to look down at the darkness. This crossed, we would again plunge into a defile where the rugged rocks on either

side would almost touch the cars. Another trestle would be passed, another dark chasm below. The chasms seemed great gaping mouths ready to receive us; the great jagged rocks seemed monster teeth ready to grind us into atoms. Then we would circle around the margin of a cliff where, far below could be seen the branches and foliage topping giant trees. Swiftly, instantly this would be passed and again the rocks would be piling up about us. Thus onward we thundered, first in the moonlight then in the shadow. One instant we would be suspended in air over a yawning chasm, the next we would be hedged in by massive walls of rugged rocks. One of the prophets went heavenward in a flame of fire—we went rushing down into the dark valley enveloped in flames and showers of sparks, which rose from the heated journals and from the trucks chafing the iron rails. As we passed swiftly downward the moon rapidly neared the mountain tops, and after dancing for a moment from crag to crag, was then lost to view. After this we glided onward at lightning speed, into the dense darkness clustering around the foot of the mountains. But presently our great speed began to slacken, and in a short time the train stood still far down in the dark valley. We drew a long breath of relief, but had scarcely commenced to congratulate ourselves over our safe arrival at the base, when word came forward that the rear car was missing, and no one knew where it became detached from the train. Horror struck us! how possible for a man to be left living among those on board? The surgeons and help started back with lanterns however, in search of the unfortunates, but with little hope of being able to render assistance to any one living. Imagine their joy, therefore, at soon finding the missing company of soldiers resurrecting themselves from the *debris* of their car, which was shattered into atoms, and from among the camp-chests, camp-kettles, tents and other camp equipage, and strange to say, though some of the soldiers were bruised—and probably a few bones broken—not a man was dangerously injured. It so happened that the car did not break down until near the bottom of the grade and in a very favorable place. The concussion was so great, however, that one of the soldiers on top was thrown entirely over the telegraph wires, and many feet from the road into a bramble of briers, but escaped further injury than a severe scratching.

Other trains were coming on. Consequently the track was soon cleared of the wreck, and the company was left building fires on the roadside, intending to wait for the regular morning train. Another car was found to be disabled by having nearly half of one of the

wheels broken off, and how it continued to stick to the track was a mystery. The company occupying it complained that they had a very rough ride down the mountain on account of the broken wheel. This car was also hurriedly turned from the track, down an embankment and the company that had occupied it, was also left to camp by the side of the road until morning. The rest of us spent the remainder of the night roaring and clattering over the rails to Chattanooga.

This adventure was often afterward discussed around the camp-fires, and was set down as one of the "hairbreadths." In fact, those who participated in it always expressed themselves that they would rather encounter any number of dangers found on the battle's "perilous edge," amid roaring cannon and spluttering musketry, rather than be treated to another such moonlight ride down the Cumberland Mountains.

THE BATTLE AS THE RECRUIT SAW IT.

The camp-fires threw their flickering rays over the bronzed faces of the men as they sat grouped around, and the shadows of the forest trees were lengthened on the sward. A few soldiers were dreamingly thoughtful of distant homes where *other* log-heaps were tossing their fitful flames also over thoughtful dreamers, thinking and dreaming of the absent boy in the far-off Tennessee camp; some of the men were smoking, others engaged in absorbing games of cards, with their hilarious accompaniment of jest and laughter, but by far the greater number, thoughtless of the future, careless of the present, and altogether apathetic to a degree characteristic of the Southern soldier, were simply doing *nothing*.

A courier gallops into camp, making his way through the contending lights and shadows to regimental headquarters. As he passes inquiring faces are turned toward him, and the exclamation, "Something's up, boys," passes from fire to fire, and—all settle again to their pastimes, but soon to be interrupted by an order to "cook five days' rations and be ready to move at once." The woodman of each mess is soon busy with his axe, the mess-cooks are busily arranging their culinary apparatus, that is, shaking the mud from their gum coats, on which the dough is to be kneaded; the general "utility man" trots off with all the canteens within reach to the nearest branch; all are

busy as bees, and as the waning camp-fires dart out their struggling lines of light over the darkening grove, the rations are cooked and haversacked, and all save the camp sentries are sleeping, as only tired soldiers can sleep. With the first streak of morning light the "long roll" rumbles, and drowsy, hurrying, half-clad men fall in; then by twos the regiment threads its way through the wood and is soon on the road to "we know not where," but to a prospective battle even now sending hither its promises in the firing of the distant pickets.

The sound becomes nearer, clearer, more rapid than before; the command is quick-timed, the skirmishing in front is more exciting, couriers are dashing hither and yon; wagon-masters are urging their teams rearward, ordnance officers forcing their wagons forward, cavalry with rattling sabers galloping alongside and past the infantry, leave a cloud of dust trailing behind them; artillery under whip and spur are coming up in a run to secure a commanding knoll, ambulances are seen in solemn procession in the rear, and we are filed in on the right of the road and fronted in battle line with other commands that have preceded us; muskets are loaded, the firing in front still continues, skirmishing becomes rapid, then a lull. Our arms are stacked and we are rested "in place" and soon loll around, assume a look of confidence and indifference we do not feel and endeavor by light jests to shake off the nervous tremens produced by the popping of guns on the picket-line. A courier gallops by, then another, a third follows, soon an "orderly" hurries toward us from headquarters, the firing becomes spirited and nearer, our skirmishers are in sight, falling slowly backward, contesting inch by inch. Attention! Every man is in his place, the skirmishers are forced nearer, we are moved forward to their support; the long dark lines of the enemy are seen to advance to the support of *their* skirmishers; the cavalry by a sudden dash debouch to protect the flanks, and then a "boom," a crush in the timbers, a shell whirring just over our heads proclaim the opening of the ball. The rattle of musketry becomes continuous, and our artillery responds to the enemy's guns.

The enemy comes steadily toward us. "Steady, men," still nearer. "Steady," "Ready," "Aim," "Fire," and a line of lurid flame leaps from our guns; "Steady," "Load at will," "Fire," "Fire at will."—*Crash, rattle, boom, shout, shriek* of shell and wounded men, the smoke rolls upward and onward, filling the space intervening between the opposing forces, we fire at the smoke, and thus the battle goes on.

A soldier falls, another is struck, poor Sam is borne to the rear mortally wounded; the ranks close up. "Forward," others fall, and are carried back; still the den of conflict continues and our captain's cry rises above the tumult. "Steady, men," "Fix bayonets," "Steady," "Charge," and then the Confederate yell rises above all other sounds of the raging conflict, bearing encouragement to our sorely-pressed brothers, and sending with it a terror to our foes. We yet press on in the charge; the enemy momentarily gives way; then grape and canister sweep our thinned ranks, and we in turn are forced back, then "forward" again, and so throughout the day, advancing, now receding like a tidal wave, and so struggling until night closes the contest. Our lines are reformed to converge to the main road like the closing of a huge fan, and we soldiers of the line are revolving in mind the anomalous state of affairs on which a victorious army is in full retreat.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S LETTER.

Of the many reponses to THE BIVOUAC'S request for reminiscences none gives a keener touch of pathos than a letter postmarked Fate, Texas. It is simply a note giving an extract from the last letter of a younger brother killed in battle.

The soldier's letter is of the kind that almost any soldier would write, such as we ourselves may have written, but the manner of its being brought to light at this time, awakens all the emotional tenderness of our nature, and fancy at once weaves a panoramic picture of the past and present something like this:

A soldier of Lee's army in his faded suit of gray has moved away from his comrades and is seated near the camp-fire, so that its light falls on the letter he is writing, using his reversed cartridge-box as a desk. The letter is finished and is placed in a home-made envelope. He seals it and in lieu of a postage-stamp writes over the left side of the envelope the soldier's frank with these words, "Henry C. Estill, Fifth Regiment Alabama Volunteers."

The train bearing this missive Alabama-ward is disappearing on the right, on the distant left rises the sulphurous smoke from the battle field of Chancellorsville, and in the foreground the face of young Henry Estill has the ghastly hue of the dead. The letter reaches its

destination but not before the fingers that traced its letters are rigid and the form that bent over the work of letter-writing near the bivouac fire, now shrouded with a soldier's blanket, lies buried on the field of battle.

The war ended near a score of years ago and the site of the Alabama homestead from which young Estill marched away in '61 is known only from its blackened chimney, and the stricken family have found in Texas another home. In that home our fancy pictures an old lady who has just laid down a BIVOUAC in order to wipe from her glasses a tear. She re-adjusts her "specs" and in silence reads: "We earnestly request our friends wherever they may be to send us contributions" etc., then she says aloud, "They want reminiscences of the war; I'll send poor Henry's last letter," and then from her trunk she takes a bundle of letters yellowed with age and selects *one* over the left side of whose envelope is written the frank of "Henry C. Estill, Fifth Regiment Alabama Volunteers." Then with hands made tremulous with emotion and unsteady by age she writes the following letter:

JUNE 18, '82.

GENTLEMEN: I read in THE BIVOUAC the request you make, that friends of Confederate soldiers should send anecdotes, etc., to your BIVOUAC. My half-brother, Henry C. Estill, of Talladega, Ala., was a member of the Fifth Alabama Regiment of Volunteers, also a member of Stonewall Jackson's corps. He lost his life on the battlefield of Chancellorsville, having received four dreadful wounds. No truer heart ever served his country, though only twenty-one years of age. I have in my possession some of his letters, written to friends at home in Alabama, while he was with the army in Virginia, April 9, 1863, near the Rappahanock. In one letter he says:

"Nothing new on the Rappahanock. We are waiting for spring, till the grass can grow and the flowers bud, so they may be colored by the life-blood of our bravest and best, as well as by that of the poor Yanks. I look for another bloody campaign. We are in good trim for fighting and I expect we will have plenty of it to do. We have been fed on bacon entirely for two months, a quarter of a pound to each man per day. It has caused us to take the scurvy from want of vegetables and Gen. Lee has issued an order detailing one man from each company every day, to search for wild vegetables. They are very scarce, but to-day John Carson went to the river and found a nice lot of wild onions; you can't think how we relished them. John says a Yank hollered to him from the other side of the river and said, 'You Confederates have got a new general and we Yanks also in a few days will have one.' 'What general is it?' asked John. The answer was, '*General Starvation.*' The Yanks thought we were at a *low pass* when we had to live on wild onions. It is pretty hard, and we think we will suffer for meat before the beef crop comes in. But our hearts are brave and I guess we are all well able to bear privation."

If this anecdote is of any use to you, you can publish it. I would love to

see one of your books. The incidents of our dear dead soldiers possess solemn and tender memories for me. My two loved, young and patriotic brothers gave their lives for our cause, which they believed to be right and just.

Respectfully, MRS. A. C. SIMMONS.

FATE, ROCKWALL COUNTY, TEXAS.

CHAPLAINS OF THE FOURTH KENTUCKY.

The Fourth Kentucky had two chaplains during the war. I don't mean by this that one succeeded the other, and kept us continually supplied with that very essential officer; but that we had one when we first organized, and one just before the close of the war, and it may be news to some of our old regiment that we had one at any time, for they both disappeared suddenly. The first left in disgust and was never heard of more; the last, alas, was taken away by a shrieking shell, while on a mission of patriotic duty, and while his soul was full of tender mercy and love for his comrades.

When Col. Trabue got us properly organized, he argued, with his usual correctness that we must have a chaplain in order to be thoroughly up to the regulations. Was not his duties clearly pointed out, and his position in camp and on the field as clearly defined? Therefore he cast about to find a suitable one to fill the station. No office had long to wait for the man, and in due time Parson B. with a commission in his pocket applied for the place—and as he was up to Col. Trabue's idea of tastefulness in manner and dress, he was quickly installed as the spiritual adviser of the jolly Fourth. And to make matters consist, his duties called him to the brick church, which was inside our lines, constantly all hours of the day and night, for it was jammed full of our boys sick of the measles.

If he had been a "Spoopendyke" he would then and there have dubbed us a "gasted measely old regiment" and concluded he was doing double duty for single pay. I suppose he got along creditably enough, consoling the poor homesick boys with their flushed and speckled faces, with now and then a case of typhoid pneumonia thrown in to keep the congregation down to a proper regard for the trying situation. However, the camp measles is about as much dreaded by an army commander as any disease known, for it is always epidemic and kills and disables not a few. But time wore on toward the first Sunday of Parson B.'s term of office, and great prep-

arations went forward to attend meeting, which was to be held under a stately oak on a line of the field and staff officers' quarters, the church as I have said being used for a hospital. Some days prior to this a detachment of Company C had gone back into Kentucky to bring out a gun they knew of, which was lying idle there. We were expecting them at most any time, but I pass over the supposition that we were more anxious about the cannon than about Bro. B.'s sermon. Well, Sunday came and promptly at 2 o'clock P.M. we assembled around the old tree, all of us who had passed through the measles at home or escaped so far in camp. The chaplain stood up under the tree and after the usual devotional exercises, launched into the discussion of his subject. We were perfectly respectful and attentive, and was really interested in his discourse, when suddenly the shout of triumph was heard up the Kentucky pike, and the congregation rose as one man, and fled toward the joyful sound. There all radiant and happy was the detachment with a healthy field-piece sure enough, and such a shout went up from that regiment as was never heard again. The capturing party were nearly idolized, and were heroes grand in our estimation. By and by, we started scatteringly back to meeting, but arriving, nothing but the old oak stood to greet us. The chaplain was gone; silently stole away, or something like it, and though he may have packed his clothes and tendered and had accepted his formal resignation, I am satisfied none of the Fourth ever heard of him again.

Our conduct must have been heralded throughout the Confederacy, for it was after long and bloody months of strife that another came. But he did come to us, I don't know how or by whom sent. The first I saw of him was with his mess-mates, now in Company C, then Company I, and occasionally with some of the field band and infirmary corps. His quiet demeanor, and frank, sweet face, suggested that self-reliant moral courage and intrinsic manhood, that draws one to another. He just seemed to drop in with us and go uncomplainingly along, helping this one to bear a burden, ministering to another who was sick, and ever keeping up with the infirmary corps (or litter-bearers) and let me here say, that *no man* unless thoroughly and truly tried and *notorious* for absolute nerve and bravery, could get a place in our infirmary corps. Let it be recorded as a just tribute to the honor of Kentucky officers, that in the solemn hour of battle the cream of chivalry and daring was in the thickest of the fray gathering up and taking care of Kentucky's sons.

This Christian hero joined us on the retreat from Dalton to At-

lanta, and every hour of his stay with us was marked by the death-knell of a comrade. But this young priest followed the line of duty as if he was used, all his life, to war's direst alarms. Pushing along with the "litter-bearers" he was the first on his knees over a wounded companion, and those of his own "faith and order" were ministered unto as they would have been at home. While rapidly returning to the front, the first day at Jonesboro, Ga., he was struck by a ball and killed instantly. The faithful few of his church gave him decent burial when the "day was done," and when forced to retreat they moved him back until they found a place worthy to hold his mortal remains. He was with us such a short time and that time was so busy and stirring that I never knew his name. I would be glad if some one would furnish it to the "SOUTHERN BIVOUC," and give us as much of his history as possible.

Lest some may think we were really without a chaplain all the intervening time, I will state that the Hon. Jo. Desha Pickett was the brigade chaplain, and was known in the Fourth as intimately as one of the command, and to say that we loved him as "never man was loved," is only telling the truth. It is also true that he shared all the hardships we did, and risked his life as often as the most gallant ensign in the "Orphan Brigade."

MAJOR THOMAS O'CONNER, one of the victims of the triple homicide in Knoxville, October 11, was a native of Virginia, and at the breaking out of the late unpleasantness was among the first to don the gray. As a first lieutenant, he enlisted in Captain Hewald's artillery, organized at Knoxville. He made a gallant soldier, fought with distinction, served a term as prisoner at Johnson Island, Lake Erie, and was discharged at the surrender of Lee, with due honor as a true soldier. He returned to Knoxville, but found it an uneasy residing place for one of his way of thinking and sought his fortunes in Atlanta, Georgia.

A HISTORIC MULE.—*Atlanta Constitution*: A citizen near Vienna owns a mule that Mr. Joe Heard rode out of the Confederate service in 1865. The mule cost Mr. Heard one quart of peach brandy. The animal is lively and active and looks well.

NINTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY, C. S. A.

REPORT OF KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING FROM JULY, 1864, to APRIL 6, 1865.

YR.	MONTH	DAY	NAME.	RANK.	Co.	NATURE OF WOUND.
			J. Shropshire.		A	
			S. James.		A	
			F. Lucas.		A	
1865	Feb.	14	Gano Hill.	Lt.	A	In shoulder joint.
"	"	14	James Stoner.	ActAd	A	In chest.
"	Mar.	10	A. Offutt.	O. S.	A	In arm and hip by shell.
"	Jan.		Nick Garlan.		A	In arm—slight.
"	Feb.	2	Henry Holly.			In face—severely.
"	Mar.	12	Joseph A. Yates.		B	Chest and shoulder—severely.
1864	July.	20	James H. Nevil.		C	In thigh.
"	Aug.	7	Jno. E. Abrahams.	Sergt.	C	In arm.
"	"	20	John W. Lawrence.		C	In thigh.
"	Nov.	29	Edw'd Taylor.	Capt.	C	In wrist.
"	"	30	A. W. Machlin.	Sergt.	C	In hand.
"	"	30	C. C. Skillman.	Corp.	C	In leg.
1865	Feb.	14	Jesse Payne.		C	Neck and back.
1864	Nov.	24	M. Scott.	Corp.	D	In hip.
"	Dec.	1	M. H. Berry.	Lt.	D	In arm and back.
1865	Feb.	16	John Crutcher.		E	Killed.
1864	Dec.	1	Edw'd Hines.	Lt.	E	In head.
"	"	1	S. M. McCormack.	Capt.	F	In left side.
"	Nov.	25	C. C. Craycraft.	Lt.	F	In both legs.
"	"	12	H. Greene.		F	Killed.
"	Aug.	3	M. E. Parkhurst.		G	Killed.
"	"	3	Jas. M. Hoofman.		G	Killed.
"	Dec.	1	Sam'l Levy.	Lt.	G	Killed.
"	"	1	B. M. Smith.	Sergt.	G	
"	"	1	Tillman Cantrill.		G	
"	"	1	E. F. Baker.		G	
		25	Jas. Callahan.		G	
1865	Mar.	14	Dan Vincent.		G	Killed.
"	Feb.	14	Nym Wilson.		H	Killed.
"	July.		B. F. Tully.	Sergt.	H	In hip.
			J. Cowherd.		H	In shoulder.
			J. Coy.		H	In shoulder.
			A. Strode.		H	Killed in Virginia.
			J. White.		H	In knee.
1864	Sept.	25	Capt Roberts.	Capt.	I	In neck.
"	"	27	Corp. Gregory.	Corp.	I	In head.
"	Nov.	22	T. E. McDaniel.		I	In knee.
"	Dec.	1	A. R. Houk.		I	In hand.
"	"	1	Wm. Sheir.		I	In hip.
"	Sept.	1	D. J. Burks.		I	In leg.
"	"	4	Chas. Carter.		K	Killed.
"	"	4	Rich'd McKinny.		K	
			Lt. Yager.	Lt.	K	In right side.
1865	Feb.	16	Chas. F. Cannon.		A	
"	"		Chas. Reid.		A	
"	"		Lt. Redmond.	Lt.	C	Burned in crossing Broad River Bridge, in front of Columbia, South Carolina.
"	"		Andy English.		D	
"	"		John Kincaid.		F	
"	"		Robt. Megowan.		G	
"	Mar.	8	Jacob Miller.		G	Died of typhoid pneumonia.
"	April.	10	Wm. Wood.			Sent to general hospital.
			Mike Hefferen.			Missing.
			Jack Kemper.			Missing.

OCTOBER MEETING OF SOUTHERN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

The meeting was attended by members and the ladies were out in force. Personal recollections of prominent Confederate generals were given by several members, the October number of this magazine was distributed, Mr. Shackelford Miller read Captain Eastin's paper on the killing of Colonel Halisey, and Miss Lucy Roberts recited in her charming manner, "Lee's Miserables!" We append Captain Eastin's paper and a synopsis of Miss Roberts's selection.

THE KILLING OF COLONEL HALISEY.

On what was known in Morgan's command as the "Christmas raid" into Kentucky, from the fact of its having taken place during Christmas week of 1862, it became necessary for us to leave the State rather precipitately, because of our being pressed by a large Federal cavalry force in our rear. It also became necessary, on our retreat from the State, for us to flank the town of Lebanon, Kentucky, which lay in our most direct road south, from the fact that the garrison there had been heavily reinforced, and the town occupied by a large force of the enemy. This necessitated our leaving the turnpike road at Springfield on the evening of December 30, 1862; and on that bitter night, which will be long remembered by every member of the command, we made the famous all-night march around Lebanon, and owing mainly to the almost impassable condition of the mud roads, found ourselves at daylight the next morning only about ten miles distant from the point we had left the evening before.

Thus compelled to leave the main highway, we struggled along, making slow progress over mud roads, in which our horses sank in many places to their knees, trying to get the artillery over these difficulties, and aiming to strike the turnpike running from Lebanon to Campbellsville.

During the day Captain Alexander Tribble, of Chenault's regiment, who was afterward killed during the attack on Green River Bridge stockade, proposed to me that we should get permission from General Morgan to go ahead of the advance guard to a little town called New Market, for the purpose of getting some boots and shoes for some of the men in our respective companies. We had the impression that the command was to pass through New Market that afternoon; in which, however, we afterward found ourselves mistaken. Acting on Tribble's suggestion, I went with him to General Morgan,

and without difficulty we obtained his permission to pass on in front of the advance guard for the purpose mentioned, which we accordingly did. After going several miles we learned by inquiring of a farmer that New Market was about three miles off to the left of the road we were then traveling, and by his direction we left that road by the first lane leading to the left. This lane led us, after traveling over it for about a mile, into another main country road, where we had been directed to turn to the right; and following these directions we came to the junction of this road with the Lebanon and Campbellsville turnpike where we found the little town of which we were in search. We dismounted at the best-looking store in the village (which consisted of a few houses strung along on either side of the pike), but soon found that our mission was a fruitless one, as the store contained nothing that we cared to buy, even for Confederate money. In the meantime we had been asked by several citizens of the little town, and along the road, if we were Colonel Halisey's men, to which inquiry we generally responded in the affirmative. The fact was, however, that we had never heard of Halisey until the day before, and then mainly through the prayers of the enthusiastic women sympathizers of the South, who had flocked to the road-side to see the command pass, and had besought us that we would kill Halisey before we left the State. Halisey, we knew was in command of a brigade of Federal cavalry that was pressing our rear guard and picking up every unlucky straggler who happened to fall behind.

After briefly looking over the stock of goods in the store at which we had dismounted, we told the proprietor that we were members of Morgan's command. He replied that we were perhaps in much greater danger than we were aware of, as small bands of Federal cavalry had been passing through the village all day, at short intervals, going on to reinforce Lebanon, which place they expected Morgan to attack that night. To confirm his statement, he pointed to a house a few hundred yards further down the pike, and told us that the horse hitched there belonged to a Federal soldier who had stopped there as the last squad had passed through a few minutes before.

Tribble and I thought that we might capture this fellow, and at once mounted and started in the direction of the house referred to. We were, however, quickly discovered by the cavalryman, who seemed to know our uniforms better than the citizens we had met, and he immediately mounted and started in the direction of Lebanon at full speed. We gave chase for a short distance, but soon found that the Yankee was out-running us; and having concluded that New Market

was not a very congenial clime in which to tarry, we turned our horses' heads, and going back through the village, turned off from the pike into the dirt road over which we had come, hoping soon to rejoin our command.

We had gone but a short distance in that direction before we met two stragglers from our own command going in the direction of New Market. We told them they were going in the wrong direction, and made them turn back and accompany us. It then occurred to Tribble and myself that, as we could get no shoes to add to the comfort of our men in walking, the next best thing we could do would be to take in a couple of fresh horses, which might obviate the necessity for some poor fellows having to walk *without shoes*.

We had by this time come to the mouth of the lane through which we had passed in getting into this main dirt road, and where we would have to turn off to get back to the road on which we had left the command. About two hundred yards from where we then were, and just opposite the mouth of this lane, stood a comfortable looking farmhouse with a good looking horse grazing in the yard. It was then agreed between Tribble and myself that he should take one of the men whom we had just before met, and get this horse, provided he should find him suitable for our purpose, while I was to take the other man, and go further on down this main road to see if I could not capture, or, as we then expressed it "press" another horse. Accordingly, Tribble started for the horse referred to, and I, with one of the stragglers we had picked up, proceeded down this main road, still going away from New Market, and having passed the lane at which we should have left this road in order to get back to our command.

My man and myself had gone perhaps half a mile when at a sudden turn in the road we were met by three more men from our command going at full speed, and as though the whole Yankee army was at their heels. As they dashed by us they had time only to call out to us, "If you are Morgan's men you had better be getting away from here, as the Yankees are right on us." I looked in the direction from which these men had come, and saw three Federal cavalrymen coming rapidly down the road in pursuit. I then started after the men who had dashed by me so hurriedly, and who had been promptly joined by the man who had been with me, and ordered them to halt, assuring them that there were but three Yankees in sight, and if they would stop there would then be five of us to fight them. But so badly demoralized were they that the bare suggestion of stop-

ping to make a fight seemed only to accelerate their flight, and with my late companion well up with them, they kept on at the top of their horses' speed. We soon came in sight of the house at which Captain Tribble had stopped, and I commenced calling to him to come and join us. He recognized me at once, but thought the four men flying along in front of me were Yankees whom I was pursuing, and although about to put a halter on the horse, for which he had gone, and which he had just succeeded in getting hold of, he dropped his game, mounted his own horse, and with the man he had taken along to assist him, started as rapidly as possible for the road-gate. The four demoralized rebels, who were making such good time in front of me, dashed by this gate, and kept straight on in the direction of New Market, passing by the lane at which they should have turned off in order to get back to our command, and, so far as I know I never saw any of them again. I reached the gate at which Tribble must come out into the road, perhaps a minute before he did, and stopped there in order to hold it free for him to get into the road, but before he had reached it the three Federals who were pursuing, having gotten within fifty yards of me, halted in the road and fired two or three shots at me, which I returned, in order to hold them in check. This I did, until Tribble and his man reached the road and passed through the gate, and our respective parties then numbered three on each side. Two of our enemies had, beside their side-arms, carbines, with which they were firing at me, while neither of us had any thing but pistols. Tribble at once called my attention to this disadvantage under which we were placed as long as we were in the open road, and suggested that we must get to the woods, where we would be able to bring our enemies within shorter range, and be on an equal footing with them. Accordingly we all three started in a run down the lane, which would take us back to the place where we left the command, and as soon as our horses' heads were turned our opponents, as we had anticipated, started in pursuit of us, firing an occasional shot at us, which we would return, in order to keep up their interest in the chase.

We had gone this way for perhaps half a mile, running just fast enough to encourage our pursuers to follow us, without trying to run entirely away from them, and had not yet found the trees for which we were looking. As we thus galloped along this lane, I suddenly discovered, as I thought, the very place for our purpose. I saw that we were approaching a small sluggish stream which crossed our road, that on the side from which we were approaching, the road, which

had evidently been used for many years, was cut or worn down quite deep; that the fence on one side of the road did not extend entirely down to this stream, forming the corner of an old field, and leaving an uninclosed space perhaps thirty or forty feet wide, between the fence and the edge of the creek. I discovered that by turning our horses squarely around this corner into the uninclosed space spoken of, we would be entirely out of sight of our pursuers, until they should come within a few paces of us. I therefore turned as abruptly as possible into this open space, and called to Tribble to do the same; but before he understood my purpose his horse had carried him into the little stream above referred to. The man who was with Tribble and me, ran straight on without making a stop, and afterward said as I was informed, that *his horse was running away with him*.

We had scarcely time to face about, when the front man of our pursuers, who afterward proved to be an orderly on Halisey's staff by the name of Edwards, dashed around the corner, and though he endeavored at once to check his horse, he did not succeed in doing so until he had run squarely up to Tribble, who was then facing him. A pistol shot was exchanged between them, but neither touched the other. Tribble, who had fired first, attempted to shoot the second time, being so near that the muzzle of his pistol was against Edward's body, but this time his pistol snapped, and left him apparently at the mercy of his antagonist. With the quickness of a tiger, however, he grappled with Edwards before the latter could fire again, and being a powerful man and a magnificent horseman, succeeded in dragging him backward from his horse, and landed him sprawling in the water. Each man dropped his pistol in this struggle, but Edwards being down in the water with Tribble over him, surrendered and announced himself Tribble's prisoner.

In the meantime, and not a horse's length behind Edwards, Colonel Halisey came around the corner, and reining in his horse more successfully than Edwards had done, turned into the open space spoken of above within perhaps ten paces of me. I at once fired at him and demanded his surrender. He returned my fire, and urging my horse a little nearer to him, I fired again, and saw the dust fly from the shoulder of his overcoat, though, as I afterward discovered, the shot did not wound him. He then fired again; and spurring my horse toward him, I was within perhaps ten feet of him, and having my pistol leveled on him, was about to fire again, when he threw up his hand and surrendered to me, saying twice, "I am your prisoner, sir; I am your prisoner!" In getting within reach of

him, my horse being very restive, had faced around in the other direction, thus bringing us side by side, with our horses' heads in the same direction, and he being on my left side. While in this position, and with my left leg touching his right leg, I extended my hand and demanded his pistols. Instead, however, of giving them up, he dropped his bridle-rein, and reaching over with his left hand, grabbed me in the collar, and, at the same time, without taking special aim, firing under his left arm, because of our being so near together, and with the muzzle of his pistol almost touching my cheek, fired at me again. The discharge burned and blackened my face, and the flash for an instant blinded me, but almost instinctively, and at the same moment, I grappled with him, and putting my pistol firmly against his temple, fired again.

In the excitement caused by the unexpected shot in my face, I held on to Halisey's body for a moment, though I saw the last shot was instantly fatal, and both horses being loose, moved side by side down into the pool of water. Here I released him to reach for the bridle of his horse, but missing this, Halisey's lifeless body fell over against me and down between his horse and mine into the water, which was, perhaps, a foot or eighteen inches deep. In the fall, his head caught in my bridle-rein, which was hanging loose. This kept his head out of the water, but jerked my horse up and made him plunge around, dragging Halisey's body through the pool until we reached the other bank, when it became disentangled.

I had scarcely time to look around and take in the situation as to my friend Tribble, when the third man on the Federal side came dashing around the corner. Tribble was completely disarmed. The pistol that I had been using and still held in my hand was then entirely empty, and while I had one under my overcoat that had not been used there was no time to make the exchange; so I leveled the empty one at the lieutenant who had just arrived, and he seeing the fate of his companions, rode up and handed me his carbine and a pair of army pistols.

Our two prisoners were taken to our command, which we soon rejoined, and on the next day they were paroled by General Morgan.

“LEE'S MISERABLES.”

They called themselves Lee's Miserables. That name had a somewhat curious origin. Victor Hugo's novel, “*Les Miserables*,” had been translated and published by a house in Richmond. The soldiers, in the great dearth of reading matter, had seized upon it,

and so, by a strange chance, the tragic story of the great French writer had become known to the soldiers in the trenches. Little familiar with the Gallic pronunciation, they called the book *Lee's Miserables*. Then another step was taken. The worn veterans of the army laughed at their miseries and called themselves Lee's Miserables. And truly they were the wretched. A little grease and corn-bread—the grease rancid and the bread musty—this was the food of the army. Thousands had no blankets, no jackets, no shoes. Gaunt forms in ragged old shirts and torn trousers clutched their muskets. Day after day, week after week, month after month, they were there in the trenches at the grim work, and some fiat of destiny seemed to have chained them there to battle forever. Silence had fled from the trenches. The crash of musketry and the bellow of artillery seemed never to cease. The men were rocked to sleep by it. They slept on, though mortar shells rose, described their flaming courses, and bursting, rained fragments of death dealing iron upon them. To many that was their last sleep. The iron tore them in their tanned blankets. They were gasping, streaming with blood, then staggered and fell. When you passed by you saw something lying upon the ground covered with an old blanket. It was one of Lee's Miserables killed last night and gone to answer before his Master.

The trenches! Ah, the trenches! Where a historic army guarded the capital of a historical nation—the nation of Virginia. And how they guarded it! In the bright day and dark, they stood by their posts unmoved. When you saw the gaunt faces contract and the tears flow, it was because some letter had come saying their wives and children were starving. Army of Northern Virginia! Old soldiers of Lee! You meant to follow your commander to the last. You did not shrink in the final hour—the hour of supreme trial. Did they or did they not fight to the end? Answer, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor—every spot around Petersburg, where they closed in death-grapple with the unwearied enemy! Answer, bleak spring of 1865, troubled days of the great retreat, when hunted down and driven to bay like wild animals, they fought from Five Forks to Appomatox Court-house—fought staggering, starving, falling, but defiant to the last.

Bearded men were seen crying on the 9th of April, 1865. But it was surrender which wrung their hearts and brought tears to their eyes. Grant's cannon had only made Lee's Miserables cheer and laugh.

THE PRIVATE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

If there be any survivors of the Confederate army who are ashamed of having followed the Southern Cross into battle, many will not be found who were *private* soldiers. It was by them, under the ordeal of suffering for food and raiment, of exile from home and family, that our splendid victories were won. The record of their dauntless courage, their endurance, and their valor is our heritage, and the history of their four years' struggle against the hordes brought together by patriotism, by draft, by bounty, their memorable contest against great odds of natives, of emigrants, and freedmen, is *our* history.

To the private soldier we owe a debt—a debt of gratitude but partially paid by our Lee when he said, “The men of the war who well deserve the most honor and gratitude are *not men of rank, but men of the ranks*—the privates.”

In an article in October BIVOUAC, the name of John H. Waller, of Mississippi, was mentioned, and in a book of Camp Douglas Reminiscences, by Comrade E. C. Colgan, a tribute to private Waller also appears, and the name itself conjures up personal recollections of the private soldier which bear with them, in every remembered act, every speech, and every expressed thought, the attest of General Lee's words, and apply them to the memory of John H. Waller.

Together in Nashville we put on the “gray,” for the first time under the “stars and bars” we marched side by side, and together at the picket reserve and in camp in Northern Virginia, we talked of the new confederacy, of home, and a successful war.

He was transferred to the Twelfth Mississippi Infantry and there as every where when in danger and strife, all his estimable qualities shone forth.

At one time when the “rations were so short that a healthy man could eat three days' allowance at one meal,” it was almost impossible to get a man to divide the rations without stealing some to appease his hunger, and at such times Waller's company would rise and demand that he should divide them.

He was never promoted because he thought the post of duty was the private's station. He was always the same, in bivouac, in battle, on the march, in prison, or in civil life, the same upright, self-sacrificing, and brave Waller.

If there are times when the beautiful custom of strewing flowers

on the graves of our dead is not the simple mockery of an observance, it is when we who are left are permitted to place on Waller's grave such flowers as symbolize the virtues of our Christian soldier, private Waller. To his memory is due the encomium of Lee and the following burning, truthful words of General Wise :

"The noblest bands of men who ever fought or who ever fell in the annals of war, whose glorious deeds history ever took pen to record, were, I exultingly claim, the private soldiers in the armies of the great Confederate cause. Whether right or wrong in the cause which they espoused, they were earnest and honest patriots in their convictions, who thought that they were right to defend their own, their native land, its soil, its altars, and its honor. They felt that they were no rebels, and no traitors in obeying their State sovereignties, and they thought that it was lawful to take up arms under their mandates, authorized expressly by the Federal constitution, to repel invasion or to suppress insurrection, when there was such "*imminent danger as not to admit of delay.*" The only reason for delay which could have been demanded of them was to have appealed to the invaders themselves for defense against their own invasion ; and whether there was imminent danger or not, events have proved. They have been invaded until every blade of grass has been trodden down, until every sanctuary of temple and fame and altar and home has been profaned. The most of these men had no stately mansions for their homes ; no slaves to plow and plant any broad fields of theirs ; no stocks or investments in interest-bearing funds. They were poor, but proudly patriotic and indomitably brave. Their country was their only heritage. The mothers and wives and daughters buckled on the belts, and sent husbands and sons and brothers forth, and women toiled for the bread and spun the raiment of "little ones" of "shanty" homes in country, or of shops in town, whilst their champions of defense were in their country's camps, or marches, or trenches, or battles ! They faithfully followed leaders whom they trusted and honored. Prodigies of valor, miracles of victories, undoubted and undoubting devotion and endurance to the last, entitled them to honors of surrender which gilded the arms of their victors and extorted from them even cheers on the battle-field where at last they yielded for peace ! Alas ! how many thousands had fallen before their few surviving comrades laid down their arms !"

Query Box.

The editor of this department will endeavor to ascertain the whereabouts of ex-Confederate soldiers, and answer all questions when the information sought for is accessible.

MRS. B. T. L. wants to know if soldiers suffered much from homesickness?

Answer: Only those who were in weekly communication by letter or message with home. There were a number of deaths in hospital from "nostalgia," of such men and boys, but we do not remember of a case occurring among Kentuckians, Missourians, or Marylanders, all of whom, except Morgan's cavalry, were hopelessly cut off from home influences and communications. So much for the fireside and altar sentiment. It runs parallel with the experience and observation of a great many during the late war that the further a single man is taken from home influences the better soldier he becomes. As for married men, they are generally more at home any where on earth than when at home, and if properly trained at home will obey orders with cheerful alacrity any where and at all times, *volens nolens*.

EDITORS SOUTHERN BIVOUAC: Please inform me if it is true that the Southern Historical Association contemplates changing their meeting-night to one earlier in the month. I am denied the privilege of attending your meetings because they come so near the last of the month.

LOUISVILLE.

Yours, etc.,

BOOK-KEEPER.

Answer: We have heard it talked of, but no action has been taken in the matter.

EDITORS BIVOUAC: Is it the intention of your Association to publish the various papers read before your body in reference to the battle of Spring Hill, Tennessee? A large number of your subscribers and friends desire to preserve them in book-form, and if you should publish them in THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC we can have them bound with the volume and preserve them more easily. This is not meant as a suggestion, but expressed as a desire of many friends.

WAR TRACE, TENN.

Yours truly, R. A. N.

Answer: Your question fits precisely the subject we have been pondering. Major D. W. Sanders and others have suggested that we produce all the papers read before the Association on the topic mentioned in the form of a grand supplement to one of our numbers. The chain will be more complete in that form. In other words, the whole matter will appear in one issue, and be more

accessible as a reference and more satisfactory to the reader. This supplement will be sent to *our subscribers free of charge*. Our generous publishers intend giving us the finest paper for our Christmas issue, and suggested that we get up a grand holiday number. We intend to make every effort to publish the matter referred to, in addition to our regular variety, in the December number. We hope to succeed, feeling assured that you, as well as our other subscribers, will appreciate our efforts to interest you. We thank you for your interest.

DEAR BIVOUAC: Did you Confederate soldiers consider it disgraceful to get shot in the back?

ALLIE T. R., *aged twelve years*.

NASHVILLE.

Answer: No, Allie. Some of our bravest men were shot in the back. In battle we occupy all sorts of positions. Officers face about frequently to give commands or cheer their soldiers on, and the brave soldiers sometimes turn to load, as in artillery. And we were often forced to retreat before a larger force, and on such occasions many of our people would get killed or wounded. It was on a rapid change of front at Shiloh (we were fleeing from one position to another to the left and rear) that one of the bravest and best men in a Kentucky regiment was struck in the back of the head and instantly killed. The old expressions, "See that you do not get shot in the back," "He fell with his face to the foe," "The shot rattled against their manly breasts," etc. etc., make up fine poetry, but have no special significance outside of the field of rhyme.

EDITOR SOUTHERN BIVOUAC: What has become of Bill Arp? Is Se De Kay still alive?

Answers: 1. Bill Arp, or — Smith lives, we believe, in Cartersville, Ga. If this should meet his eye we would like to hear from him. 2. Se De Kay has been dead several years.

EDITORS BIVOUAC: Please give me the proper name of Flying Cloud, the Indian chief who belonged to Captain Chris. Bosche's company of the Ninth Kentucky Infantry?

R. C. W.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

Answer: In Ed. Porter Thompson's History, page 920, we find the following: "Konshattountzchette, or Flying Cloud, was a Mohawk Indian chief, and served a while with General Jeff. Thompson, then with Morehead's Partisan Rangers, was then attached to this company (H, Ninth Kentucky Infantry), November, 1862, and fought with it at Murfreesboro, Jackson, and Chickamauga; was dreadfully wounded in the face on the latter field—a ball shivering and destroying a large portion of the upper jaw. After this he was long disabled but rejoined the command in the autumn, and took part in the mounted operations.

Taps.

A VIRGINIAN boy was taunted by some U. S. soldiers with the raggedness of "the rebels." "O," retorted the lad, "our boys don't put on their store-clothes when they go out to whip you, it is too dirty work!"

WILL DEMPSEY, in talking over his experience of Shiloh—after he had been shot *through* the neck—said, "Whole regiments offered to take me off of the field, but I got back quite comfortably with only the aid of a bottle of old Bourbon."

STONEWALL JACKSON'S army-horse, "Little Sorrel," is twenty-six years of age, and is still kindly cared for by General Jackson's father-in-law, Dr. Morrison of Lincoln County, N. C. It is the horse on which General Jackson received his death-wound.

A FEDERAL officer said to a southern lady, "Those gray devils (Confederates) will be coming in as soon as we leave, but I hope that you will avoid their company." She replied, "My mother had a very cheerful disposition and she taught me to shun nothing so much as blue devils."

FRED JOYCE was as partial to the cavalry as "Nondescript" is said to have been opposed to that arm of the service. He was heard on one occasion, after coming out of a hot skirmish, to say to the officer who relieved him, "Why, Tom, a man will live just as long in the cavalry as he would at home." And "Dutch" couldn't tell a lie.

DR. J. M. TYDINGS writes to us suggesting that we have a grand Confederate re-union in Louisville during the great Cotton Exposition in 1883. The idea is certainly a magnificent one, and if carried out will be a splendid thing for Louisville. We hope our prominent ex-Confederates will take hold of the matter and push it through. A permanent encampment should be established where all old soldiers could report and be provided with beds and rations during their stay,

with army, corps, division, brigade, and regimental headquarters in regular order. Such a movement will meet with favor and be an immense advantage to the Exposition, and a source of great pleasure to southern soldiers.

A U. S. officer one day having stopped in a farm-house in Pocahontas County, Va., began to boast of his bravery in a certain skirmish. He said, "We peppered the cowardly rascals severely. I was riding right into them when a bullet struck me." "Yes," said a quiet little girl of some thirteen years old, "we heard that one of the lieutenants in your regiment had all his brains shot out."

A PATRIOTIC FELLOW.—The committee appointed to collect metal for General Beauregard's army applied to a Mississippi planter for his bell. Not having a bell he mentioned it to his wife, when she offered her brass kettle. The little ones of the family objected, and one said, "Why, pa, what will we do for preserves?" "My daughter," said the father, "our whole duty now is to *preserve* our country." The kettle was sent.

A LONG WAY FROM HEADQUARTERS.—A Methodist circuit-rider met a Texan soldier and asked him what army he belonged to. "I belong to the —th Texas regiment, Van Dorn's army," replied the soldier. "What army do you belong to?" "I belong to the army of the Lord," was the solemn reply. "Well, then, my friend," said the soldier, dryly, "you've got a very long way from headquarters!"

HOUSTON (TEXAS) POST: A few days ago a postmaster in Houston County, in settling with the government, sent a \$10 Confederate note in part payment to Uncle Sam, saying it was in part payment of balance due the United States. Assistant Postmaster Strong has written the Houston County postmaster to know how this was thus, and what the deuce he means, etc. If a joke, it is rather a dangerous one for one of Uncle Sam's office-holders, as the old gentleman never had any use for Confederate securities.

A TROOPER passed by and saw a foot-soldier covertly examining his Confederate undergarment. In camp this occupation was called "skirmish drill." The cavalryman shouted, "Hello, web-foot, what are you doing?" "Well, you see," replied the footman, pointing to an oil-cloth hanging over his head, "I've histed the black flag, and been a trying to kill all these critters; but they are just like the

Yanks—the more of 'em you kill, the more of 'em are left. So I'll jist parole the balance on 'em and let 'em go." So saying, he picked up his black oil-cloth, threw away his shirt, and marched on, trusting to the next battle to supply him with an article which needed no black flag hoisted over it.

DURING the summer of 1864 there were several officers who had been wounded and one or two privates going up the Valley of Virginia. A rain coming up the party took shelter for the night in a school-house near the road. During the night a skunk found its way under the floor of the house and in the usual way evinced its presence. All of the officers were aroused from their sleep, but being thorough gentlemen, and each one thinking that he was the only one that the animal had awakened, they kept silent. At length one of the privates, a German, exclaimed, "Mine Got! mine Got!! dish ish too bad; dey shleeps, und I wakes, und I ish got to shmell it all." This broke the charm. There followed a long peal of laughter.

As a cavalry courier was dashing along the Winchester turnpike, after the bloody battle of Sharpsburg, he was suddenly halted by a barefoot infantry soldier, who, looking curiously at his big spurs, said, "Excuse me, Mr. Cavalryman, but it is my duty to warn you not to ride on this road." "Why should I not ride on this road?" replied the trooper. "Well, you see," answered the footman, "it is all along of the interest I feels in you; for you see, Uncle Bob (General Lee) has offered a thousand dollars to any fellow who will find a dead man with spurs on, and I was kinder 'fraid some rascal would knock you over to get the money." The bold dragoon evinced by language more energetic than Chesterfieldian his gratitude for the well-meant kindness.

THE disposition of the Confederate soldier to tease those who shirked service was called forth on all occasions. In the summer of 1864 a soldier passing through Richmond, Virginia, observed a citizen with long hair and whiskers, white hands, and rosy cheeks seated by a window. The soldier stopped and gazed with much interest at the young gentleman, and, calling to a comrade across the street, said, "Jim, come here; I have found my old mare that ran away from me before the battle of Seven Pines." "Where?" inquired Jim. "Don't you see her tail sticking out of that window? I could swear by that sandy tail any where. But how in the thunder did the old critter get up thar by that nice young lady? That beats me!"

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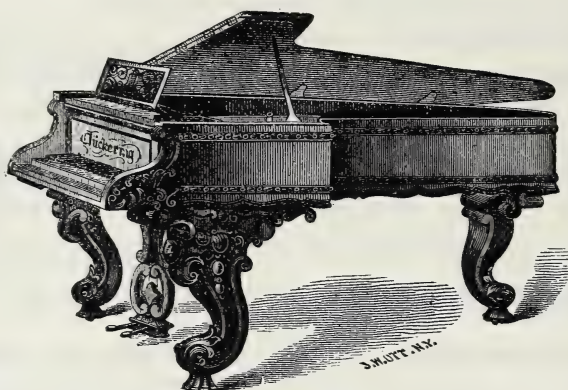
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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

Strange sensations come over me as I begin the attempt to picture an event in our Confederate war. The present is a money-making era; the glitter of the "almighty dollar" has caught our attention, enlists our thoughts, and awakens us to action. Our ardor is being bestowed upon business enterprises in civil life. When we turn back the pages and direct our minds to scenes and events during the Confederate period, we seem moved away from present surroundings, to be transported into a different atmosphere, and can scarcely realize that the actor of those days and of the present is one and the same person. If these are the days of money, those were the days of glory. Our hopes then were for a world-renowned and historic name for the South, for victories for our armies, and for a bright and noble record for our individual selves. Our aims were high, our hopes ran high.

Those of us who were then just in the early years of manhood were inspired with the grandeur of such an undertaking by the country we loved so well. Traveling, as we felt, onward and upward upon a road of daring enterprises with honor and glory for a recompense, we were filled with enthusiastically formed plans and lofty expectations. We were aglow with military aspirations.

Let it be said that we were led by impulse, and that our actuating, sentiments did not grow out of mathematically correct deductions, but sprang from the poetic part of our natures, at least it must be owned that the dauntless deeds and the dead bodies of Confederate soldiers have indelibly imprinted the fact that our banners floated above an amount of patriotic chivalry which will ever retain its luster in comparison with that which has at any time, ancient or modern moved under the standards of any nation.

I believe the BIVOUAC, which records the details of Confederate actions, to be a laudable enterprise, and wish to contribute my mite toward its success.

So, for a short time I will exclude all every-day business of the present, and go back under the stars and bars, to describe as an eye-witness one of the minor events of that great drama in which it fell to my lot to be engaged, and which may possess some interesting features for those who wish to examine the history of those times.

I write entirely from memory and will not stop to give dates. My aim will be to simply describe an event which occurred on a summer day while the two hostile armies, the Federals under General Sherman and the Confederates under General Johnston, faced each other at Kennesaw Mountain, in Georgia. It relates to the operations of the artillery of French's division along the ridge of what was known as Little Kennesaw.

Our army took position there at about noon. One battery, Hoskins's Mississippi, was put in line on the left of Little Kennesaw that afternoon, and the other two batteries (Guibo's Missouri and Ward's Alabama) were put in reserve behind the mountain. Early next morning Major Gus. Shingleur, division inspector general, Captain Porter of the engineers, and myself, then commanding a battalion of artillery, made an examination of Little Kennesaw. General Johnston's engineers had previously made an inspection and advised against placing artillery upon it, mainly because the road leading to the crest was difficult of ascent, was exposed to the enemy's fire, and in case of retreat they thought the guns could not be withdrawn without great hazard. I discovered a route straight down behind the mountain up which guns could be dragged by ropes (prolongues), and there was found to be room for twenty guns along the ridge. This ridge was probably five or six hundred feet above the comparatively level surrounding country. It was a magnificent position for artillery. These facts were reported to General French, who immediately directed a gun to be carried up the new route by way of experiment. It was so readily accomplished that he sent me to make a full report to General Shoup, chief of artillery of the army, and to ask for three more batteries to be put on the ridge that night.

General Shoup relied upon the report of the engineers, did not value Little Kennesaw highly for artillery, and declined to send any more guns there. General French was provoked, but ordered me with Guibo's and Ward's batteries to take position there that night, and directed General Gibson with his brigade to build our works.

General G. was temporarily attached to our division. The artillerymen thought him a very clever gentleman and his brigade fine soldiers, because all they asked of us was to set the stakes, and then they went energetically at it with picks and shovels, and not only built splendid works but carried by hand a large amount of ammunition up the mountain and stored it in our extempore magazines, while the artillerymen, except a few to give directions, slept so as to be fresh for the next day.

At daylight the guns were in position, loaded, and the artillerymen at their posts, and then began a fine display of artillery practice. The enemy's line of earthworks immediately in front was hidden by the forest, but it could be distinctly seen, first in short and then in long stretches, trending far out to the left or southwest. The smoke of camp-fires rose above the tree-tops, and this was our first target. We rained shell and spherical-case shot down upon them until satisfied that the camp-fires had been deserted. Then we turned our aim upon the encampments of quartermasters, ordnance, and commissary trains of wagons, and on the tents at the headquarters of generals, colonels, and staff-officers.

For over two miles to the rear and far to the right and left large open fields white with wagon-covers were in plain view and within easy range. Sherman had moved all his artillery from the front of Little Kennesaw to concentrate on some other part of our line. We observed no parks of reserve artillery before us, and not a single gun replied to ours till the day was far advanced. So we ran our guns out of our works upon open ground on the brow of the mountain, and our men worked with a will to throw as many shot and shell among the wagons and teams as possible while the opportunity lasted, for the teamsters were seen to be very busy hitching up and going at full trot further to the rear. Instead of the old stereotyped command, "Fire slow but sure," I ordered the batteries to "Fire quick and true," which is a better command, because it stimulates the men to greater activity and often enables two guns to fire as many effective shots as three worked at the ordinary rate. Our solid shot were the more accurate and effective in disabling wagons, but shells were more demoralizing and did more mischief among teams and teamsters.

After the wagons had passed out of range and tents had disappeared we turned our guns down on the enemy's line of intrenchments. We could only approximate the position of the line in front by the direction of the line entering the woods from the left and by

what had been indicated to us by the smoke of camp-fires. With the greatest possible depression of our aim we overshot their line, but by reducing the charge of powder we were enabled to throw shell, spherical-case, and canister exactly along what we estimated to be the enemy's position. And thus we poured these projectiles down upon their infantry from about nine A.M. till dark, only stopping occasionally to let the guns cool, and now and then engaging a battery that came up to reply to 'us, but as they had not yet built works for their guns we silenced them without difficulty. It was a genuine field-day for our battalion and so remarked by Generals French, Loring, Gibson, Holtzclaw, and various artillery officers and engineers who came upon the mountain during the day. On the day before I had expressed the opinion to General Shoup that if twenty guns were placed there and as many on Big Kennesaw as there was space for, the enemy's center and left could be carried by assault, and with cavalry to follow the infantry there would be a fair chance of gaining a complete victory, but at least there was little danger of our being worsted in the attempt. French had three fine brigades, Cockrell's Missouri, Ector's Texas, and Sears's Mississippi, in line, with Gibson's Louisiana and Holtzclaw's Alabama in reserve. A heavy plunging fire of artillery would have had a demoralizing effect on the enemy's troops so that French with his reserves could have broken Sherman's center. The opposing lines diverged as they receded from the mountain to the southwest, so that our left wing could have followed up the advantage by charging somewhat in echelon. Our batteries would have maintained the advantage and discomfited Sherman's reserves just as Stephen D. Lee in a similar position materially aided with his artillery at second Manassas.

Big Kennesaw on our right was higher but ran up to a peak and afforded less room for guns than the long ridge on Little Kennesaw. A few siege-guns were on Big Kennesaw and probably ten or twelve Napoleon guns could have been added to these in order to sweep the enemy's line far along the right and shell moving bodies of troops in front.

When Sherman made his attack about a week afterward we rolled a part of our guns back, faced to the left, and enfiladed the attacking line with magnificent results, thus verifying the value of our position.

I have always thought that this was the best position for offensive operations, that General Johnston had while in Georgia. It is presumed that he did not fully appreciate the value of artillery on the

mountains, because of the unfavorable report of his engineers heretofore mentioned.

General Shoup soon changed his view of the situation and that evening offered to furnish me more guns. I protested against receiving them as earnestly as I had the day before pleaded to get them, because the opportunity had passed and gone. Any amount of artillery could be concentrated against the mountain-tops, while not more than thirty-five guns could be placed there. The next day I only reinforced with two guns a section of Hoskins's battery. General Sherman brought one hundred and twenty guns to bear upon us, and a few days later one hundred and forty, thus showing that our first day's operations had demonstrated to him the high value of our artillery position. With this heavy fire converging upon us our guns were virtually silenced, and we thereafter only did a kind of picket duty, firing now and then a few rounds on exposed infantry and quickly running our guns back under cover.

It would be interesting to hear from some able military critic of Sherman's army on the subject of this Kennesaw position, and it is partly with the hope that some such criticism may be elicited that this article is written.

It had been predicted that our batteries could not be safely withdrawn in case of retreat. An order came one day to remove them between sundown and dark, or else spike the guns and destroy the carriages. Routes were trimmed out straight down immediately in rear of each section, and every gun arrived at the base of the mountain by dark, without attracting a single shot from the enemy. We had been keeping our embrasures covered with brush to conceal our movements when preparing to deliver a shot, so that every thing was hidden.

On the left the upper part of a man's body while standing could be seen by the enemy, and so Lieutenants Harris and Murphy of Guibo's battery, with their men crawled on their hands and knees while withdrawing the left section and lowered those two pieces over a declivity by means of ropes.

This article ought not to be closed without mentioning a few of the brave men who not only there but on other fields displayed skill and courage. Not the least was a private, Pat Quin, who I trust is still alive in St. Louis. The regular gunner (Thompson) of our main enfilading piece, on the day of Sherman's assault was absent, wounded, and Pat was allowed to try a shot. It was a beautiful one, and he continued delivering the same sort until the enemy had

been driven back into their intrenchments. In camp you might put your thumb right on Pat, but like a flea, when you would take it up and look "he was not there." But when a gun was stalled on the road, or hard or hot work was to be done, he was always there, and among the foremost.

Lieutenant Kennard of Guibo's battery, Sergeant Dabney of Hoskins's, Lieutenant Richardson of Ward's, and Pat, were the crack marksmen of the battalion. Captain Hoskins and his three brothers were as true soldiers and as cool men under fire as ever went into battle. Captain Ward fell at Atlanta, leaving, as Bishop Lay informed the writer, a most interesting family at Huntsville, Alabama, to mourn his loss. The writer was by his side when he fell and sat by his dying couch. His parting words were in accord with his life. No purer, braver, or more devoted patriot gave up his life in that cause than Captain Ward, and I feel that these few words are but a faint tribute to his merits. Captain Guibo was a sturdy and splendid old veteran. Lieutenant Cruz of Ward's battery, was very near-sighted and very fat, but every inch of him a man and a soldier. One of our best officers, Lieutenant McBride, was killed on Kennewaw. I trust the ladies of Marietta have cared for his grave. A Catholic priest, whose name I regret to have forgotten, accompanied Guibo's battery. His clerical robes were often seen where missiles of death fell thick and fast. His mission was to comfort the dying and assist the wounded, and he never flinched once, but responded always with alacrity, and in the midst of carnage and the roar of battle his self-possessed, gentle, and pleasing demeanor never forsook him.

Other names and other little incidents deserve to be mentioned, but this article has reached the limits of my present design.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

The tocsin of war had sounded at Washington. The reverberations of the sound were echoing throughout the entire country. From Maine to Florida, and from Virginia to California, the people were aroused to the greatness of the impending danger. The call to arms

war was heard every where, and every where the young men of the land were marshaling and organizing for the expected fray. Sober counsels and prudent advice were no longer heeded. The fiat had gone forth. War, and war only, was uppermost in the minds of the people. Even the women and children, enthusiasts always on exciting subjects, talked of nothing but war. Uniformed soldiers, epauletted officers, martial music, gallant action, and all the pomp and grandeur of conflict and battle formed the basis of every conversation, and the only dream of men and women was the glory to be acquired fighting in the defense of a beloved country, and, if need be, dying for that country and its time-honored institutions. This was in the beginning of the year 1861. The Congress of the Union, as a whole, had been dissolved, as men then believed, forever. The Southern members were hurrying homeward to throw themselves into the arms of their friends and to espouse the cause of their natal States. Southern members of the army and navy were doing likewise. And so were the Southern youth off traveling or in Northern colleges. All imbued with the same spirit of devotion to their country were hastening to their respective States to join fortunes with the land of their birth, and with one accord to place their persons and their fortunes at the disposal of their State governments. A call for the assembling of the chief men of the South at Montgomery, Alabama, had been issued, and the people of each State were sending to that point their principal men—the leaders of the then existing excited sentiment—the men in whom they reposed their utmost confidence, and whom they relied on to guide the South safely through the terrible state of conflict and danger which now beset her unwary feet. The first gun of the war had been fired at Fort Sumter with an effect hardly to be conceived of in these quiet and peaceable days—exciting men's minds to the extremest pitch of tension, and filling them with a spirit of daring and resentment that rendered them capable of any achievements and acts of devotion in behalf of their threatened liberties. In every town and village in the southern country the drum was heard beating and the fife playing, calling the young men to arms. Promptly and eagerly were they responding. Companies, battalions, and regiments were organizing on every hand. Mothers were arming their sons, wives their husbands, girls their lovers, and each and all were vying who should display the greatest eagerness and devotion to country. None were holding back. Even the timid and doubting were shamed into apparent activity and patriotic display by the eagerness and energy of their more enthusiastic neighbors and friends.

Although cannon had been fired with hostile intent, and the United States Government had called upon the North for troops to put down the rebellion, and had in bulletins published broadcast over the land announced its intention of maintaining the Union intact, and of preserving the government of our forefathers at all hazards, it was almost the unanimous belief of the South that we would be allowed to depart in peace. That we would be permitted to set up a government for ourselves without let or hindrance from the United States authorities. Few believed that the attack on Fort Sumter would be followed by a long and bloody civil war, and the great preparations then making were but the prelude to a struggle which has had few parallels in history. Many hoped that all differences would be reconciled and the Union be restored, but not many who had these feelings dare give expression to them, so excited was the public mind, and so prompt were the people generally in visiting punishment upon any whom suspicion pointed out as lax in patriotism or doubtful in their love of country. But no matter what the expectations, hopes, or feelings might have been, the preparations went forward bravely. The people did not wait for instructions or orders from any central authority; they did not wait for the organizing of a southern government, or the deliberations of the congress they had called together at Montgomery, but turned their plowshares into guns and their reaping hooks into swords; with single intent to place themselves into a condition for offensive or defensive action, they worked day and night. The work-shops were always open. People were hurrying to and fro at all hours of the day and night. The public places of common resort in the towns and villages were always thronged with excited groups talking, advising, and acting. Rustic assemblages of men were constantly drilling, while fresh recruits daily swelled the companies and regiments in continual course of formation. The whole Southern land exhibited a scene of animated and unwonted activity never before seen. If the war was to come all were eager for it, and every man talked and acted as if he was afraid there would be but one battle and he would miss the chance of being engaged, and so lose the opportunity—the one opportunity of his life of gaining distinction and crowning himself with glory. Ah, if our people had known the cruel, destructive, and heart-breaking results of the war they so earnestly longed for! If some pitying angel could have told them the terrible results then impending, and could have made them believe it, we might not now, twenty years after, be still struggling to recover from its effects or mourning over its consequences.

Such, however, was the condition of the country at the time I write, and in addition thereto it was rumored in Florida, the section of country where the scene of my story principally lies, that the Seminole Indians were also in state of rebellion against the constituted authorities of the State. It was told that the emissaries of the National Government were stirring them up to wage war upon the people of that State, with the view of giving the Floridians occupation sufficient to keep them at home defending their own immediate borders. Whether these rumors had any foundation in fact, the sequel will show.

This then was the temper of the times when one bright morning in May, 1861, two horsemen could be seen riding quietly along the road leading from Flemington to Ocala, villages situated in Marion, one of the richest and most populous counties in the Land of Flowers. Ocala was the county seat, and boasted a population of near a thousand souls, and claimed to be, as probably it was, the center of the wealth and intelligence of that section of the State. At all events, it had a fine court-house where justice was impartially administered by John Putnam, one of the best judges, perhaps, who was ever clothed in the judicial ermine; and here, too, during the terms of the circuit court, had often been heard the eloquent tones of George Call, Samuel St. George Rogers, and Edward Lingle assailing the wrongdoer or defending the cause of the oppressed. It boasted, too, of a number of fine churches, a large academy for girls and a seminary for boys, while quite a number of handsome residences, partially screened from the road-view by luxuriant orange-trees, gave an air of picturesque beauty to the village that made it not only pretty but exceedingly attractive. At the corner of the Court-house Square and Gary Street was a large frame hotel, capable of accommodating a couple of hundred guests upon a pinch. In front of it, facing the court-house, was a row of beautiful oaks whose umbrageous foliage completely defended, by its dense shade, the long piazzas of the hotel from the some time oppressive heats of midsummer, and even during the milder days of the spring and autumn gave a pleasant addition to the comfort of the loungers who daily made the piazzas of the Ocala House their resting place. On the particular morning in question, these piazzas were already thronged with people who seemed animated by the expectation of something unusual. And looking around the Public Square, a place of about eight or ten acres in extent, numerous groups could be seen squatted about under the shade of the grand old hickory trees which adorned the area, while other groups were crossing and recross-

ing the open spaces in front and rear of the court-house, all eagerly discussing the coming event, whatever it might be, which thus gave an air of such liveliness to the persons congregated at this early hour in and about the village.

But to return to our horsemen as they ambled along in the gray light of morning. The elder of the two rode a large sorrel horse more fitted for draught purposes than for the saddle of a cavalier. But notwithstanding his great size, he was well proportioned and moved with a nimbleness which betokened a greater suppleness of joints than one would suppose he was capable of at first sight. His rider was one of these long gangling specimens of humanity that always remind the reader of American romance of Cooper's celebrated hero "Leather Stockings." His legs reached nearly to the knees of his horse, and his position on his horse was such as not to show the great length of his body. As he rode bent over, his back resembled an arch, while his long, black hair, streaming down from beneath a wide-brimmed grass hat, came nearly to the middle of his back. This gave his uncouth features a weird and singular look, which but for the bold, undaunted expression of his eyes, the great firmness of will expressed in his powerful underjaws, would have produced the impression of idiocy. But the man who mistook this singular-looking individual for an idiot would show small judgment of character and awake some fine morning full of chargin, if not sorrow, for the mistake he had made; for this man, then little known, or known to his friends only as a remarkable hunter, became afterward the widely-celebrated Confederate scout known to all the American armies as Tom Hernest, one of the shrewdest, ablest, best, most daring and successful of all the scouts in the employ of the Confederacy.

His companion was quite a youth, having barely passed his twentieth birthday, a bright-faced, handsome boy. Full of youth, energy, and enthusiasm, expressive eyes, firm and undaunted look, his every movement and expression of body betoken courage, vigilance, and intelligence, and it required neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet to tell that when the opportunity came this lad would make his mark. He was of the medium height, elegantly and well proportioned. His lithe and well-formed limbs were fitly encased in a handsome soldier's uniform of dark gray cloth, while a felt hat surmounted by an ostrich plume, gave a dashing cast to his unusually handsome face. The horse he bestrode with gracefulness and ease, was a dark-bay roadster, whose freedom of gait showed that he was little oppressed with the weight of his rider, and but for the restraint

of the bridle, he would be up and away over the green hills to be seen on every hand. The name of this youngster was Willie Ross, and he held the proud position of captain of the Ocala Rangers, a new corps of light cavalry which had lately been organized under the sanction of the county authorities. The corps was composed of a hundred able-bodied young men, not one of whom was over twenty-five years of age, and not a married man in the company. Willie Ross had but lately returned from college, but he had been raised with those composing his company, and they showed their love and confidence by electing him their captain and leader.

They had for several weeks past been drilling with the greatest assiduity and perseverance, and by hard work had, under Captain Ross's tuition, acquired considerable proficiency in the cavalry drill. The time had now arrived when bidding adieu to friends and home, they were called on to put in practice the knowledge they had obtained. And to-day had been appointed for the company to assemble in Ocala, where a beautiful flag, worked by the hands of the lovely maidens of the village, was to be presented them; and then away at the call of their country to the battle-fields of the future.

To the members of the company the occasion was one of gladness and display. It was the opening chapter in the romance of their lives, the initial verse in the grand poem of their future. Many a gay castle towered in the air; many a brilliant speculation agitated the ambitious mind, and many a happy dream—never, alas! to be realized—was founded on this, the beginning to them, of an untried and unknown field of adventure.

As they rode along they chatted gayly, and Tom Hernest spiced the conversation with the tale of many a hunting adventure wherein he had figured in the days gone by. And it was not long before they reached the outskirts of the town. Riding up to Eichleburg's livery-stable, the place of rendezvous, they found the major part of the company already assembled, anxiously looking for the arrival of their captain. His approach was greeted with cheers, and a general and hearty handshaking followed. In a few moments afterward, the last of the corps having arrived, the bugle-call was sounded, and each trooper, mounting his horse, fell into line. It was a gallant sight to see this band of unfledged heroes arrayed in all the panoply of war, ready for the sacrifice preparing in the rapid march of coming events. They wheeled off by files and passed up the street and on to the public square, where their presence was

received with prolonged and tumultuous cheering. After a preliminary evolution to display their skill in horsemanship, they ranged themselves in front of the Ocala House, on the upper piazza of which were grouped a bevy of beautiful girls, in the center of whom stood the fairest of all, a spirited and lovely brunette, whose sparkling eyes, which shone like diamonds, revealed the enthusiastic excitement which caused her breast to heave, and her nostrils to dilate, for she was the one who had been selected by her companions to deliver the flag and address to these gallant champions of southern liberties. Tall, and exquisitely formed—she was barely seventeen—her face would have attracted attention in any crowd for its vivacious and lovely expression. Like the blue skies above her every thought chased its predecessor, as clouds flitting by and resting not.

Her head, covered with a profusion of jetty ringlets, poised itself gracefully above a pair of shoulders which rivaled the Parian marble in beauty of tint and color. She was a fit subject for the pencil of Rubens or the chisel of Canova. It is difficult at this late period to give more than a faint idea of the personal charms which made Irene DeMoine the pride of the village and the glory of her companions.

There she stood in all her magnificent beauty—increased, if possible, by comparison with the surrounding loveliness—her right hand grasping the staff of the banner which she and her sister maidens had made, as a prize for the gallant band who were drawn up below her, with presented swords, their leader, cap in hand, bowing to his horse's mane, her ruby lips just parting to speak, she formed as lovely a picture as the eye of poet ever rested on.

"SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, BROTHERS!" she said—the full, rich tones of her delicious voice melting into the hearts of her listeners with thrilling effect—"Soldiers, countrymen, brothers! As the deputed agent of your friends here assembled, I present you with this flag. It is the work of love and patriotism. Look upon it as the emblem of purity and hope. Whenever in the hour of conflict and adversity, you waver in the discharge of duty, look upon this flag; let it bring back to your mind the memories, the hopes, the enthusiasm of this day, and it will revive your drooping spirits; it will restore departing courage; it will infuse refreshing hope, for it is sanctified with the love of your friends and the prayers of your relatives. May its beauty shine brightest in adversity, and its appeals bring courage out of the depths of misfortune. Take it, fair sirs, and our loving farewell. God speed the brave!"

Her address was received with tumultuous applause, and as she ceased, the flag was placed by her fair hands in the possession of Captain Ross, who, gracefully waving it above his head, passed it into the custody of the company color-bearer. As soon as quiet was partially restored the captain, in behalf of himself and company returned thanks in a few brief and pertinent words, and expressed many happy wishes for the future good fortune of the lovely donors. A few more ringing words of cheer, hope, and resolve, and the good-bye was spoken.

Again the bugle-call was sounded, and at the head of as pretty a set of soldiers as ever fought for any cause, Captain Ross and his troop took the road leading southward toward Tampa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

H. C. S., a member of one of the Kentucky regiments of infantry, had been detailed for fatigue duty at a depot where army supplies were received. He was a little taller than a hogshead of sugar, but not quite so round, consequently when his head and hands were at the bottom of the hogshead, into which he had slipped while surreptitiously filling his haversack with short sweetening, his feet hanging over the top gave unimpeachable evidence of his whereabouts. He was so circumstanced, and was trusting to his usual luck to be rescued by his friends, when one of the guard passing that way and seeing the shoes thought he would arrest them. Pulling at them, he found a man, albeit a small one, attached thereto, and he incontinently marched shoes and man, haversack and sugar, to the guard-house. When the detail was discharged for the day, the prisoner was turned over to the lieutenant commanding it, with instructions to report him to his regimental commander. He was accordingly carried to regimental headquarters and charged with pilfering from the government, etc. He listened patiently to the charge and specifications, and then turning to the colonel, said, "I did get the sugar, and was caught in the act; but I do not think you ought to punish me, colonel, as I always give you part of every thing I *find*." The colonel tumbled to the joke, and put him under arrest in quarters, where he persistently refused to perform any duty until released by order of the colonel.

JAMES A. THOMAS, who was one of the bondsmen of Jefferson Davis, died at Richmond, Virginia, a few days ago.

OUR NAMELESS GRAVES.

They are scattered all around us on the hillside, in the dale,
Where the surging white-capped billows ever break upon the shore,
Where the modest little streamlet ripples through the quiet vale,
Where the wild winds through the forest weirdly chant their requiems o'er.

There are brave men in them sleeping, now the battle task is done,
When their sturdy arms oft wielded well the stern death-dealing blow ;
For they stood with face to foeman that the victory should be won
Till had sped the fatal missile that in slumber laid them low.

So they sleep, where'er death met them ; where the battle-cry was heard,
Where the bullets whistled madly, and the gleaming sabers flashed ;
Where the phalanxes pressed forward at the order-giving word,
Where the horse and rider onward through the maddening charges dashed.

There they sleep, the while the decades ever come and ever go,
And the nations backward, forward, through the "Mystic Loom" are sent ;
While the poets sing of glory, and historians will show
How the land was torn asunder and its energies were spent.

And Fame will wreath her garlands, and some petted hero crown,
And his praises through the vistas of the fleeting years shall ring ;
And aloft on polished marble shall great deeds be written down,
And all the world its tribute of vain honor there will bring.

Still they sleep, our unknown heroes, not a shaft above a grave,
Not a flower, save a wild one, giving forth its sweet perfume,
Drooped and furled the cherished banner, that they gave their blood to save,
Wreathed their cause henceforth with cypress, and their laurels lost in gloom.

Not a record of their valor save the places where they sleep,
Not a trophy of their prowess that may speak for them again.
But we see home-circles broken, and sad eyes that can not weep,
And brave hearts that struggle daily 'neath the burden of their pain.

So throughout the land we meet them—all these graves thus scattered wide ;
Oft the wild flowers o'er them growing have been wet with stranger's tear.
And the doves that cooed low dirges, and the winds that o'er them sighed
Have only voiced the sadness of the hearts that hold them dear.

All unknown their deeds to glory, all unknown their lives to Fame,
Yet each Southron reckons sacred every chance-found narrow bed ;
And ever "In Memoriam" to every nameless name
The Southland chants a requiem—Sleep in Peace, ye Honored Dead.

GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN, HIS CAPTURE AND DEATH.

After long years, to recall memories of incidents involved in the subject defined by the above caption, affords the writer a melancholy satisfaction, since it may revive in faithful and chivalric hearts an interest in that hero who, living, stood among his compatriots without a peer as the model cavalier, the ideal soldier; and who now, being dead, a mere "handful of dry, white dust, heaped over with a mound of grass," may, perchance, be lost sight of in the riotous rush of a noisy world.

If the reminiscence accomplishes this much the writer will feel amply repaid for his wanderings among the graves and tombstones of the past, where the sunshine of a busy and prosperous present has stolen in and woven a golden fret-work over the cold and silent places where sleep the heroes of the Lost Cause.

No lovelier breadth of country on the globe can be found than that which lies along the route from Abingdon, Virginia, via Bristol and Jonesboro to Greenville, Tennessee, and the varied panorama once stretching out before the admiring eye, hangs forever afterward in Memory's storied hall like a rich and gorgeous picture over which long years have flung their mellowing tints.

The hills, the meadows, the dusky screen of woods, the gray rocks, the ripple and rush of waters, the pine-clad heights, the cedarn valleys through which the rivers run, the purple lights that lie in the distance, the whiteness of the near mists, all had put on their gala dress to welcome autumn as a royal guest, when General John H. Morgan issued orders on the 2d day of September, 1864, and "took up the line of march" along the above-named route, arriving at Greenville, Tennessee, on the evening of the 3d at the hour of sunset.

Ah, how that scene returns to me! I sadly muse, and vividly see, as of yore, the

"Warm lights on the sleepy uplands waning,
Beneath, soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold."

Alas! it is a vision silent and swift to come and depart, as some sweet wandering thought which gives eager eyes a glimpse of its bright wings, and presto! evanishes.

General Morgan's command consisted of the remnant of his old

brigade, Giltner's brigade (commanded by Colonel Henry Giltner), Vaughn's brigade (commanded by Colonel Crawford), and two companies from Cosby's brigade, commanded by Captain Peter Everett. Colonel D. Howard Smith, I think, commanded probably the general's old command (when on the march), and those men who were under Captain Everett, numbering in all about four hundred. General Morgan numbered, in his entire command, about fifteen hundred effective men.

Arriving in Greenville they were disposed of as follows:

Crawford's command was ordered to Blue Spring, a point seven miles beyond the town in the direction of Bull's Gap, at which place General Gillam was encamped with a force numbering about three thousand men. Colonel Giltner was ordered into camp at the crossing of the Babb's Mill road, about five miles from the town in the direction of Rogersville, Tennessee. Colonel D. Howard Smith and Captain Everett, with a small force were detailed to Arnold's place, west of the town about one mile, while the general's old command, commanded by Captain Clark (in encampment), settled down like a swarm of bees, on the college-lawn, northeast of the town. This last-mentioned place was not more than two hundred yards from the residence of Mrs. Williams, at whose hospitable house the general had established his headquarters for the night.

The Williams mansion was one of the loveliest homes in Tennessee. Attractive in its outside appearance—being a large, double, two-story house, with verandas and wide, deep windows, and heavy portals and breezy halls, like all the best class of Southern houses—it was doubly so within, being furnished in elegant style; and like a good ship manned with sailors, it was kept up in a grand way by a stately hostess, and a well-trained retinue of competent servants—a household rarity at any time.

The house was situated in the midst of a beautiful flower-garden, where summer had already begun to gather up her robes of glory, and like a dream of beauty, to fade away. The Williams family was rich, even so rich as to have their own church, and a regularly engaged chaplain to perform services in it. Their mode of life was not changed by the fact of war in the country or on the borders. The best the land afforded was theirs, and that too in no stinted measure. And doubtless General Morgan congratulated himself that he had found such a delightful and hospitable home, at which all the delicacies of the season were offered with lavish grace. Yet *being there* was the primitive cause of his unfortunate and unhallowed demise.

Mrs. Williams's family proper consisted of herself and three sons—William, Joel (or Joe as he was familiarly addressed by every body), and Tom. The first and last mentioned of the sons lived in what is termed "the single state." Joe was married. His wife was a very pretty woman, whose maiden name was Rumbaugh. This lady was a staunch Union woman in her political proclivities, and that too when her spirited and handsome brother, Thomas Rumbaugh, had a long time previously donned the gray uniform, and made as gallant a soldier as ever marched to the sound of a drum and the ear-piercing music of the fife.

Joel Williams lived in the country, but as ill-luck would have it, his wife was in town on a visit at her mother-in-law's house, and she met General Morgan there when frowning fate impelled him to make his headquarters at that special point. Naturally she did not show any enthusiasm over the new arrivals in the household, and it was said afterward that she threatened to "give them trouble." Certain is it that subsequent events proved the truth of the rumor, although it never can be doubted that the cordiality was sincere, and the hospitality genuine which the mistress of the mansion, upon her part, extended to the gallant Morgan—the prince of gentlemen! and if treachery envired and overcame him in the splendor of his manly beauty, no stain lies on her escutcheon because of the ignoble deed!

The hours flew on apace. There were festive sounds in the mansion, for the stately dame presiding there was doing honor to a hero. Lights gleamed from windows and open doors, and now and then a golden ripple of laughter, or the echoes of happy voices would float out on the breeze, winging its way through the airy halls with the sense of peaceful sweetness that the breath of blossoms brings when blown about by night-winds in the new time of the year.

Heaven's blue deepened; globules of heavy dew fell; the stars—night's flying host, in their noiseless, triumphal cars of gold—sped onward across the trackless firmament; the flowers swung their rainbow-tinted censers; the rapt night received their fragrant souls into her embrace; and the sorrowing whippoorwill outsung the nightingales! Never did the dark come down over a happier or more hopeful set of soldiers! The light-hearted fellows—first in a battle, first in a dance, as chance might decree—fully contemplated being over the Cumberland Mountains, and fairly possessed of "God's country"—as they termed Kentucky—before the crimson and purple and gold of another sunset 'broidered with marvelous fringe of glowing and harmonious colors the horizon's line where broad-based

earth in dun repose meets the open space of the deep blue Infinite. They were specially happy because Morgan commanded them. The keenest sarcasms, the merriest jests went round! Did not the march promise to every one, "according to his lights," the fulfillment of his most cherished hopes—his most ardent desires? One *gourmet* declared he went with the hope of getting a "square meal;" another wit proclaimed his intention of capturing "a blooded horse" whose pedigree on his return should read, "Out of Kentucky, by a Rebel." Another would be pensive at the thought of returning to the old, familiar places, and seeing the old, familiar faces; here a cheek would glow in anticipation of laughing lips, and brightest eyes, that would deepen in roseate color, or intensify in brilliance when a certain somebody met them again, then a dimness of vision or a sadness of expression would betray the earnest nature, which, longing fervently to see the loved ones at home, lost not sight of the dangers of the expedition.

Ah, ah! "The Old Kentucky Home far away!" to exiled hearts in those dead and gone days had the beauty which Canaan wears to the Christian soul, and the glory which envelopes ancient Greece to the meditative dreamer's pensive fancy! None but he who has been an exile can enter into *rapport* with the ecstatic feelings of these light-hearted, gallant fellows of whom I write! Hope held out alluring rewards to the brave! Alas! how often does God break to our faces the idols of our dreams!

The morning of the 4th of September, 1864, proved the fallacy of human desire, even as withered leaves speak to the contemplative heart of longings—idle longings which many a time fill the chalice of departed hours!

This is the way that, to those who rode with Morgan, disappointment and sorrow came to keep them company in lieu of gaiety and plenty!

In the Williams homestead all became quiet. Greenville fell asleep. In the woods, the meadows, and the fallow fields, Nature and her children kept watch together through the blessed hours of silence and repose.

Gradually the sky, hitherto so serene, became overcast; the autumn bronzing winds began to blow; the rustling leaves made weird music on the boughs; the birds nestled closer together; the slow, intense drizzling rain began to fall; darkness deepened and deepened. There were shadows stealing along through the gloom; there was the dull thud, thud of a horse's hoofs breaking on the somber silence; there was a swift, sinuous sound of a woman's moving draperies, then all

was still. . . . There was a soft rap at the door, there were broken sounds of whispering, there was an abrupt command, rapid movements through the night, a tramping of manly feet, the hurried urging of a horse into a gallop, and then all was hurry and excitement; not a loud, not a bustling excitement, but that still, sweeping onward rush as of the warring elements that approach to do battle in a storm.

And then as the lightning gores the darkness with "a vivid, vindictive, and serpentine flash," it became known that Mrs. Joel Williams had escaped the house, eluded the guards, mounted horse, and was away over the hills, bearing blight, and death, and disaster with her as she went, through marshes, swamps, dismal fens, over stony peaks, and bald summits, on, on, into the dark, and the deepening darkness, through wild ravines and gorges, riding straight as an arrow speeds in its flight, for the camp of Gillam to betray John Morgan! And like a sleuth-hound slipped from its leashes, after her—after her—along the dangerous way, overhung by drear cliffs, drenched with the driving rain, blinded by the darkness, with the pallor of anxiety on his cheek, and the energy of despair in his heart—after her—after her—under towering peaks, past meadowlands stretching away and away, knowing not the route, not dreading the danger, following blindly the clattering of horse's hoofs in advance of him, like shadow pursuing shadow in a dream, rode the gray-coated scout to overtake and capture her. . . .

In vain! in vain! . . . She eluded him! . . . How well was proved when about five A.M. a scouting party from the Union camp comprising about six hundred men, entered the little town of Greenville from the Paint Gap road, which had been left uncovered by reason of Crawford not proceeding, as ordered to "Blue Springs!" Useless now all repinings, all reproaches—useless and vague as the echo of a heart's regrets! . . . They surrounded the general's headquarters, captured his staff, his couriers, and some stragglers who followed ever in the golden wake of his martial glory, as the mote dances in the sunbeam and shines with reflected splendor. "The general himself succeeded in eluding them and escaped from the house. He was in his shirt-sleeves, not having time even to don his uniform. Into the flower-garden he went, where the darkness, and the rain, and the mist all combined to woo him into a place of security. The winds whispered "Hide! Hide!" The drenched roses—the sweet, rain-brushed roses—whispered "Hide! hide!" Ah, life was so precious to him! . . .

The church before referred to was situated on the street; it ran parallel with the flower-garden, on the north; under it ran a culvert which opened upon a meadow-lot. Major Gassett, one of his officers who had succeeded in escaping with him—indeed, who had seen the enemy approaching and quickly as he might had given warning—went with him into this culvert. They passed through it to the north side of the street. The general, led on by the shadowy and mysterious fate whose guiding hand he had no power to avert, immediately returned leaving Gassett, who afterward made his escape, and for a few moments he once more sought refuge beneath God's sanctuary, after which he hurriedly passed into the flower-garden where his friends, the roses, hung their tear-besprent faces, and the mists were lifting themselves skyward, and crossing it, entered a vineyard, where the sun's golden fingers touching the emerald globules of the luscious grapes, had turned them to blooming purple and pale amethysts. . . .

Alas! Alas! . . .

It was at this point and doubtless while awaiting the arrival of his troops that he was discovered by the enemy. The direful, dreadful enemy! who thronged the street running from the town to the depot (the Williams house was in sight of the depot), and parallel with the yard upon the south. They fired on him. . . . One shot took effect in the left side of his chest, felling him to the ground. Brute instinct overmatched reason and the cry of humanity. Those who had perpetrated the deed climbed the picket fence and lifting him bodily threw him over it into the street! Here he was lifted again, thrown across a horse in front of a fiendish soldier—whose name, were it known, ought to be handed down through cycles of ages yet unborn, in a cloud of infamy, like that of him who burned the temple of Ephesus! Picture it, O lovers of justice and humanity! Picture it, O soldiers in either cause, and weep and blush for the shame and the horror of it. . . . Through the streets of Greenville rode the fiend whose form shamed his race! with a wounded and dying man swung across his saddle-bow, cursing, reviling, and muttering as he galloped hither and yon among the masses of horror-stricken citizens gathered in the streets!

I saw one woman pale and tremble and shudder like a wind-shaken aspen as she recounted the scene, and related how she had seen the general (with his ashen-hued, death-stricken face turned to the light of the day and the gaze of the gaping crowds) running his fingers through his hair, with his eyes lifted to heaven! O! my

God! . . . The supreme agony of that moment. . . . Do any of the horrors of the Dark Ages depicted on the historic scrolls transcend it for brutality? . . . How and when he gave up the ghost; how and when his spirit poised itself for flight, and thus eluded his ignoble tormentors those who loved him will never, never know.

He was thus borne about through the town, and thence some distance beyond it, where the force of invaders with their royal trophy of war, met General Gillam with his command, who after a slight engagement with Smith, entered the town, Smith falling back at his approach. . . .

Why the general was not rescued by the command which was encamped within a stone's throw of his headquarters upon the college lawn, is a question I can not answer. . . . I was with Colonel D. Howard Smith and Captain Everett one mile west of the town on the Arnold farm.

Upon hearing the firing in town the command was ordered to mount and to move to the hill west of the depot.

The enemy had left town. . . .

The Confederates fell back in the direction of Jonesboro. At Leesburg Colonels Giltner and Crawford joined Smith. Giltner being senior officer here took command.

I was ordered to take a small force, and proceeding to Greenville under flag of truce, to discover, if possible, what had become of General Morgan, and to look after our dead and our wounded.

At five p.m., September the 4th, 1864, we arrived and found General Morgan—dead! Ah! death struck sharp on life makes awful lightning! . . .

He had been shot at daylight. . . . Was it a wonder to us who loved him that the light was gone from the day? that the confiding roses were dead on their stems, and wore only crowns of rust in lieu of blushes? Was it a wonder to us that the rainbow-tints of autumn sprinkling hill and dale like shattered gems wore no beauty to our tear-dimmed eyes? How was it proved to us that believing we marched in the path of glory, we found ourselves at the last wretched pall-bearers of our brightest hopes, with sorrowful, lagging steps, tramping along the shadowed path of dreams? . . . My heart sickens over the memory! . . .

Through the influence of some friends of mine, I was permitted to take charge of that beloved body. A neat walnut coffin was furnished by sympathizing citizens; and at my own expense I hired a one-horse wagon (none other was obtainable!), into which the coffin

was placed; and thus, accompanied by a small escort, I proceeded with his remains to Jonesboro, Tennessee. O, gloried hearse! O, mourning retinues! What a hero! What obsequies!

At Jonesboro, I met his wife, General Basil W. Duke, Colonel Richard Morgan (brother of the general), and other field officers of his command, who but a short time previous, had been "exchanged" at Charleston, South Carolina. O, such a home-coming to loving hearts!

In death, he seemed just to have fallen asleep! . . . The crucifixion agony had gone from his face, and the same gentle, kindly smile hovered over it we had seen so often there when the glow of health and magnificent manhood vivified his form and set the splendid seal of power upon his bold and knightly brow gemmed with his matchless eyes! So he went. . . . So we, who loved and admired him, mourn his loss. . . . To this day we are haunted and hunted down with melancholy surmises and broodings over his chances had such and such things happened.

If he had been left when he was shot, he might have recovered of his wound as many another man did in that region. Had he remained in the culvert or under the church with Major Gassett, he might have escaped, as Gassett did. . . .

And so we thread the weary sequences; but be all this as it may, thus ended the life of the boldest and most admired cavalry officer of the South! His raids were always brilliant, dashing, conspicuous. His name was thundered far and wide across the country and will never, never be forgotten!

He was a fine soldier, a splendid horseman, a thorough gentleman. No Bayard of fame ever was a braver knight or a more gallant chevalier. Indeed, may it be said of him that his was

"One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die!"

Singular to relate, as a closing memento and not as a thread of the romancist woven into the warp and woof of facts, Mrs. Joel Williams's gallant brother, Thomas Rumbaugh (to whom she was intensely devoted despite his rebellious spirit), was shot and killed during an encounter at Bull's Gap. Scarcely three weeks later, almost on the identical spot where she met Gillam, and betrayed to his untimely end the prince of cavaliers! Verily, verily,

"Every sin brings its own punishment
That rings its changes on the counter of the world!"

LOUISVILLE DURING THE WAR.

The effort on the part of a few well-meaning but short-sighted men to keep Kentucky in a neutral attitude during the contest about to commence between the North and the South, proved to be not only fruitless but humiliating; as no sooner had Governor Magoffin refused to furnish Kentucky's quota of troops when called upon to do so by the President, than military camps commenced forming within her borders in utter disregard of the will of her people. It would not be putting the case too strong to say that when the hour of trial came, if the border States had boldly espoused the cause of the South in the threatened conflict, no war would have ensued. But the vacillating and cowardly attitude of those States invited the conflict, and brought about their own degradation, and the South looked with sorrow and amazement at the course being pursued by her Southern sisters, while the Washington government looked on the futile effort with the contempt and loathing it deserved.

Soon the tramp of armed soldiers was heard in their streets, and all the paraphernalia of war burst on their astonished visions. The dream of neutrality vanished from their now fully opened eyes, and war, grim-visaged war, became a sad reality, sad especially to the border States, as on every battle-field their sons would meet on opposite sides in the deadly fray.

The first Confederate soldiers that appeared in Louisville were a group of officers who were quartered at the old United States Hotel on the corner of Fourth and Jefferson. The bitterness that was afterward displayed in the treatment of prisoners had not yet manifested itself, as those officers had the freedom of the city by the terms of their parole. But it would be as well for them had it been otherwise; every where they were fêted and feasted by the sympathizers with the South, and the ladies especially went into ecstasies over them. The whole group were invited one evening to the house of Mr. Owen on Broadway, between Sixth and Seventh. The ladies were there in force, they brought with them several pieces of gray cloth, and had a tailor engaged in taking measures, so that each officer should have a new suit of Confederate gray, made by the fair fingers of their admirers. This was too much happiness to last long, however. Several super-loyal Unionists waited on the commanding general, and through their representations a company of soldiers, suddenly, to the astonishment of the inmates, surrounded the house of Mr. Owen, and he with all his male visitors, including the tailor,

were marched off to the military prison, and the ladies were graciously allowed to retire to their respective homes. The gray cloth was confiscated and the Confederate officers were soon sent North to the prisons provided for them. This was the last opportunity the people of Louisville had to entertain Confederate soldiers at their homes, for the rigors of war soon made the treatment of prisoners cruel and severe. On every occasion that presented itself, however, the friends of the Southern cause in Louisville bestowed every mark of kindness they could on the Confederate prisoners continually passing through her streets to the northern prisons. It was no uncommon sight to see men running into baker's shops and confectioneries, buying all the pies, cakes, and loaves they could carry, and then, regardless of the remonstrances of the guards, throw them in among the prisoners. Baskets of fruit also would be bought up entire, and their contents emptied in a similar manner. Every manifestation of sympathy and good-will that could be bestowed upon those poor fellows, most of whom stood so sadly in need of it, was freely given.

Whenever it was reported that any considerable Confederate force had entered Kentucky, there was a feverish state of excitement among the Union element. Every report created alarm, and all reports were greatly exaggerated, but when Generals Bragg and Buell commenced their memorable march, with Louisville (as was believed to be) Bragg's objective point, no pen can describe the scenes that were enacted. Prior to this, however, Louisville had had a taste of martial law. All places of business were required to be closed at two P.M. so that all male citizens under forty-five years old might drill. Every citizen of the requisite age, and physically qualified, was required to belong to a military company. Pickets were posted on every street-corner, and unless you could produce a pass from the captain of your company, you were liable to be arrested. But in many instances any scrap of paper would do duty as a pass, the guards, many of them, being unable to read, and many giving but a cursory glance at the paper. Few of the companies ever drilled, the majority of the material composing them being averse to the kind of military service required of them. Occasionally some citizens suspected of strong Southern proclivities, who in an unguarded moment gave utterance to some disloyal remarks, overheard by ears ever on the strain to catch what they could, were gathered up and placed on the trenches, so that their disloyalty might be purged, and an example made that would be a warning to others.

A few gentlemen one afternoon during the prevalence of the martial law status, desiring to put in one of those afternoons that were beginning to hang so heavy on their hands, thought they would go fishing. Hiring a skiff, and getting all necessary supplies on board, they pulled across to a sunken coal-barge on the falls. The skiff was made fast to the side of the barge farthest from the city. The party, of whom the writer was one, settled down quietly to their fishing, and also to the discussion of the merits of some good cheer which had been provided. All anticipated a good time, as they were removed from, as they believed, all influences that could mar the pleasure of the occasion, when suddenly, to the consternation of all on board, a volley of musketry was fired from the Kentucky shore, and the balls commenced to fall thick and fast in the water around us and numerous shots struck the coal-boat. Our skiff was immediately pulled out from behind the boat into full view, so that the company of provost guards stationed at the ferry landing, and from whom the fire came, might see us and stop the firing. But even after we pulled into full view another volley came upon us, and all of us to this day that remain of that fishing party wonder how we escaped. One of the party, who was a very large man, thought he would hide himself as much as possible, and so he lay flat of his back in the skiff when the firing commenced and remained there till it closed. We never took the trouble to inquire why we were fired at, feeling only too glad to have escaped. We did not go fishing there any more, however.

Nothing that occurred during the war created such a panic in Louisville as the defeat and dispersion of General Nelson's command by General Kirby Smith near Richmond, Ky. The panic stricken fugitives from that command, throwing away every thing that would impede their progress, came pouring through Lexington, Frankfort, and all intervening points, until they reached Louisville, where they told the most marvelous tales about the Confederates—the whole face of the earth was covered with them, and they were pouring down on Louisville like an avalanche of fire. Many of those fugitives only waited long enough in Louisville to draw a full breath, not considering themselves safe until they had put the Ohio River between them and their dreaded foes. To intensify this panic, Bragg was reported marching direct for Louisville, and was now within a few miles of the city. General Nelson gathered up a few of his demoralized command in the city, and, with what other aid he could get, threw a pontoon bridge across the river so as to be ready to fly at any moment. It was reported that he had planted cannon on the Indiana side for the purpose of

shelling the city if Bragg entered it. But this is not authentic. Every thing on wheels was now brought into requisition. The hackmen reaped a golden harvest, any price asked for any vehicle that would bear the thoroughly panic-stricken Unionists to a place of safety was paid without question, there being no bridge and no trains crossing the river, the ferry boats were the only means of egress. This was slow work for people who believed they had to fly for their lives. Lot's wife was not a circumstance to this flight; she foolishly looked back and had to pay the penalty. But these people all looked forward, and that look was unwaveringly directed to the Indiana side of the river, and the all-absorbing thought was how to get there. Money was no object then; it was freely lavished that speed and a place of safety might be obtained. The woods on the opposite side of the river were filled with these panic stricken fugitives. But Bragg did not come. Why he did not has remained a mystery unsolved. And the best opinion among military men, so far as the writer has been able to learn that opinion, is that General Bragg's Kentucky campaign was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, blunder of the war on the Confederate side.

CAVALRY VERSUS INFANTRY.

The hostility that grew up between the infantry and cavalry of the Confederate army during the late war, though perhaps nothing new under the sun, is one of a class of phenomena which when explained throw much light upon the struggle in which they are revealed.

It is not my purpose to attempt either an explanation or analysis of it, except so far as a brief account of some things I heard or saw in that connection may serve to do. The first time I ever noticed any thing like a feeling of hostility between the cavalry and infantry, was in the early part of the war, when the regiment to which I then belonged, the Second Infantry, was engaged in what was termed Jackson's dam expedition No. 2. This, I must say for fear of misleading, was an attempt on the part of Stonewall to destroy some of the main locks and dams on the upper Potomac, with a view of rendering useless the canal that extends from Cumberland to Georgetown, now a part of Washington. Being occasionally on picket duty

then, on some one of the country roads that run through the section in which my regiment was encamped, it became my duty to halt a good many straggling or rather flanking horsemen. I found them to be invariably commissioned officers with small parties on a scout or else bearers of important dispatches. I soon became aware of the real character of the flankers, and yet in almost every instance they got off scot free. In comparison of the restraint to which as an infantryman I was subjected to the life of gaiety and freedom enjoyed by these cavalymen, made me readily join in the hue and cry which soon began to be raised against that branch of the service. One of the many grounds of complaint urged was that it was so difficult to distinguish the officers from the men. All were mounted and wore swords; and scarcely any acknowledged a rank less than that of a field officer when accosted by an infantryman. Another, and perhaps the most serious objection raised, was that they foraged so widely and so thoroughly that the foot-soldiers encamped within a league of them could only glean after them. The chickens, cream, butter, and eggs were swept out of existence for miles in the vicinity of our encampment, and we had to rest satisfied with apple-butter, sour milk, and an occasional old hen.

The last mentioned cause of offense so rankled in our hearts that the sight of a squad of gay cavaliers entering in the distance some farm-house front gate, toward which we were directing our weary footsteps, raised the most unchristian spirit. It was bad enough to have them riding out with all the pretty girls and splashing mud into our faces as they swept triumphantly by, but when it came to systematically and universally devouring the nice things that the generous country folk had laid by for the soldier, the evil was regarded as intolerable. Such was the beginning of the antipathy of the infantry toward the cavalry; afterward, when in the prosecution of grand campaigns, the cavalry was chiefly used for the purpose of making reconnoissance, this feeling seemed justified by the apparent non-combateness of the mounted patriots. They were rarely seen to participate in the by-fights. Upon going into battle the advancing columns of infantrymen almost invariably met small parties of cavalry, apparently retreating to the rear, though really withdrawing to the flanks.

And so with many the opinion began to be entertained that the cavalry was a set of dastards whose business was to steal and plunder, but not to fight. An opinion, too, which was not confined to the ignorant, but held by men of intelligence and high rank. General

McGruder, I am informed, used to say that he never saw a dead man with spurs on. I have heard more than one veteran officer say that the loss of the battles of Winchester and Fisher's Hill was due to the fact that General Early did not credit the reports brought to him by his cavalry scouts of the movements of the Federals on his flank. This feeling of hostility by the infantry was resented and returned by the cavalry; and while it occasionally led to blows, it seldom failed to break out in offensive words whenever an opportunity occurred. Sometimes it merely brought on a good-natured encounter of wit, and on these occasions there were often flashes of a brilliancy rarely equaled.

I remember once hearing General Butler, of South Carolina, tell a story illustrative of this feeling. He was riding one day at a gallop through a field. All at once he saw an infantryman, some distance off, making signs of distress. The unfortunate man seemed to be trying to overtake him. His shrieks were so imploring and his gestures so piteous to see, that General Butler, deeply moved, not only checked up but wheeling his horse rode back toward the distressed soldier. Upon getting near, General Butler kindly asked what he could do for him. "O, I only wanted to know," said he, "if you thought I had time to roll up my blankets."

I was riding once along the road, in Orange County, Va., near which a brigade of infantry was encamped. I had purposely gone a little out of my way to keep from passing by the camp. Just when I thought I was safely out of reach of any straggling parties, I espied an infantryman sitting on a fence near the road, and holding an infant in his arms. I thought to myself as I approached him, "here is some patriot soldier who has had the luck to camp near home," and as I was about to indulge in some grave conjectures, as to whether this child would ever see its father again, or remember him when the war was over, when the soldier, after kindly saluting me, said to the child soothingly, "Don't be scared, my boy, he wont hurt you; he is nothing but a butter-milk ranger." I am sorry to say that there arose, then and there, a strong desire to murder that man, but for the sake of the child I repressed it and went on my way. Upon joining the cavalry I found out what constituted the charm of that service. There was a freedom of action for all, unknown to even the company officers of an infantry regiment. Every cavalryman was the owner of a horse, and generally of his arms and equipments. He was, so to speak, a stockholder in the Confederate enterprise, and by virtue of the same was lifted above the place of a common foot

soldier. To go from the infantry to the cavalry was to exchange servitude for freedom, and to be promoted to a sort of equestrian rank. The cavalryman need not stagger on the march beneath the burning sun, nor swelter in rifle-pits, nor rot in pestilential camps. His gallant steed carried him comfortably through wind and weather; and in the line of duty he went where the air was the purest and the food the most nutritious.

He went on raids and captured wagon trains and horses and various kinds of valuable property, in which he shared according to a common law that was called the custom of the service. There were plenty of cavalrymen who kept hid away in some secure retreat from two to six captured horses. Some made a business of it and had several points to which these horses were sent. After they got enough to make a drove they probably sold them.

A cavalry camp often resembled a horse fair, and of all jockeys, perhaps a soldier jockey was the most unscrupulous. All that was necessary to complete the happiness of a cavalryman was a good horse, sound in wind, limb, and sight, a McClellan's saddle, and a Colt's revolver, army size. Of course, as the infantryman became better informed as to these advantages the more he was tempted to disparage the office of the equestrian soldier. This hostility extended to many of the other branches of the pedestrian service where muskets were not carried.

I was sitting once, on a hot, sultry day in midsummer, under a tent-fly near a highway, when a small party of the pioneer corps came by. They were carrying axes and spades stained with the earth in which they had been working. Their faces were begrimed with sweat and dirt, and they looked weary and footsore. Near me was lying, almost asleep, a cavalryman of doubtful courage and a bragging tongue. Raising himself up as the pioneers passed he growled at them, "Yes, damn you, here you come to bury us." One of the party, a man of about fifty, turned and, pointing his finger at him said, "If we bury you, we'll bury you alive." As the war progressed the antagonism between the hostile branches seemed to increase in spite of the fact that the well-known valor of each had inspired a mutual respect.

This paradoxical state of things was due to several causes, the most important of which were probably that the cavalry recruited at the expense of the infantry, and the conscript law had brought into the field several new regiments of cavalry which did not always cover themselves with glory. The new mounted troops were known among

the old stagers as wildcat cavalry. Made up as they were, to some extent, of the "cankers" of a long war rather than a "calm peace," poorly equipped and hurriedly organized, they were. pushed into the trench before they had learned the elements of military drill, and, as might well have been expected, did not behave under fire with the coolness of veterans. Yet among these were some of the finest officers and bravest men in the service.

A very good story used to be current which illustrates the poor opinion the infantry had of these troops as organized bodies, and, at the same time, of the high opinion they had of the courage of some of the men. An infantry officer, upon one occasion, while riding down the turnpike in the Shenandoah Valley, met a wildcat company of cavalry in full retreat. Seizing a carbine from one of the fugitives he gallantly tried to rally them. He partially succeeded and for a while the enemy was checked. But reinforcements kept coming up and his forlorn hope was soon reduced to a single man beside himself. But *he* was an army of one. The enemy kept approaching, yet his fire did not slack. The time had arrived when even a brave man might see that discretion was the better part of valor, but the infantry officer did not like to be the first to suggest retreat. At last he remarked that the Federals were yelling very near. "Yes," responded the wildcat man, ramming in another cartridge, "if they come a little closer I'll hit one of them." This ended the conversation and the last time the infantry officer saw the man he had rallied he was enveloped in the smoke of battle and surrounded by Federal horsemen.

The formation of new and badly-armed mounted battalions elsewhere, as well as in Virginia, seemed to keep alive this feeling. Most of you doubtless have heard the following story, illustrative of this in the State of Alabama. It happened in a passenger-car full of soldiers and citizens. The train had stopped at a station and there reigned a dead silence. Presently a soldier with a painfully serious face and a very business-like air got up and inquired if any member of Brown's battalion was on board. At once there arose a distinguished looking cavalry officer, with a major's star on his collar and dressed in the height of military style. In a modest yet determined manner he said, "I have the honor of being the commanding officer of that celebrated body of patriots." "I only wanted to tell you," said the soldier, "not to be scared, for I am going to pop a cap on my gun."

Perhaps none of the many privileges enjoyed by the cavalry was more envied by the infantry than that of getting "horse-furloughs."

This sprung from the fact that the mounted Confederate furnished his own horse, and when the one in service was about used up or "played," as they termed it, the public interest demanded that his rider should go away from the front back to his private quartermaster department and get a fresh one. To get a horse-furlough it was only necessary for a cavalryman to swap for a broken-down horse and then ask for leave to go home after a fresh one. In the course of time, by means of sharp practice, these furloughs became transferable like army contracts, and were sometimes bought and sold by a species of brokers. I remember a story which illustrates this. A cavalryman on picket wrote to a friend of his in the brigade camp to buy him a horse-furlough. He said that the price was about eighty dollars, but that he would give a little more. He wished to get it as low as possible, but in any event he would not go beyond one hundred dollars, *for that was his limit*. "But," he added, "if it can not possibly be bought for one hundred dollars I will be compelled to give even as much as one hundred and twenty-five dollars, though you must distinctly bear in mind *that my limit is one hundred dollars*."

Upon one occasion, when riding alone, I was about to cross the Robinson River, in Orange County, Virginia, I discovered on the opposite bank some infantry encamped on the road along which my route lay. Upon realizing the ordeal to which I was about to be subjected my heart sank within me. But just as I reached the further shore I was greatly relieved to see coming up the river-bank an ambulance followed by a solitary horseman. I waited a moment for them to pass on ahead, and as I contemplated the cavalryman I felt sure that he would save me several pangs. He was evidently going home on a horse-furlough. He was mounted on a steed compared to which the Rozinante of Don Quixote was a Kentucky thoroughbred. Though "thin as a rail," his leanness only seemed to bring out his other defects. He was lame in one fore foot and had the scratches badly in both hind ones. His tail dropped lifeless adown his bony shanks, while his countenance at each motion of the pinching saddle showed the pain he was undergoing. His eyes were of the saddest hue, and I fancied that I could see a big round tear rolling down his piteous nose.

The rider much resembled the horse in appearance, and his equipments were so mean as to border on the picturesque. A nondescript bundle was strapped on behind, and a rusty sword, the belt of which was much too large, swung down nearly touching the ground, and made a ringing noise at each effort of the animal to take a new

step. With the ambulance in the lead, the solitary horseman next, and myself bringing up the rear, we entered the lane. Instantly discovering us, many of the soldiers came to the post and rail fences on either side of the road, and putting their elbows on the top rail and their heads between their hands, stared at us as if we were a traveling menagerie in full display. Their first remarks referred to the ambulance. One said, "Do they have them things in the cavalry, boys?" "O, yes," said another, "that's what they carry butter and eggs in." Then seeing the knight of the sorrowful figure, they fired a volley along the whole line. "Hush, boys," said one, "here comes the general." "Look at his sword," said another; "he's a regular Yankee-eater." "Better keep still; he'll cut your head off." "Charge him!" "Charge him!" By the time we got past that encampment, I had made up my mind not to pass another if it took a day's journey to go around it.

Down to the surrender of Appomattox, this mutual hostility continued, but toward the last greatly mollified by a consciousness of a community of suffering and glory. The infantryman gradually learned that a good cavalryman did his full share of the fighting. It was soon discovered by the most prejudiced that, though the cavalry might not be conspicuous on the pitched battle-fields, it performed glorious service in a multitude of smaller engagements, and particularly in making with cool daring those movements on the enemy's flanks upon which the fate of campaigns so much depended.

A single instance of the gallantry of Confederate cavalry may be given, selected not because it outshines all others but because it was witnessed by several thousand infantrymen. It occurred at Rappahanock Springs, near Warrenton, Virginia, during the campaign of 1863, when Lee was evidently trying to mask with cavalry a forward movement of his main body. Near the Springs his progress was stoutly disputed by a considerable force of Federals. They were engaged by the Twelfth Virginia Regiment of cavalry, and after some fighting withdrew across a small stream on the east side of which were the hotel buildings on rising ground. Across this stream, which now separated the combatants, was an uncovered bridge or rough gangway. Nearly one hundred skirmishers posted on the further bank and supported by a considerable body of cavalry and artillery defended the position. Within cannon shot lay a division of Confederate infantry, but they "laid low" and waited for the small force of cavalry to open the way. The order was given to charge; and at the same moment a heavy fire from the Confederate artillery diverted

the attention of the enemy. The foremost squadron was commanded by Captain Baylor of Jefferson County, Virginia. As the head of of the column advanced it met a storm of bullets and cannon shot. In spite of the terrific fire it reached the bridge unbroken. Across it they passed, now crowding on the gangway. But just as they approached the other end they discovered that the planks had been torn up and that a gap of thirty feet lay between them and the bank. With but little confusion they regain their own side of the stream, and plunging down a steep bank into its waters, they dashed through, and capturing the skirmish-line charged the supporting Federal squadrons, driving them pell-mell from the position they occupied. During this charge, which lasted but a minute or two, the earth shook with the roar of musketry and artillery; but far above it all was heard by the charging column the mighty shouts of thousands of Lee's infantry who, from the surrounding hills, had witnessed this gallant feat at arms.

WHAT A SOLDIER SAW AND KNOWS.

The boy with paper hat and wooden sword sums up the results of *his* battles with much more accuracy than the soldier who participates in the struggles of real war.

The boy can tell *how* came the famous victory, sees *how* the geese were put to flight, understands how a change of base betters his position, and as he fights and runs away, lives to fight another day.

The youth who exchanges the doubtful music of the toy drum for the stirring rattle of the field band, and staggers through the city's streets in the hope that his parti-colored plume may attract the gaze of brighter eyes, sums up the results of his battles with equal accuracy, because his contests are those of dreams, and in them the geese are always fleeing before his victorious eagles; the recruit in camp of instruction, when he is made to police with barrow and shovel, drops suddenly from the poetry of war to a prosaic appreciation of coming troubles in the shape of hard work. But one who has passed through the primary, intermediate, and senior stages of soldier life, as epoched in the age of boyhood, youth, and manhood, has but little trouble in retrospecting in a twinkling his whole life—whether in field, in camp, or on the march; and he will tell you truthfully that in the graduating period he knew less of what was

going on around him than in the days when he marshaled his battalions of colored buttons, when he strutted with wooden gun or tin sword, or when the girls at the windows took "a sly glance" at him. But he sees some of the effects of war in the changes in its surroundings.

Twenty-one years ago there was gathered in the African Baptist Church in Richmond, Va., a goodly company of Kentuckians, and then and there a dapper little fellow, of the type who afterward might have been seen guarding corn piles in rear of the army, mustered into service your humble servant, and wrote opposite his name the following *descriptio personæ*: Age, twenty-two years; height, five feet seven and one half inches; hair light, eyes gray, and florid complexion. This done, Theophilus Thomas was clinched as a soldier of the Confederacy, and twenty years have passed since the same individual who then enlisted to the hopeful strains of "Willie's Gone for a Soger," tramped homeward to the unmelodious refrain of "Johnny Comes Marching Home."

It is his habit occasionally to take from his desk in a semi-sort of childish way, his few mementoes of the Lost Cause; *now* he has in hand an engraved promise to pay "twenty years after the ratification of peace between the Confederate States and the United States," and he knows that white-winged peace has fluttered down fully seventeen years ago, though he is unconscious of having done much to cause the fluttering; in fact, this feat of the "white-winged" one seemed to him at the time very like the swooping of an eagle; he knows the promise to pay has not been complied with, and is told that it represents "nothing on God's green earth and nothing in the waters below it." Then he takes down a yellowed paper whose spaces are filled with his name, and reads his *respected* parole, in which he substantially promises not to hurt or otherwise maltreat the United States of America until he is regularly exchanged.

Thus for long, weary years he has kept his promise inviolate and kept his clutches off the trembling Union, amusing himself occasionally while waiting for his exchange by toasting his rheumatic shins by the fireside, and peopling every glowing coal with the creatures and circumstances of war-time reminiscences.

He sees his own company under its banner of stars and bars; he sees the drills in old "Camp Lee"; he sees the excited throngs in the corridors of Spotswood and Exchange hotels talking loudly of Manassas, while the melody of martial music and notes of patriotic song ride out on the air, mingling with the confusion of sounds; he

sees the company "all aboard" for the front; sees the mangled forms of many of his comrades at Hanover Junction, a railroad accident; sees his regiment in camp at Bull Run, Manassas, Fairfax; sees his battalion on the marches to Mason's and Aspen hills; sees there the battalions of the foemen on dress parade and hears the music of their bands; sees one half his company retreat with the main army on the Warrenton pike; sees his section of the company on the picket line; sees his battalion as part of the rear guard tearing up the rails and bending them over burning stacks of cross-ties; sees the skirmish, the battle, and the retreat continue, the roads being lit up by flames of burning bridges; sees the company and regiment reunited at Orange Court-house; he sees the regiment on the road to Richmond and sees himself at Camp Lee again, ragged, dirty, and lousy, awaiting orders for Yorktown, and he notes the changes effected in these few months. The same banner of stars and bars floats from the capitol in line with the ensign of Virginia, uniforms flit through the streets, but they are faded and torn; the same southern songs are heard, but not from so many voices, and he marches with his regiment to the unequal measures of "My Old Kentucky Home" to take the steamer for Yorktown. He sees his regiment landed and double-quickened to the intrenchments at Lee's Mill; sees here one of the most brilliant charges of the war by the Third Connecticut Regiment, through water waist-deep; sees the opposing battalions exposed to view under a flag of truce while the burial party of the enemy bury the heroes of the charge; sees the men crouching in the trenches awaiting the attack; sees death from bullets, death from sickness; sees the army of the South in retreat toward the swamps of Chichominy, and sees again the mustering officer and is mustered out of service. His dream-pictures of the war's first years are ended, and the veteran stirs the dying coals, throws on more coal in the hope of smoking out the remembrance of the war's later years and of the surrender of Lee, of Johnston, and the cause of State sovereignty.

In the centennial year, a citizen five feet seven and a half inches high, light hair sprinkled with gray, and a florid complexion broken by wrinkles, sat in the Capitol Square of Richmond, where he had lounged in the exciting days of '61. Before him stretched the streets over which the proud soldiery of the South marched to be reviewed by the President; in sight of him were the windows from which floated the melody of the "Bonnie Blue Flag;" over there was the capitol, over which waved the flag of the South, near him the

benches on which lounged the gray-clad soldiers fortunate enough to get a few hours' furlough to dream of war and victory and home while the birds sang above them.

Then he again was occupied with thoughts of the changes made by destructive war. The flag of stars and bars no longer straighten out in the breeze over a Confederate capitol, but the blue flag of Virginia floats with the reinstated stars and stripes, and the story of the war between the States is but another chapter in the clustering, historic association of the colonial, revolutionary, and Confederate periods. Here bivouacked the patriotic traitor Nathaniel Bacon, here the deserter, Arnold, applied the incendiary torch, here were heard the burning words of Patrick Henry, and here was the heart that sent the life-blood coursing through the armies of Lee and Johnston. Bacon's Run still ripples on its course, Washington monument stands as the noblest work of its kind in America, and England's tribute to our own "Stonewall" is seen in Foley's statue of the hero. Sixteen thousand heroes sleeping in Oakland, fourteen thousand in Hollywood, have died in vain. The pyramidal monument, Richmond's tribute to her unforgotten dead, points skyward, and the soldier who entered the army of the South in the old African church, has seen the beginning and the ending, knows it was a famous fight and glorious, and closes for the present his book of reminiscences.

CONFEDERATE TITHE TAX.—In the last year of the war a soldier in the cavalry service in Southwestern Virginia learning that the government had ordered the collection of one tenth of the products of field and farm, appointed himself a collector without the customary formality of consulting the authorities at Richmond. The wisdom of his selection was soon sweetly manifest in almost every mess of the brigade, because wheat, parched corn, or peanut coffee no longer lacked their saccharine condiments, and the grateful treacle of the maple streamed through the camp; in fact, the camp was the sweetest one in all the Confederacy. The agent had gathered in one tenth of all the maple sugar made for miles around. Republics are always ungrateful, and the collector was sent to the infantry, where, in the innocent companionship of the web feet, no temptation would be thrown out to engage again in government work of doubtful patriotism. There the law of mine and thine would be always respected.

Reminiscences.

WHO FIRST FIRED AT SUMPTER?

I wish to correct an error which has almost passed into an historical fact. It is this, that Edmund Ruffin of Virginia did not fire the first gun at Fort Sumpter, but that Captain George S. James of South Carolina, afterward killed when a Lieutenant-colonel, at Boonsboro, Md., did fire it.

The writer was a captain of the South Carolina army at the time, and aide-de-camp on the staff of General Beauregard. He now has before him a diary written at the time, and there can be no mistake as to the fact.

The summon for the surrender or evacuation was carried by Colonel Chestnut of South Carolina and Captain S. D. Lee. They arrived at Sumpter at 2:20 P.M., April 11.

Major Anderson declined to surrender, but remarked, "He would be starved out in a few days, if he was not knocked to pieces by General Beauregard's batteries." This remark was repeated to General Beauregard, who informed President Davis. The result was a second message was sent to Major Anderson by the same officers, accompanied by Roger A. Pryor of Virginia and Colonel Chisholm of South Carolina. The message arrived at Sumpter at 12:25 A.M. April 12. Major Anderson was informed that if he would say that he would surrender on April 15, and in the meantime would not fire on General Beauregard's batteries unless he was fired on he would be allowed that time; also that he would not be allowed to receive provisions from the United States authorities. The major declined to accede to this arrangement, saying he would not open fire unless a hostile act was committed against his fort or his flag, but that if he could be supplied with provisions before the 15th of April he would receive them, and in that event he would not surrender. This reply being unsatisfactory, Colonel James Chestnut and Captain S. D. Lee gave the major a written communication, dated "Fort Sumpter, S. C., April 12, 1861, 3:20 A.M.," informing him, by authority of General Beauregard, that the

batteries of General Beauregard would open on the fort in one hour from that time.

The party, as designated, then proceeded in their boat to Fort Johnson, on James Island, and delivered the order to Captain George S. James, commanding the mortar-battery, to open fire on Fort Sumpter. At 4:30 A.M. the first gun was fired at Fort Sumpter, and at 4:40 the second gun was fired from the same battery. Captain James offered the honor of firing the first shot to Roger A. Pryor of Virginia. He declined, saying he could not fire the first gun. Another officer then offered to take Pryor's place. James replied, "No! I will fire it myself." And he did fire it. At 4:35 A.M. nearly all the batteries in the harbor were firing on Sumpter. Mr. Edmund Ruffin (who was much beloved and respected) was at the battery on Morris Island. I always understood he fired the first gun from the iron battery, but one thing is certain—he never fired the first gun against Fort Sumpter. George S. James did. Nor did he fire the second gun. He may have fired the third gun, or first gun from the iron battery on Morris Island.—*S. D. Lee, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

ANOTHER OPINION.—"QUAD" ON THE FIRST GUN.—Silence now! In the floating battery is an old gray-haired man.* He has sought the privilege of firing the first gun of the war. The lanyard he holds in his hand is the rope which will ring the bell of destiny. When that bell strikes, a mighty republic will fall in fragments and it will take the blood of a hundred battles to cement it.

The bell has struck. At the word, the old man has pulled the lanyard, and a solid shot whirrs across the waters and strikes the brick wall of Fort Sumpter with a thud.

"THE LAST SHOT." — At Greensboro, North Carolina, on the morning of the 26th day of April, Colonel Hume R. Field rode out to the front, and hearing of the surrender and capitulation of all the armies of the South, came galloping back toward our picket line, when the vidette, mistaking him for a Federal soldier, fired on him, the ball striking him in the thigh, mangling and shivering the bone and mutilating the flesh frightfully. It was the very last shot that was ever fired by our regiment in the cause of the South. Colonel Field was one of the bravest men I ever knew and served for four years in the First Tennessee Regiment. Our regiment (First Ten-

*Mr. Ruffin of Virginia.

nessee) was paid off the same morning, each man receiving an old silver Mexican dollar, and there being an extra dollar for every seventh man, we cut the cards for the odd dollar. "Co. AYCH."

At Bethel Church in Georgia, on the first day of December, 1864, the brigade of Kentucky cavalry commanded by Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge suddenly encountered a large force of Federal cavalry. Hastily dismounting the brigade charged them on foot and with wild yells drove them back regiment upon regiment until the open pine woods as far as you could see was one dense surging mass of demoralized blue coats on horseback. They did not retire in haste, but stubbornly fought us at every step. The writer rode up the road to our extreme left, with orders to send wounded men back to the church. Just as I reached the line a six-footer named Smith, Company G, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, from behind a pine tree leveled his rifle at a splendidly dressed Federal officer and shot him dead from his horse. Just then another charge was made and again the enemy fell back a short distance. Smith dropped his rifle, drew his army revolver, and in the face of fifty or sixty Federals popping away at him at a range of fifty yards he ran to the fallen officer, and while with one hand he was firing at the enemy he stooped down and with the other took from his pocket a splendid gold watch and chain, and then safely retreated back to his old position again behind the pine tree. All the gold watches in Sherman's army could not have tempted me to run the same risk of my life. Federal prisoners told us we drove nearly the whole of Kilpatrick's command back behind a corps of infantry and twenty pieces of artillery.

KENTUCKY NEW ERA, Hopkinsville: "We have received a copy of THE BIVOUAC, a forty-eight page monthly, published by the Southern Historical Association at Louisville, Kentucky, for the purpose of preserving the papers of the association, and of enabling the public to read the contributions offered. Old ex-Confederates will find this publication very interesting, giving as it does, well delineated and accurate accounts of the bloody drama in which they were actors. The price is only one dollar and a half per annum, in advance, or fifteen cents a number.

Editorial.

WE are in receipt of the October and November numbers of the "*Southern Historical Papers*," a magazine already very favorably known throughout the country. As in former numbers, this one is filled with historical papers of the highest interest. This publication is taking the lead as a *strictly reliable* historical magazine, and the ex-Confederate (or Federal either) who fails to have it come regularly, and having it reserved for the future, is losing a golden opportunity of adding to his library THE HISTORY of our late war. Three dollars entitles you to membership in the society at Richmond, Va., and the "Papers" will then be sent you *free of charge*. Life-membership, \$50.00. Address Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., Secretary, Richmond, Va. We thank the aforesaid society for the following notice of the SOUTHERN BIVOUC: "We can only say now that the contents are fresh, interesting, and of a decided historic value; that the enterprise is one which old Confederates, and lovers of truth generally, ought to patronize, and that we wish it the most abundant success. We congratulate the Louisville Association that they are strong enough to sustain an organ of their own."

"CO. AYTCHE."—This is the title of a book written by Sam R. Watkins of Columbia, Tennessee, and during the war a private soldier in the First Tennessee Infantry. We have not as yet become very expert as reviewers of books or periodicals, but as Watkins often says in his book, "We can only write of things as they appear to us." In the first place, it is precisely the kind of work we are looking for, viz. a narration of events that happened before the eyes of the "fighters." The book throughout, from the first to the last, is filled with reminiscences of thrilling interest. We have never read a book (and we here pledge you that every word in it was eagerly read by us) which came so near placing us again in camp or tramp, tramp, tramping" along the dusty roads or over frozen mountains and streams; lying down in the rain, or in the snow, or under the canopy of a summer sky; the ambush, the surprise, the

desperate charge; the humiliating retreat; the victorious shout; the ghastly battle-field the day after; the foraging to sustain life, and the amusing episode connected therewith, all told again with such truthfulness that we felt like we had met a hundred old comrades and spent hours with them recounting the deeds of war. Mr. Watkins makes no pretensions to a correct history of the war, but the reader of that book would be astonished to find out how much he has actually learned of the causes of the struggle and the sentiment of the sections during the conflict. We welcome the book to our library, and will probably accept his invitation to copy extracts from it in the future. The price of the book is only \$1.50 bound in cloth, and seventy-five cents paper back. Address S. R. Watkins, Columbia, Tennessee.

IN this number we publish an interesting communication from Major George S. Storrs, who is now the principal of a flourishing institution of learning at Thorp Springs, Hood County, Texas. Major Storrs was a brilliant and accomplished artillery officer in the Army of Tennessee, and commanded the battalion of artillery in French's division, Stewart's corps (General Polk's old command). Breckinridge's old division will recall him at Jackson, Mississippi, July 1863, when that division repulsed the Federal charge on its line, as the dashing young chief of French's artillery, who turned the guns of his left battery with a raking fire, into the flank of the enemy. The artillery of Graves and Storrs achieved great distinction on that day.

HAS it occurred to the wives, sisters, and daughters of ex-Confederate soldiers that a year's subscription to the *BIVOUAC* would be a most acceptable Christmas present to their husbands, brothers, and fathers.

THE meeting of Morgan's men at Lexington was a successful one, and arrangements were made for a grand reunion some time in June next.

A HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, auxiliary to the Richmond Society, has been organized in Vicksburg.

WE publish, in this number, the first installment of a serial by an eminent jurist of this city, entitled "The Adventures of a Confederate."

Query Box.

THE editor of this department will endeavor to ascertain the whereabouts of ex-Confederate soldiers, and answer all questions when the information sought for is accessible.

THE following answer to a query in October BIVOUAC is just such as might be expected concerning the movements of two good soldiers, for the transition from the Confederate army to the pulpit seems to us to be at once easy and natural:

In response to a query in your October number, I would say that Major Walter H. Robertson is now Rev. Walter H. Robertson, Gloucester C. H., Virginia, and Leslie T. Hardy's present address is (I think) Rev. Leslie T. Hardy, Simpsonville, Kentucky. Yours truly, J. WM. JONES.

RICHMOND, VA., November 12.

EDITORS BIVOUAC: 1. Does your subscription list contain the names of ex-Confederates only? 2. Is your circulation confined to the city?

LOUISVILLE, KY., December 7, 1882.

Answer: 1. We have a number of lady subscribers and a good list of ex-Federal soldiers. 2. Circulates in nearly every Southern State, and we have lately received subscriptions from Pennsylvania, Virginia, Arkansas, Ohio, and Massachusetts.

DR. L. D. D., Louisville: Did not General Bate of Tennessee lose both an arm and leg in the Confederate service?

Answer: He may have lost an arm but he recently made too good a race for a one-legged man. For further answer the question is respectfully referred to the general himself, who is presumed to know how much of a wooden man he is.

MASTER H. G., Knoxville, Tennessee: I have heard so much of the knightly cavaliers of the South, their plumes floating in the breeze while they charged fire-belching batteries. Will you describe one as he appeared when you saw him?

Answer: He is riding leisurely along the road with one leg thrown over the pommel of his saddle; he is smoking a corn-cob pipe; the wind has cut the crown of his hat like you would cut open a can of corned beef, and tosses

his uncombed hair as it plumes through the open crown; the flexible brim of his warrior's hat is held in place by pins at the sides; his face is unshaven; his dingy roundabout is open at the throat, disclosing a calico shirt without the bloom of youth, and is clasped at the waist with an old U. S. belt, through which a five-shooter is thrust, and his uniform is complete with the holes at his knees, at the elbows, at his toes, and other places not seen because he is mounted. This is the pen-picture from memory. Should you like to see the picture in statue, look at the scare-crow in your father's corn-field.

THE editors of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC wish to find out the address of Major Rob Cobb, who was chief of artillery under General Breckinridge, and before that, the commander of Cobb's famous battery.

EDITORS SOUTHERN BIVOUAC: Please tell me, if you can, what has become of General Hood's orphans?

DENVER, COL.

MRS. C. V.

Answer: From an extract of Eva Harding's letter in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* we learn that "the twin girls, twelve years of age, are being educated by Mr. Morris in Hanover; John B., the eldest boy, has been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Russell, of Mississippi; Duncan N., nine years, is being educated by Miss Furniss, a wealthy lady of New York; Lilian and Maria, twins of eight years, have been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher Adams of New York; Odile and Ida, twins of six years, are under the care of Mr. and Mrs. McGhee, Woodville, Mississippi; Oswald, five years, has been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Harney of New York; Anna Gertrude, the youngest, died two years since from teething. They are, each and every one, fine children, handsome, intelligent, and full of character.

Taps.

THOS. OWENS, a lawyer at Carlisle, has been detailed to write up the history of the corps of sharp-shooters of Lewis's old brigade (C. S. A.). Himself and Prof. Frank Smith of the Cynthiana High School, are the only ones left in the bluegrass region. The corps numbered but twelve, which maximum it kept recruited to all the time, and were armed with Kerr rifles, presented by General John C. Breckinridge, and were commanded by Lieutenant Burton of Kentucky, one of the most daring and self-sacrificing men in the South, who has never returned to his native heath, but took up his permanent abode in Georgia since the war. The history will be published in the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC by the Southern Historical Association of Louisville. —*Bourbon News.*

AMONG the identities and withal oddities of our regiment was private Gibbon—not *high* private Gibbon; for, though a man in years, he hardly stood five feet in his army shoes, and when this diminutive soldier was in ranks, at an "order arms" his bayonet towered high above his head. Whether or not he was a relative of the historian was a mooted question among his comrades, but it was the general opinion, for certain reasons, that he was not. However small private Gibbon was in stature, he felt as large as a Lambert about his *rights*, and, when the tocsin of war was sounded, he promptly rallied to the Southern flag. On a certain midnight dreary, Gibbon was pacing his beat as one of the camp-guard. The regiment was then encamped near Oakland station, above Bowling Green, Kentucky, and being among the advanced infantry, "eternal vigilance" was the motto, the sentinels having to do guard-duty with loaded guns. It was a winter night. The wind came cutting cold over the level fields, and Jack Frost nibbled desperately at Private Gibbon's toes. At length a smouldering camp-fire hard by wooed him from his post, and while hovering over it he was discovered by our colonel, whose custom it was to pass about at unusual hours of the night to see that the sentinels were doing their duty. The colonel had a knack at

knowing every soldier in his regiment by name, and recognizing Private Gibbon in the faint firelight, spoke to him sternly, "Gibbon, what are you doing there?" "I—I—I'm lighting my pipe," stammered Gibbon, his teeth now rattling together more from fright than cold. "Do you not know that it is wrong to thus leave your beat?" asked the colonel, severely. But—but—but, colonel, it is *o-o-nly a little cob pipe!*" pleaded Gibbon, as he resumed his post, and no doubt thinking that this explanation was sufficient to take the edge from the crime he had committed. Whether or not the colonel ever examined the Army Regulations to see if *little cob pipes* could be lighted under the circumstances, the writer is not advised, but he does record it as a historic fact that Private Gibbon was not court-martialed.

MAJOR THOMAS H. HAYS contributes the following :

The railroad adventure related so graphically in the last number of the BIVOUAC, reminds me that Andy Clarke was the engineer the night of that fearful ride down the Cumberland Mountain. I was then on post duty at Chattanooga, and Andy was the first one to give me a description of it. When he had finished the story of the terrible agony he was in as they came thundering down the mountain, without a brake upon any car, I asked him what he did during those moments of terrible suspense. Said he, "What could I do? I'll tell ye, I jist got down on me knees on the fire-board and asked the Houly Mary to protect General Buckner's b'ys, and begorra she did it like a little lady."

Andy Clarke was as brave and as true an Irishman as ever followed the Kentucky boys and General Buckner during the war. During the summer of 1861 he was the engineer in charge of the construction train at Colesburg, at the foot of Muldraugh's Hill, on the L. & N. R. R. The Salt River Battalion of the Kentucky State Guard was in camp on the summit of the hill. Every Sunday Andy would spend the day witnessing with great interest the drill and dress-parade. His admiration for General Buckner and his boys was unbounded, and being an ardent sympathizer with the South, declared his intention of joining their fortunes whenever the battalion took up arms for the Confederacy. He said one day to the writer, who was in command of the battalion, "Whinever ye want Andy and No. 27 [the number of his engine], jist tip me the wink an' I'll be with ye." So, on the 17th of September, the day we captured the trains at Elizabethtown and at Lebanon Junction, I sent a small detachment of men to Colesburg to notify Andy that

we were ready; to come with his train. His train was on the side-track at the station, steam up, and Andy on his engine, but, to their great surprise, he refused positively to go with them, threw off his coat and swore he would die before giving up No. 27 to the "dom'd" rebels; that he was in the service of Mr. Fink and the L. & N. R. R., and that he would never desert them. "Moind ye, I'll never desert and stale their property." As may be expected, the boys were somewhat intimidated by the brawny arm and determined manner of the brave engineer, and were about to abandon their project when Andy whispered to one of them to draw his pistol on him and he would surrender. No sooner said than done. Andy threw up his hands exclaiming, "Don't shoot; I surrender to General Buckner and the Confederacy. Let me run over and kiss my wife and darling babies and I'll go with ye." He did go, and stuck to his engine until the close of the war. He loved the Kentucky boys and always had a "wee drap" for them whenever they met.

AN Irishman by the name of O'Donahue, but very properly and appropriately called Donny, was placed on picket at Big Spring, Virginia, and Major Abe Looney being the officer on duty, thought fit to question Donny to see if he knew a picket's duty. Major Looney said, "Donny, do you know the duty of a picket?" "Yis, be jabbers, I do." "Well, if any person was to come to your post to-night, what would you say to him?" "Why, begorra, I would pre-sint arms and let him pass." "But suppose it was a Yankee, what would you do then?" "Will, if it was a Yankee, thin I would tell him that the ribils was not far off and he had better go back." Donny staid with the regiment until the reorganization at Corinth, but was never placed on picket. "CO. AVTCH."

EARLY in the war, when the Army of Northern Virginia lived in tents, an occasional keg of "juniper juice" was sent to the Georgians by considerate friends at home, and in camp eternal vigilance was the security of the "fire-water." The soldiers of the —th Louisiana often drank this liquor in their own quarters. They managed to get possession in this way: One of their number who was remarkable for a chronic blackeye and a battered nose was known as the *sacrifice man*. His business was to make a bold effort to steal the liquor from the front of the tent, in which of course he would be detected, and while he patiently received his well-deserved punishment his confederates would roll out the keg from the rear of the tent.

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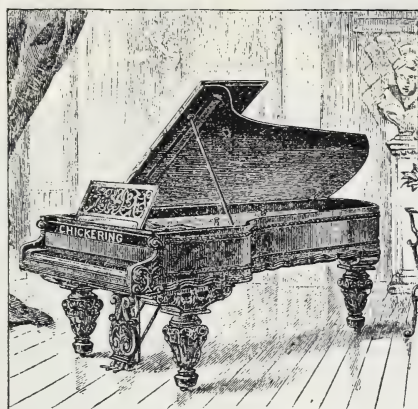
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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

GENERAL LEE ON SEWELL MOUNTAIN.

Some time in the latter part of August, 1861, General Rosecrans escaped from General Lee, who was confronting him in Greenbriar Mountain, and advanced rapidly to strike General Floyd, who was stationed at Carnifax Ferry on the west bank of Gauley River.

Floyd had only three regiments and a battery. Rosecrans had twelve thousand men. Floyd could not fall back across the river because his boat had been swept away by a great freshet. The men, however, were hard at work building a boat when the news of the advance of the enemy was received. Floyd's camp was in a horse-shoe of the Gauley with a perpendicular cliff all around, except at the open end of the shoe which was about two hundred yards across. At this point Floyd had time to throw up a slight defensive work.

Rosecrans made three assaults on Floyd, but was driven back each time with heavy loss. That night the boat being completed, Floyd safely crossed all his stores, his men, and artillery, and fell back on the Ohio and James River turnpike in the direction of Sewell Mountain, ordering General Wise, who was stationed at Dogwood Gap, to bring up the rear. The retreat was slow and sullen, and Wise was always a day's march behind.

The two generals being hostile to each other before the war were now by no means friendly. Their commissions unfortunately bore the same date, and each claimed the right of command. When Floyd reached Meadowbluff Wise was on a bench of the eastern slope of Sewell Mountain. In the morning after our arrival at that point the legion was formed into a hollow square, and Wise made one of his characteristic stump speeches. With a spice of profanity he said he "was going to follow Floyd's trail no longer; that he would march back to the eastern summit of Sewell and make that mountain pass the Thermopylæ of Virginia." The wild, weird, wonderful

eloquence of the matchless Virginian was magnetic, and at that moment when the three regiments and battery of the legion responded with frantic yells and turned to meet the twelve thousand men of Rosecrans there was no coward heart in the command.

We were wretchedly armed ; my regiment (the Sixtieth) generally had flint-lock muskets that appeared to have done service in the revolution, but perhaps half of the men had bowie-knives about twenty inches long forged in common blacksmith shops.

I can never forget the advance of Rosecrans's splendid army as their bayonets flashed in the morning sun on the western summit of Sewell. Each brigade made a halt of a few minutes and then advanced to brush Wise out of the way. Wise threw forward Richardson's regiment to meet them.

It was a dense forest of oaks, poplars, and chestnuts, and the regiment strung out in a picket line behind trees completely checked the advance of the enemy. For many days it was nothing but an Indian fight—Virginians behind trees fighting Ohioans behind trees. The enemy could not advance a foot, and there was no ground level enough on which to place artillery in the deep gorge between the two mountain summits.

In the meantime Lee was advancing to our relief, and finally reached us several days in advance of his men. I had never seen him, and knowing our critical position I was anxious for his presence. The day of his arrival I was on the skirmish line, and it was unusually hot. I could not remain in one position as could the men, but frequently had to leave my tree. On such occasions the music of the minnie balls was no s  ngerfest. At noon my cook brought me some dinner and informed me that Lee had come. When relieved the next morning I returned to camp and saw him pointing out a line on which to throw up a defensive work. He wore the uniform of a Federal colonel—his old rank. His hair was very dark with only a chance gray heir. He was closely shaven, and had a square-cut coal-black moustache. He wore the peculiar high, pear-shaped crown hat common to the United States army officers at the beginning of the war. There was a kindliness in his expression most unusual in one possessing eyes so dark and brilliant. He was dignified and courtly without any of the *hauteur* naturally acquired by command.

He appeared so unconscious of his merits, so courteous, so kind, so considerate, that any one who approached him must have felt that Lee was his very particular friend.

Floyd was at once ordered up from Meadow Bluff to support Wise. In a few days the troops of Lee commenced arriving from Greenbriar Mountain. The rain was daily falling in torrents, and by that time (the middle of September) at such an altitude it was very cold. The roads were not macadamized and almost impassible. We now had a force only a few thousand less than Rosecrans, and the men were becoming anxious for a fight. The greater part of them never having seen any thing more alarming than the daily skirmishing in which we were engaged, really believed each one the equal of five Federals. We sat there in the mud and many of the men murmured at the masterly inactivity of Lee. Much of the press of Virginia and the South finally attacked his Fabian policy, and the denunciation became general. Lee was pronounced a failure by these people, and when Rosecrans retreated in six inches of snow and an unknown depth of mud, a universal howl was raised by the military editors. My quarters being within fifty yards of Lee's tent I had a good opportunity to study him. When the daily mail came I would pass and repass his quarters to see the effect of the press and the public clamor against him. He would frequently sit for an hour in the cold autumn sun on a large log near his tent reading the newspapers. I never observed the least change in his appearance. He was ever the same, quiet, self-possessed gentleman. Never a murmur escaped his lips, as I have often been informed by those who were near him.

There being no further use for the troops in that inhospitable climate they were sent to different points. Lee was ordered to South Carolina to complete the defensive works on the sea-coast between Saltkehatchie, Pocataligo, and Coosahalchie. Our colonel (afterward General Starke), who fell at Sharpsburgh (Antietam) leading a terrible charge against Hooker, being an intimate friend of Lee, we were ordered to follow him to South Carolina. I there first became personally acquainted with Lee. On his way to and from the defensive works he was superintending he frequently called to see Colonel Starke, and I have listened often with intense interest to the conversations, which generally embraced the military events of the day. There was a wonderful charm in his manner, and I never heard from him an unkind criticism on the Confederate government, on the plan of campaigns, its officers, or on the enemy. On one occasion Colonel Starke suddenly turned the conversation to the Sewell Mountain campaign, saying that as it was now over he would like to know why Lee did not fight Rosecrans, that the forces were nearly

equal, and that our men were anxious for a fight and certain of a victory. I can not at this period pretend to give the exact language of Lee; but he said in general terms that the men were in good spirits and would doubtless have done their duty, but that the battle would have been without results; that we were seventy miles from the railroad—the base of our supplies; that the road was almost impassable; that we could not get a two-days' supply of provisions; that if he had fought and been victorious, while Rosecrans retreated west he would have had to retreat east to his supplies. "But," said Starke, "your reputation was suffering, the press was denouncing you, your State was losing confidence in you, and the army needed a victory to enthuse it." A sad smile lit up the splendid face of Lee, and his reply was worthy of a Spartan—it was more; it was worthy of the purest and best Christian soldier of this or any other age: "I could not afford to sacrifice the lives of five or six hundred of my people to silence public clamor."

I saw many things afterward to admire in General Lee, and since those dark days have read much of his greatness and goodness, but nothing in his whole history gives me such an exalted idea of his lofty character as that conversation by the campfire on a sea-island in South Carolina. In pagan Greece and Rome he would have been a demigod, and who can blame those who, following, almost idolized him?

STONEWALL JACKSON'S FIRST CONFEDERATE COMMAND.

On the 29th of April, 1861, Colonel Thomas J. Jackson was sent to Harper's Ferry to assume command of the Virginia forces hastily assembled at that point to take possession of the arsenal and armory there, which were then the most extensive in the United States. Our troops had arrived just in time to witness the burning of the arsenal, with thousands of arms, and the most valuable parts of the works for the manufacture of guns, which had been fired by the retiring Federals, but succeeded in saving some of the factories, and vast stores of material and partly-finished guns, upon which our army would have to rely for their arms. Upon taking possession of the town, these works were at once put into operation, and with the assistance of the skilled workmen residing there thousands of guns were completed, and the troops were equipped as fast as they arrived.

For this reason, and because it was considered the key to the northern part of Virginia, it was thought highly important that it should be held as long as possible.

When Jackson arrived the troops were under command of General Harper, who held his position as the ranking officer in the militia of that part of Virginia. Although we had not more than four thousand men at that time, there were generals of all sizes and sorts, more than enough to command a corps. These, with their headquarters, staffs, and couriers, made an immense display of "the pomp and panoply of war"—to a green volunteer simply overpowering. I was an aid on General Harper's staff, and had ample opportunity to view and become disgusted with this profusion of tinsel, red-tape, and whisky.

The announcement that Jackson, a school-teacher, only recently made a colonel, was to outrank all this magnificence, was unwelcome news to all our generals. He came unheralded, with but two young men as his staff, Ned Cunningham and C. W. McDonald, formerly cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, of which he was Professor. His orders assuming command were to be read at dress-parade that evening, and some of the regiments were encamped at such a distance from headquarters, that to send the order on horseback, to reach them in time—Jackson and his staff had come on the train but a few hours before—his aid appealed to me in the emergency to assist in procuring a horse. Not far from us were the headquarters of one of our brigadiers whose military display eclipsed all the rest, and in front of the flag was hitched a celebrated racer, now *war-horse* of this famous brigadier, richly caparisoned in the trappings of war. I pointed him out as the only chance, and the time being short, he was unhitched and galloping off at full speed with the order before the groom could notify our brigadier of our proceedings. He soon, however, made his appearance, and berated me soundly for my impudence. "General," said I, "the cause had need of the service, and your rank entitles you to be first in setting a good example!"

Cunningham was just in time to have the orders published, which relieved all our generals of their commands. In a few days they quietly folded their tents and departed, carrying with them all the "pomp and circumstance of war," the latter being principally empty demijohns.

The soldiers first gathered at Harper's Ferry were the flower of Virginia, and had fine company officers, but had never been properly formed into regiments and brigades. Jackson soon changed this

order of things, and out of apparent chaos formed a military camp where the strictest discipline and obedience to orders was maintained. He called around him a personal staff which commanded the confidence of all, and which he retained throughout all his promotions, up to his death. These same troops, trained under his direct supervision, became the most famous brigade of the Army of Northern Virginia, and, sixty days after his coming, were christened by the intrepid General Bee, upon the battle-field of Manassas, as "Jackson's Stonewall Brigade."

ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER II.

An hour or perhaps more had passed since our cavalry corps had taken the road, when Captain Ross, passing over the temporary command of the troop to his first lieutenant, George Brooks, a fine, stalwart specimen of manhood, fully alive to all the emergencies which might arise, turned off the main road which they were traveling southward, and taking a bridle-path, put his mettlesome horse into a sharp canter. In a few moments he had entirely disappeared from the view of his soldiery. A half hour's hard riding across country brought him to the edge of a lovely lake, nestling amid the surrounding hills, like a beautiful child in the arms of its mother. The golden sand of its bottom was perfectly seen through the clear, translucent waters, while its surface, gently rippled with the passing breeze, gave it the appearance of an undulating mirror. Around its borders circled a wide beach, and in its glassy depths myriads of little fish could be seen, sporting in schools. They could be readily distinguished as the "red minnow" of the Florida lakes, a species like the goldfish, the only difference being in color, the minnow being of a light-red color, and regarded by sportsmen as the finest bait in the world for trout-fishing.

A broad road lay along the margin of the lake leading due north. Into this road Captain Ross struck. Reining in his horse to a walk, he moved slowly onward, in the direction of a large dwelling-house which could be just seen in glimpses through the grove of oaks and orange-trees, amid which it was embowered some half mile distant, on the top of a slight hill just overlooking the lake. Slowly the

captain rode, casting his eyes eagerly forward in the direction of the house, as though he expected to meet some one. At the same time examining his watch, he muttered in an under tone, "Too early, too early by half an hour." When within a few hundred yards of the house, he brought his horse to halt, he dismounted and sat himself down upon a log lying by the roadside; he took an envelope from his coat-pocket and drawing therefrom a note proceeded to read its contents.

The sun was shining warmly although it was now long past noon, but the spot he had selected for his resting-place was a piece of rising ground beneath the thick foliage of a mighty old live-oak, and the breeze blowing over the waters of the lake made the situation a delightful one. He had not remained long alone when he was aroused from a reverie into which he had fallen by the barking of a dog near by. Looking up, he saw two persons approaching, in Indian file, along a narrow trail which led from the edge of the lake to the spot where he sat. Instantly recognizing the one leading, he dropped the bridle of his horse which, up to this time, had remained hanging loosely over his arm, and jumping to his feet hastened to meet her, for it was a lady, saying, "How happy I am, Irene, that you have kept your appointment with me."

Irene De Boin, for it was she, accompanied by an aged negro-servant, before replying turned to her servant and said, "Aunt Patty, walk up the road a piece, but not out of sight, and stay till I call you;" then extending her hand to Captain Ross, she said, "I am glad, Willie, you are pleased, but I had great difficulty in getting away unnoticed. Papa has been very exacting this morning, and kept me employed on a number of little services which I thought would never end. He has been halfway angry with me too ever since I accepted the task of presenting your company with the flag, and while he has not positively forbidden me to speak with you, you know how bitterly he resented your attentions to me last winter, and he always talks disparagingly of you and your family. I honestly believe, Willie, that if he knew how much we thought of each other and how often we met, that something dreadful would happen."

"I am well aware, dear Irene, of your father's animosity to my family, and know even more of its effects than you dream of; more than I have ever dared to tell you."

"What is it, Willie; what has happened that you have never mentioned?"

"He has forbidden my visiting his house, Irene; positively forbid-

den my entering his gates, and that is the reason of my not coming to Oak Grove openly as often as my heart prompts me. I would never have told you of it if we were not about to part for a long, long time, perhaps forever, for who can tell what the results of the impending war will be? There is something more behind all this than the mere difference of political opinion between your father and mine. But I have never mustered courage to ask father about it. Have you ever considered the subject, Irene?"

"I have, Willie. I have thought of it till my poor little head would sometimes grow dizzy, but I can't make it out. Papa was always, ever since uncle James died, bitter against Dr. Ross, and his enmity is extended to all the family, but do not let us waste the precious moments, Willie. You are about to leave me. You are going where wounds and death follow. O what would become of me if you should get killed? Every thing looks so glowing and happy now. But if any thing happens to you, God help me. What a wretched, miserable world this would be." And the great tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Don't look at it in that way, Irene. Nothing will happen to me. I am going where honors and distinction will be the rewards offered for vigilance and courage. When I return, love, I hope to make you the wife of a general. Cheer up; there's nothing in the future save glory and honor. There, now, dry those lovely eyes. The lady-love of a soldier should never grow faint-hearted. And yet, Irene, I love you more for those tears, for they assure me of your affection. Come, come, pretty one, one fond embrace and I must be gone. When I return from the wars let us hope that every obstacle to our happiness will be cleared away, and O what a divine consummation that will be. You must write to me every chance you get. Be true to me, Irene; and now, fond one, good bye." Throwing their arms around each other they took a long, loving embrace.

It seemed like tearing their heart-strings to part, but yet it had to be. She remained rooted to the spot, the very picture of grief, till long after he had disappeared from her sorrowful vision, then turning sadly she wended her way slowly homeward; the world all darkness, the light of life having passed away with the lover from whom she had just parted. When and where should she see him again? What would happen before that time? Many now gay and happy, full of the warm blood of youth and the breathing glow of health would, ere that time, be numbered with the dead. Who could tell what this war would bring forth; what proportions it would

assume; how long it would last, and where it would all end? The history she had studied at school had given an account of many wars and this account was always teeming with death, devastation, and destruction. How many pleasant homes, now brimful of pleasure and wealth, would be laid low, and the charred refuse only mark the spots once the abode of peace and plenty. Her mind was full of terrible pictures. They would come. She could not drive them away. Revengefully they pursued her all the way home. All that evening, even in her dreams, when worn out she at last fell asleep, pictures of misery and wretchedness, pictures of battlefields, and of the killed and wounded, came in troops, presented themselves in every form of ghastliness and horror, until at last day broke and she rose from her couch exhausted, to realize afresh the sorrows of the previous day's parting.

'T is ever thus all through life. The affections, like a tender vine, grow up and twine around some object which pleases, when lo, a blight destroys or the woodman's axe cuts down the support which afforded it an opportunity of expanding and beautifying itself in the genial rays of the sun, and deprived of its support the vine sprawls in the dust, to be trodden under foot and crushed out of form or perhaps existence.

Irene De Boin had, up to this time, led a happy life. The idol of a fond father and doting mother, she had met no reverses and but few checks to pleasure in hitherto unclouded girlhood. She was an only child, and had grown up into a beautiful woman, surrounded by every luxury that wealth could supply. She had never had a want which remained unsatisfied, and had been used to have her own way untrammelled. She had but to express a wish and it was gratified. Old Colonel Richard De Boin, her father, had been a Virginia planter. A Virginia gentleman of the old school, tall and stately in build, he was equally tall and stately in his manners, but notwithstanding his constant suavity of deportment, he was a man of stern disposition and of quick and unyielding prejudices. A good hater, he rarely "let up" on a person who had once acquired his enmity. Possessed of immense wealth, he had bought land in Florida, on Weir's Lake, and had improved it into one of the loveliest homes in the lovely land of palms. Here he had resided with his wife and daughter, following quietly a farmer's life, and taking but little interest in the conduct of public affairs. Every summer he would travel abroad with his family, spending his time either at northern watering-places or in European excursions. The return of fall would find him again

established at Oak Grove, the name of his plantation, surrounded by visitors from the North, and occasionally some from beyond the seas.

With his immediate neighbors he had little or no intercourse, and the connection between Oak Grove and the surrounding country was of a very limited nature.

When he first moved to Florida he had made the acquaintance of Dr. James Ross, the father of our young captain, and for a year or two the families had been very friendly and intimate, frequently spending visits of weeks in length at each other's houses. But suddenly this intimacy ceased; they no longer spoke to each other when they met. No one knew or could tell the cause of it, though there were many rumors afloat, not a soul outside of the immediate actors could give the true reason. The name of Ross was tabooed in the house of De Boin, and so total was this exclusion that their most intimate friend could not have told, after a winter's residence in the family, that the De Boins had ever known the Rosses.

Colonel De Boin's familiar intercourse with the North and the earlier training of his mind had imbued him with a great friendship for his northern brethren, and an intense love of the Union, and had he been a man who loved politics, or took part in the political affairs of his State, his whole weight and influence would have been thrown in favor of peace, and against the war, but not having before that time shown any interest whatever in public business, and being naturally reserved in his disposition, he contented himself with being in opinion a firm Union man, without seeking to put his views into marked conflict with those of his neighbors. The rest of his family, however, were heart and soul with the prevailing sentiment. These facts served therefore as a sort of screen to the views of the colonel, and few outside of his immediate family were aware of his being an uncompromising advocate of the Union, hence he had not fallen into the class of the suspected, and his life at Oak Grove continued in the same undisturbed flow it had always assumed.

This was the condition of things at the time Irene returned home from a northern boarding-school, where she had spent the last two years previous to the opening of our story completing her education. She and Willie Ross had been playmates in the good old times when there had been no misunderstanding between the families, and had treasured for each other the warmest feelings of affection. Nor had their separation for several years lessened or destroyed these feelings, as was abundantly shown the past winter, when during Willie's

vacation visit he had met her at the house of Mrs. McIntosh in Ocala, where and when they renewed their friendship and ended before the day was over by falling violently in love with each other. This was followed by Willie's going to Oak Grove, where his reception was (outside of Irene) none of the warmest. And he had not paid many visits before the colonel gave him to understand that his presence was unwelcome and ending by flatly forbidding his visits. The sequel we have seen was, that unable to meet at her own home the lovers were driven to devise other means of communicating, and they often met by chance, as it were, at Mrs. McIntosh's and at other places in the village, and oftener still beneath the old live-oak under whose shade we witnessed their parting.

To return to Captain Ross. After leaving Irene his thoughts were none of the brightest, for though he had held himself up boldly and put on in her presence an air of soldierly gayety, it had only been accomplished with strenuous effort. This parting and her tears had produced a depression of spirits far more serious than any previous parting he had so far experienced in his young life. He had often separated from friends and relatives, but the heaviness of heart accompanying such acts had been momentary and but a feather's weight compared to this. He had often parted from his mother, whom he idolized, when leaving home for college, and had even on that morning bade her, his father, sister, and brothers a good-bye, but without any of the fears, the forebodings, the desperate feelings of loneliness and sorrow which now came thronging unbidden to his mind, making the future a forbidding and fearful horizon with not a fleck of sunshine to lighten the way. Irene's words and tears had produced a new and strange feeling of mistrust and fear, where but the moment before hope and glory had laughed and played and buoyed up his imagination with the splendors of things to come. He couldn't account for it. He endeavored to overcome, to drive away these thoughts, these feelings which had thus in a minute's time made a changed man of him. He had not up to this parting known how fully, how completely he loved the beautiful girl he had left under the old live-oak. It seemed to him then that all was lost, that nothing remained; even the color of the trees had assumed a different hue, and the sunshine before so bright had suddenly grown dark. By a desperate effort he turned his thoughts into another channel and putting spurs to his horse he attempted by fast riding to drown in the exhilaration of rapid motion the gloomy sentiments which possessed his soul, and he succeeded. Strong will and persistent

endeavor will in the end conquer in all conflicts. By the time he had reached the main road traveled by his troop he had somewhat regained his equanimity, and was in a better condition to enjoy the beauties of the country through which he was riding and the pleasant temperature of the atmosphere produced by the approach of evening.

He had ridden about twenty miles through a fine scope of hill country, covered with vast forests of pine stretching to the right and left of the road as far as the eye could reach, entirely devoid of the undergrowth which in the older and more thickly settled States so mars the beauty of the landscape, when he came to what in Florida is called the "flat woods," and he passed the line separating Marion from Sumpter County. The "flat woods" are a level expanse of land—level as a floor, with not a ridge or hill to break the dull monotony of its flatness. Somewhat in this respect like a prairie, but unlike a prairie it is covered by trees; mostly the yellow or short-leaved pine, while under the pines growing to a height of probably three feet is a thick under mass of what is named in common parlance "saw palmetto," to distinguish it from the tree palmetto, which is called by the inhabitants cabbage palmetto, because of the succulent head or heart of the tree forming its top, and which can be cooked and eaten, greatly resembling ordinary cabbage in its taste. Here and there on either side might be seen swamps filled with cypress trees and the tall cabbage palmetto, splendid places for Indian fighting or "bushwhacking," but at this time too far away from the Indian territory to create any apprehension. He had not ridden many miles through the "flat woods" before he came up with the baggage-wagons of his troop, five in number, containing camp-equipage and forage for both the men and horses. A few miles further and he overtook his command just as the sun was disappearing in the western horizon and just as the command had been given to halt for the night. A delightful spot had been chosen for the camp about a hundred yards from the roadside and near a large spring of good water. In a few moments the men had dismounted, unsaddled their horses, selected their ground, and the wagons having arrived the tents were pitched, fires kindled, and a lively scene of preparation for supper was the result. The majority of the men had often before "camped out" while hunting and fishing, hence had little difficulty in adapting themselves readily to the situation. Soon the horses were fed, the rations issued, and the rude suppers of the soldiers having been cooked they might be seen gathered about in groups eating, talking, laughing, and making merry generally.

To Captain Ross it was almost entirely a new experience; but while new it seemed a delightful and romantic one to him, as seated on a camp-stool some distance from his tent he gazed upon the scene, which but for the light of the pine knots which flashed in all directions would have been completely hidden by the shadows of night. As it was the brilliant torches brought into bold relief the wagons and horses and men grouped over the ground in all possible positions, while the white tents and tall trees scattered here and there formed a picture like those of gipsy camps such as he had read of in the old romances, and which had often in old times excited his yearnings and aroused his ambition to lead the wild and adventurous life of the hunter. It excited in him a new sense of enjoyment; it aroused a thrill of pleasure of a kind he had never felt before, and which only those feel who are lovers of nature in its wild aspects, and who possess an imagination to supply the details to the weird-like outlines which such a scene furnishes. The sight was just such an one as was needed to weaken and replace the vivid ideas of regret, anxiety, and sorrow occasioned by his parting of the morning. The camp was instinct with life, jokes, and laughter, which could be heard on all sides, while the champing of the horses, an occasional whinny, the hoarse notes of a neighboring owl, and the soft, sweet cadences of the whippoorwill dying away in the distance lent a touch of mysterious melody to the noises of the camp and filled his mind with ideal fancies—such fancies as only youth rich with health can give to take away the roughnesses of life, to smoothe its asperities, and make glad the hopes of the future.

With the daylight all was astir, the teams hitched, the horses saddled, the hasty breakfast swallowed, and ere the sun began to show his face in the east the troop was again on the road. They traveled steadily all that day, passing by old Fort Dade, where the bloody massacre of a company of United States infantry by the Indians took place during the war of '43. The marks of the bullets on the pine trees where the battle occurred could be still seen, and mounds of earth were pointed out by an old man who lived close by as the graves of the murdered soldiers.

Crossing the Withlacoochie River the company again halted for the night. Again, the next day they moved on—on through the same interminable flat woods. The end of that day's march brought them to Tampa. Here they found a pleasant little town with handsome barracks, which had formerly been occupied by United States soldiers; and very cosy and comfortable were these same barracks

after the brisk three days' travel through the wilds of Sumpter and Hillsboro counties. Here was good rest and refreshment, and here for several days the boys enjoyed themselves hugely, being sumptuously entertained by the citizens and made happy by the many pretty girls who with their bright eyes and arch ways captivated many a hitherto contented bachelor.

CHAPTER III.

But this pleasureable condition of things could not last. News came that the Indians were astir. A scout all dusty and travel-stained brought word that a band of them under Black Abram (a negro chief among the Seminoles) had penetrated Polk County about the head waters of the Kissimmee River, and had devastated that entire section, killing the inhabitants, burning their houses, and driving off their stock. Orders were received by Captain Ross to get his command ready for immediate action. Three days' rations were cooked at once, the wagons loaded with forage, the guns cleaned, the cartridge-boxes filled, and in six hours the company was in the saddle and on the road leading from Tampa to the Pease Creek Country, striking directly for old Fort Kissimmee—an ancient station on the banks of the Kissimmee River—where it was intended to establish a depot of supplies and make that point the base of operations against the Indians. The first day's travel brought them to Pease Creek, crossing which they passed through one of the prettiest pieces of country the eye ever beheld—a wide range of Savannah-land, covered with the finest grass for cattle to be found, interspersed here and there with little hammocks of oaks and palmettoes, like islands dotting the sea. As the company rode along the old military way leading to Fort Arbuckle they could see droves of deer feeding or galloping off down the beautiful vistas which opened up between the green islands on every hand. Leaving this lovely landscape they came to an immense forest of dead pine trees, and through this forest utterly devoid of life they after another hard day's march came to the Kissimmee Prairie, which extends up and down the river of that name for upward of a hundred miles, varying in width from five to twenty miles. It looked like a great sea. As far as the eye could reach nothing could be seen toward the south except the open level land, bounded only by the blue sky above it. Toward the east it was dotted by the cabbage palmetto islands, and in the distance a long line of green foliage rising above the horizon and passing southward in tortuous windings like a huge green serpent, marked the

route of the Kissimee River, which rising in the Tohokelaga Lake flowed South through this big prairie for over a hundred miles and emptied into the Okechobee Lake. In the old Indian war a line of forts had been established by the United States Government running southeast, beginning at Tampa and ending at Fort Dallas on the Atlantic Coast. These forts had long since been abandoned, and nothing now remained but the names they had once borne. The sun was about an hour high when the troop reached the old site of Fort Kissimee, and selecting a fine grove of live-oaks on the bank of the river, here about one hundred and fifty yards wide, they halted, and soon the hum and bustle of the soldiers showed them busy in pitching their tents and getting ready for the evening meal.

Dismounting, Captain Ross threw the reins of his horse to his negro servant Wash, and leaving Lieutenant Brooks to superintend the camp, he took Tom Hernest with him, and picked his way through the bushes up the river, with a view of reconnoitering the surrounding country. The piece of woods selected for the camp was not of great extent. It contained about a hundred acres. On the side where the troop had halted it was bounded by the open prairie and the river, and across the river the prairie still extended as far as the vision. On the north side the prairie went but a short distance before it was broken by a similar piece of woods, skirting the banks of the stream for nearly a mile, and terminating in a dense cypress swamp. Captain Ross and Hernest had gone but half through the hammock when they thought they heard the bushes ahead of them rustle as though shaken by some large animal. They paused and listened closely for a repetition of the sound, but heard nothing more. They resumed their onward course, but with more cautious tread, and just as they reached the outer edge of the thicket, looking across the open space separating the hammock they were in from the next one to the north, they saw or thought they saw the form of an Indian gliding into the bushes beyond. Not wishing to give a false alarm, they crossed the open glade and went directly to the spot where the object they had seen disappeared. Here they closely examined the ground and inclosing verdure and verified the correctness of their sight. They found two sets of moccasin tracks, one with the toes turned in and the other broad and flat, showing that two of their enemies were in the neighborhood. Conceiving that two white men were a match for two indians, they immediately set off in chase without calling in assistance, and here the practice of Tom Hernest as a hunter was brought into play and

enabled them to follow the tracks with considerable ease and rapidity. But rapidly as they followed, the pursued moved much more so.

They had gone not more than half a mile when they stumbled into an open space in the woods, where to their surprise they found a small palmetto hut, before which a little fire was burning. The looks of the place showing that it had been but a moment or two abandoned. Even while looking at it, the sudden report of a rifle startled their ears and the whiz of a bullet past them showed the proximity of foes and the danger of being exposed in the open space. Both immediately jumped behind trees and peered forward in all directions to discover their enemy, but the shot was not repeated, and not knowing what accessions of force the two persons they had been pursuing had received, they cautiously returned to camp.

A scouting party was at once organized, and under the leadership of Captain Ross they made as complete and thorough a survey of the surrounding country as they could while the daylight lasted but nothing further was to be seen or heard of their late enemies. They had probably disappeared in the big swamp to the north of the camp.

A little wearied by the fatigue and excitement, the party returned, and by ten o'clock the camp was asleep as quiet as death. Except the sentinels posted here and there at some distance from the tents, nothing of life could be seen. Occasionally the howling of wolves could be heard in the distance and other sounds of night—the hooting of an owl, the splash of the water, as some fish in the river would leap from the surface, which would be answered by the camp-dogs barking in chorus. Toward morning the dogs, of which there were some seven or eight in camp, began to bark excitedly and vociferously. So much so as to waken the light sleepers, but nothing could be seen or heard to occasion their excitement. The sentinels became more watchful, but as the dogs showed no disposition to go to any of the limits of the camp, but sat upon their haunches under a great live-oak in its middle, barking up into its dim shadows, the boys concluded they had been aroused by the howling of the wolves which toward morning had become furious, and little further attention was paid to them. But day began to dawn and with the dawning of the day the barking of the dogs became more fierce, and their actions showed that they were barking at something in the tree.

Nothing, however, could at first be seen, but by and by as the light grew stronger, the keen eyes of Tom Hernest perceived the form of something coiled upon one of the largest boughs, close to the

main body of the tree, as though trying to screen itself from observation. Tom Hernest got his gun ready; so did several others, but before they could draw trigger a full-grown Indian developed himself and motioned them not to shoot. With the activity of a squirrel he dropped from branch to branch until he alighted upon the ground. A wild thought of liberty flashed through his brain, he cast a lightning glance around and saw the Rangers closing in upon him from all directions. One wild halloo, and bracing himself for the struggle, he dashed madly toward the hammock and in the direction of the largest group of rangers, standing between him and freedom calculating nicely that those behind could not shoot for fear of hitting their friends. When within a few paces of the group, who awaited him eagerly, fully expecting to catch him without trouble, he made a short turn to the right and redoubling his speed made almost superhuman exertions to evade the hands stretched out to seize him. But the long legs of Tom Hernest were too many for him, for as he passed, Tom who was nearest, put out his right foot and dexterously tripped the Indian, who rolled his full length upon the ground, and before he could recover a dozen men were upon him. His arms were immediately pinioned and with one accord, he was taken to the captain's tent and his arms loosened, but otherwise strictly guarded. The excitement had roused Captain Ross. He had just completed his toilet and made his appearance outdoors, when he was confronted by the spectacle of this grim Indian. And he was a sight to surprise any one. Tall, over six feet, sinewy, his muscles like great cords, he stood before Captain Ross dogged, sullen, and unclothed, except in his war-paint and a buckskin closet around his loins.

"Who are you, and where did you come from?" asked the captain.

A frowning and revengeful scowl was all the reply vouchsafed.

"What shall we do with him?" said Dolly Golding, a corporal of the Rangers. "He's wasted himself in trying to get away, and aint got breath to talk now."

"Speak up, Indian," said Tom Hernest, "What are you doing here, and what's your name?"

The Indian looked at Tom, and recognizing him as the one to whom he owed his capture, deigned to speak. In broken English he replied,

"Indian great chief, he Howling Wolf. Mighty man; this he country," extending his arms in the direction of the vast prairie on all sides. "Indian at home, just come back from white man's country. See," said he, jerking something from the belt around his waist, and holding it out at arm's length.

What was the surprise and horror of the boys to see dangling from the outstretched hand of the terrible wretch the scalp-lock of some unfortunate white person who had perished beneath his savage tomahawk?

The impulse of the instant was to kill him where he stood, but the commanding voice of the captain restrained the momentary vengeance of his troop. The Indian saw the effect of his display, and Indian-like, could not suppress the triumph he felt. The feeling loosened his tongue, and the company soon learned that he was one of a war-party under the leadership of Black Abram, who had just returned from a successful expedition of murder and pillage in Polk County, and they were now on their way to rejoin the main body of their warriors, who were to the south, among the Istopaga Lakes, under the leadership of the renowned Billy Bowlegs himself. That soon they would come like the sands of the sea shore, a great army, and like a tempest sweep the whites from the face of the earth. He said that he had been surprised by Captain Ross's company. They had come upon him so suddenly that he had barely time to secrete himself in the tree where he was found; that he would have escaped during the night but for the watchfulness of the dogs.

Both Captain Ross and Tom Hernest plied him with questions in the effort to obtain exact information as to the locality of Abram and his party, but on this point his lips were sealed, or if opened, opened to deceive, for he did try to produce the impression that they had passed to the south, and were now beyond the reach of the Rangers. But Captain Ross, active and alert, and full of his remembrances of the preceding night, had issued orders on the evening before for a squadron of the rangers to be ready for action, and as soon as he was satisfied that nothing further was to be gotten out of Howling Wolf, he directed the horses saddled and every thing ready for an immediate mount. Snatching a hasty morsel, the bugle-call was sounded, and ere the sun rose the captain, at the head of thirty Rangers, was riding in the direction of the place where on the last evening he and Tom Hernest had abandoned the trail when shot at, leaving directions for another squadron of the same number to take a westerly course across the prairie, to intercept the Indians whom he supposed to be still in the swamp to the north. This latter squadron to be under the command of his second lieutenant, John Weeks, and the two parties were to effect a junction about the crossing of the Istopaga Creek, where the old military trail to Fort Bassinger crossed, unless prevented by unforeseen accident.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL STEWART'S REPORT.

Below will be found the supplemental report of Lieutenant-General A. P. Stewart, dated April 3, 1865, giving a detailed account of the operations of his corps on the 29th of November, 1864, at Spring Hill, Tennessee. It has never before, we believe, been given to the public; and it is of the highest importance in obtaining a truthful statement of the events at Spring Hill on that day. It is the missing link in the chain. It sets at rest the question as to the position of Stewart's Corps on the afternoon of the 29th of November, and the time of its arrival on the field, in front of Spring Hill, where Cheatham and his troops had engaged Stanley's troops. It proves conclusively that Stewart did not reach the ground on which Cheatham's command was operating until after dark; and that this corps and General Edward Johnson's division were at Rutherford's Creek when Cheatham developed the Federal line in front of Spring Hill, and did not come upon the field of action in daylight, and were not ordered to the assistance of Cheatham on that field—[ED. BIVOUAC.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, NEAR SMITHFIELD DEPOT, N.C., }
April 3, 1865. }

GENERAL S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector-General, Richmond, Va. :*

SIR—In my report of the operations of my corps during the campaign made by General Hood into Tennessee, I omitted the details of what transpired near Spring Hill during the afternoon and night of the 29th of November, 1864. I respectfully submit the following statement, and ask that it be filed as a part of my report :

On the morning of November 29th General Hood moved with Cheatham's corps and mine, and Johnson's division of Lee's corps, the latter reporting to me, Cheatham's corps in advance. We made a forced march to get in rear of the enemy. In the course of the afternoon, about three or four o'clock, I reached Rutherford's Creek as Cheatham's rear division was crossing. I received orders to halt and form on the south side of the creek, my right to rest on or near the creek, so as to move down the creek if necessary. Subsequently I received an order to send a division across the creek, and finally, between sunset and dark, an order was received to cross the creek, leaving a division on the south side. Johnson's division being in rear, was designated to remain. Riding in advance of the column, about dusk I found General Hood some half mile from the creek and about as far west of the road on which we were marching and which

led to Spring Hill. The commanding general gave me a young man of the neighborhood as a guide, and told me to move on and place my right across the pike beyond Spring Hill, "Your left," he added, "extending down this way." This would have placed my line in rear of Cheatham's, except that my right would have extended beyond his. The guide informed me that at a certain point the road made a sudden turn to the left going into Spring Hill; that from this bend there used to be a road leading across to the pike, meeting it at the toll-gate, some mile and a half beyond Spring Hill, toward Franklin. I told him if he could find it, that was the right road. Arriving at the bend of the road we passed through a large gateway, taking what appeared, in the darkness, to be an indistinct path. Within a short distance I found General Forrest's headquarters, and stopped to ascertain the position of his pickets covering Cheatham's right, and of the enemy. He informed me that his scouts reported the enemy leaving the direct pike, leading from Spring Hill to Franklin and Nashville, and taking the one down Carter's Creek. While in conversation with him I was informed that a staff-officer from General Hood had come up and halted the column. It turned out to be a staff engineer-officer of General Cheatham's, who informed me that General Hood had sent him *to place me in position*. It striking me as strange the commanding general should send an officer not of his own staff on this errand, or indeed any one, as he had given directions to me in person, I inquired of the officer if he had seen General Hood since I had. He replied that he had just come from General Hood, and that the reason why he was sent was that I was to go into position on General Brown's right—the right of Cheatham's corps—and he and General Brown had been over the ground by daylight. Thinking it possible the commanding general had changed his mind as to what he wished me to do, I concluded it was proper to be governed by the directions of this staff-officer, and therefore returned to the road and moved on toward Spring Hill. Arriving near the line of Brown's division, General Brown explained his position, which was oblique to the pike, his right being farther from it than his left. It was evident that if my command were marched up and formed on his right, it being now a late hour, it would require all night to accomplish it, and the line, instead of extending across the pike, would bear away from it. Feeling satisfied there was a mistake, I directed the troops to be bivouacked while I rode back to find the commanding general, to explain my situation and get further instructions. On arriving at

his quarters I inquired of him if he had sent this officer of General Cheatham's staff to place me in position? He replied that he had. I next inquired if he had changed his mind as to what he wished me to do? He replied that he had not, "But," said he, "the fact is, General Cheatham has been here and represented that there ought to be somebody on Brown's right." I explained to him that in the uncertainty I was in, I had directed the troops—who had been marching rapidly since daylight, and it was now eleven P.M.—to be placed in bivouac, and had come to report. He remarked, in substance, that it was not material; to let the men rest, and directed me to move before daylight in the morning, taking the advance toward Franklin. Subsequently General Hood made to me this statement, "I wish you and your people to understand that I attach no blame to you for the failure at Spring Hill; on the contrary *I know* if I had had you there the attack would have been made."

Very respectfully, General,

Your obedient servant,

ALEX. P. STEWART, *Lieut. Gen.*

My Dear General: Before leaving for Texas I desire to say that I am sorry to know that some of your friends thought that I intended some slight reflection on your conduct at Spring Hill. You did all that I could say or claim that I would have done under similar circumstances myself. The great opportunity passed with daylight. Since I have been informed that your friends felt that my report led to uncertainty as to yourself and troops, I regret that I did not make myself more clear in my report by going more into detail about the staff officer of General Cheatham. I only *regret*, General, that I did not have you with your corps in front on that day. I feel and have felt that Tennessee to-day would have been in our possession. . . .

Your friend,

J. B. HOOD.

CHESTER, S. C., *April 9, 1865.*

ONE of the four silver half dollars coined by the Confederate States Government is in the possession of a gentleman living in Cartersville, Georgia. He has been offered on several occasions the comfortable sum of \$500 by numismatic collectors for the coin.

THE REBEL AND THE GOBBLER.

Now mind you, Si. Winchester was no thief,
But only full of *fun* as man could be ;
And though it sometimes brought poor Si. to grief,
Yet from his *tricky* ways he could not flee.
His comrades feared his pranks, yet vowed that he
Kept all the squad alive with mirth and song ;
Their darkest gloom, like frightened birds would flee
Fast to the forest, as they rode along.

Sometimes when stationed on the picket-line,
Fat shoats fell victims to the watchful Si. ;
He *hailed*, and porker gave no countersign ;
Then *must* he be an enemy or spy.
What could he less ? His orders he obeyed,
And right or wrong, a soldier *must* obey ;
And soon the savory fumes the fact betrayed—
Cremation was the order of the day.

One evening, travel-stained and worn and cold,
Si.'s squad encamped a few rods from a house ;
The lady of the manor, "middling old,"
And fat and good, dressed in a simple blouse,
With apron checked—a country matron, mild,
Had met them at the well, and kindly bade
Them fill their canteens, and on each she smiled
A blessed welcome, yea to aught she had.

Now madam had a gobbler. All who know
The South have seen these cross, ill-natured things—
So massive he—no despicable foe,
With dagger spurs, and battering-rams his wings,
No stranger dared invade this bird's domain
Without a dread encounter, sudden, strong ;
And dress despoiled, and limbs arack with pain,
Were truths which told where victories belong.

These boys in gray ne'er fled from man, I ween,
Yet haste they from this bird of dreadful wing ;
Many, in flight, not stopping for canteen,
While comrades' laughter made the welkin ring.
Now Si. was musing : "To be conquered *thus*,
Our boys in gray, by this vile dunghill fowl !
That gobbler's arms shall soon succumb to us ;
He'll swing in *greaseful* dance ere hoots the owl !"

Chivalric thoughts his soldier-brain adorning,
 He sought, deep in his knapsack, a trout-line,
 Humming, the while, "I'll go, all danger scorning,
 And victory, and *honor* shall be mine!"
 A grain of corn, secure upon the hook,
 The troubadour sails gaily to the fight;
 The mild, sweet lady, there with friendly look,
 Still stands to guard them from the turkey's might.

Si. casts his line unseen, while grain and hook
 Were swallowed by the turkey in sheer spite;
 Si. started fast, feigning one frightened look,
 And pleading, "Marm, O don't, DON'T let him bite!"
 Flies to the camp this wiley plague away,
 While gobbler, fast to line, strides madly after;
 The matron hides her smiles as best she may, [laughter.
 While comrades "wake the snakes" with shouts and

The clash of warlike arms no more is heard,
 And peace would fain forget the deadly fight;
 Yet still I *hear that matron*, "Don't be skeer'd,
 Come back and git the water—*he won't bite!*"

THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT OF VIRGINIA CAVALRY IN GEN. J. E. B. STUART'S RAID INTO PENNSYLVANIA.

It is not the purpose of this paper to give in detail the part taken by the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry in this memorable raid, nor to put on record acts of individual bravery, but simply to give from memory a very brief account of their march from Virginia into Pennsylvania in the spring of 1863, as a part of the advance force of General Lee's army.

Participating in nearly every battle fought by the army of Northern Virginia from 1863 to the fatal 10th of April, 1865, it would not be within the compass of a sketch of this character to tell of the gallant deeds of her men on many hard contested fields. Her tattered flag and shattered staff tell in language silent but eloquent that her colors floated not over peaceful fields, but were borne aloft 'midst storms of shot and shell.

The graves of her men from Petersburg to the Potomac, and from Richmond to Appomattox Court-house evidence her devotion,

and the maimed as they hobble upon their crutches, are living monuments to her intrepidity.

Late in the spring of 1863 the cavalry of General Lee's army was put in motion as the advance of the main army which was now ready to cross the Potomac River and march into Pennsylvania. Our march was directed to the Potomac between Harper's Ferry and Washington city. It soon became apparent that we would not have an undisturbed advance. The enemy was in our front, and as General W. H. F. Lee's brigade, to which the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry was attached, reached the town of Middleburg in Loudon County, we came upon their pickets.

Passing through the town, we camped for the night about three or four miles from Middleburg, on the road leading to Upperville, about eight miles distant, in Fauquier County. The night was passed in quiet, but early the next morning the enemy was seen advancing in heavy force, both mounted and dismounted, and we soon perceived that there was a very formidable opposition to our further progress.

Very early in the morning, the Thirteenth Regiment was moved forward to a skirt of woods about a mile from Middleburg. We had dismounted and were resting under the brow of a hill, not expecting an immediate engagement, when a courier rode rapidly up and delivered orders to Colonel Chambliss to march his regiment immediately to the front. The bugle sounded, and in an instant every man was in his saddle, and quickly forming into line were ready for any emergency. Soon the command "Forward!" rang out clear upon the fresh morning air, and almost before we had time to take in the situation, the regiment was precipitated into a fierce contest. Our men were rapidly cut down by the fire of the enemy's batteries from the hills, and of their dismounted men from behind the stone fences that skirted the road. Time and again the charge was renewed until it became evident that we were engaging largely superior forces, when we were commanded to fall back to our original position, having suffered considerably in both killed and wounded. In such engagements as this, martial strains lose much of their fascination, accompanied as they are by the whistle of bullets and shriek of shells.

The enemy continued to advance in heavy force. We fell back to the town of Upperville, closely pressed, where we had another battle. The magnificent picture this engagement presented can not easily be forgotten—beautiful even in its destructiveness. Column

after column deploying in fearful rapidity from one part of the field to another; now opposing forces rush against each other in hand-to-hand engagement, and in the wildness of the tumult, friend and foe go down together beneath their horses' heels. We continued to fall back until we reached Paris Gap, a pass in the Blue Ridge Mountains. There we met General Longstreet's division. As we saw the camp-fires of that grand old division blazing on the mountain side, we felt that now, as our forces were more nearly equal, the victory would be ours.

The enemy, however, was not willing to risk another engagement, but during the night withdrew from our front. We at once resumed our march to the Potomac River, which we crossed about thirty miles above Washington city, camping for the night on the Maryland side. The spectacle was an impressive one as we forded the river. The moon was shining beautifully, and a solemn silence seem to pervade the troops, unbroken save by the splash of the horses' feet in the water as we passed from Virginia's soil.

Very early the next morning we resumed our march in the direction of Washington city. About eleven o'clock we reached the town of Rockville, about twelve miles from Washington, where we met a large supply-train of wagons going into the country for provisions. Our column deployed on each side of the road, and galloping forward soon had the entire train in our possession. The question now was, how to get the wagons off before troops could be sent from Washington to intercept us. Each train was taken charge of by some soldier, and was driven rapidly to the rear.

In the surprise and confusion created by our appearance, many of the drivers deserted their wagons, while others attempted to turn them around for flight. The road was thus blockaded for miles with wagons turned in every direction, some turned entirely over, with the team entangled and struggling in their harness.

There was many an amateur driver that morning and the laughable incidents of the day created no end of amusement, as they were told over to each other when we resumed our march for Pennsylvania. Our arrival at Rockville was on Sunday morning and was a complete surprise. No intimation whatever of our approach had preceded us. The citizens had gathered for worship in their several churches, and as the head of our columns entered the town, they did not wait for the benediction and dismissal from the preacher.

We had for several days been marching on small rations, but now our needs were abundantly supplied for the time, by the kind citizens

of Rockville, and from the captured wagons, a few of which contained provisions.

Many of the troops went so near Washington that the dome of the Capitol could be seen, and the writer could not but contrast his surroundings with those of a few years before when he was a student at the Columbian University.

Contrary to our expectation no enemy appeared, and we continued our march unmolested until we passed into Pennsylvania.

We met with no unkindness from the citizens of the country though which we passed. On the contrary, many a soldier can remember the rich milk and fresh butter often voluntarily supplied from their fine dairies. While they knew how to welcome the coming, they certainly knew as well how to speed the parting guest, for when we were retreating we found no open doors and no refreshments by the way.

Orders had been given that private property should be respected, which I believe was done except where the necessities of the troops demanded that it should be taken. From constant marching many of our best horses were broken down, and in order to remount the men it became necessary to take the horses of the citizens along our route. Beyond this I know of no real damage done to property with the further exception of provender taken for our horses.

Impressing horses was often a very disagreeable necessity. It sometimes happened that a soldier, in leading a horse away from a farm would be met by the family in tears pleading for the children's pet. Tears have always been more powerful than an enemy in arms, and it was not an unusual thing that the harsh armor of a soldier concealed a tender heart to which such appeals were irresistible.

We were not annoyed until we reached the town of York in Pennsylvania. There we found a body of cavalry.

A very ludicrous incident occurred as we were approaching the town. As far as possible those whose horses had broken down by the way had remounted themselves from the stables of the citizens. One man, failing to provide himself in that way, procured a mule, one which he seemed confident would answer every purpose. The innocent expression of the mule is proverbial, inviting at once perfect confidence in his docility. In this instance appearances, as usual, were deceptive. As we neared the town it became evident that our entrance would be contested. The forces we saw did not appear formidable, and it was determined to drive them from our road. We had halted for a moment when a hurrah along the line of

the regiment attracted attention. The cause of it was very evident as we saw the mule going to the front with his rider, evidently intending to halt no longer but to enter the town at once. The soldier was protesting as well as he could by strong language and vigorous pulls on his bridle, but the mule apparently not the least inconvenienced continued toward the town. Appreciating his dilemma the poor fellow let go the reins, and falling on the mule's neck, caught the bit in both hands in the vain attempt to stop him. His expressions had now begun to pass from the strongly imperative to the beseeching, until all the latent tenderness of his soul seemed to find expression in that one word—"WHO A." After enjoying the laugh several of his companions came to his assistance and finally persuaded his muleship to wait for the remainder of the regiment.

We had a very spirited fight in the streets of the town, in which we lost several captured and capturing as many of the enemy.

Tarrying but a very short while at York we continued our march toward Carlisle, where we found a considerable force of cavalry.

We could not afford to stop for an engagement, so unlimbering a battery which we had along we fired a few shots into the soldiers' quarters and hurried forward in the direction of Gettysburg to join the main army. We reached Gettysburg on the evening of July 2, the day before the great battle in which so many of our brave soldiers sealed with their blood and their lives their devotion to our flag. On the morning of the 3d the rattle of musketry and the boom of cannon informed us that we had arrived in time to take part in the battle of Gettysburg.

The fatigue endured by those engaged in that memorable raid will never be forgotten. Marching day after day and night after night with no rest save what might be had during an occasional halt for the purpose of feeding our horses, men were often seen sitting upright in their saddles fast asleep; and should the column halt but for a moment they might be seen sliding from their horses to the ground to catch a few moments of rest. So exhausted had they become that it was sometimes necessary to have them aroused or they would be left on the roadside in their slumbers.

In addition to loss of sleep we had but little to eat except those luscious Pennsylvania cherries, the like of which we had never seen. Never before, I suppose, was fruit so palatable. Whenever a tree of cherries was seen by the way it was soon as full of Confederate soldiers as its branches would allow, and there was seldom a limb so high that a hungry soldier could not reach it.

Some have been disposed to censure General Stuart, claiming that he went so far in advance of General Lee as to leave him without the information of the movements of the enemy necessary to the proper execution of his plans.

Whatever may have been the practical result of this raid, it was a daring adventure, characteristic of the gallant Stuart, whose name history has written on the scroll of fame alongside those of Murat and Ney.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

During the war for southern independence there existed, in Grayson County, Kentucky, a Union "home-guard" company, chiefly noted for petty depredations and abuses of unarmed men, and helpless women and children. Their valor in the presence of such parties was terrible to behold, and was only equalled by its utter absence on the approach of armed rebels, or the worse-dreaded guerrillas.

Soon after the battle of Perryville and the retreat of the forces of General Bragg from the State, the command of General Morgan suddenly appeared in the neighborhood of these warriors between Elizabethtown and Leitchfield, and under the disguise afforded by new blue overcoats, which had been seized at Lexington a few weeks before, succeeded in capturing almost the entire company. They were marched into the old court-house at Leitchfield, and were forty or fifty as hard-looking, terror-stricken creatures as could be found any where. Their excessive fright was the subject of much merriment among the soldiers guarding them. James Smith (once connected with the Galt House in Louisville), in a spirit of fun entered the room in which they were confined, told them he was General Morgan, made the entire party stand in single file around the room, with their backs against the wall and, with a piece of burnt coal, marked off on the wall the height of each, and then with great solemnity announced that they were all to be shot at two o'clock P.M.; that the marks on the wall was for the measure of their coffins, and "if any of them had any praying to do it was high time they were at it." A scene followed hard to describe. In a moment the whole party were on their knees on the floor, and such appeals for mercy, coupled with confessions of crimes and meanness,

were never heard in old Grayson before. In the midst of all, and attracted by the uproar, General Morgan entered the room by one door, while the pretended Morgan, with Captain Peyton and others, hastily disappeared by another. Stalking into their midst he demanded in a loud voice, "What the blazes does this mean?" A few words explained the situation, and despite his utmost efforts, to control himself General Morgan was forced into a fit of uncontrollable laughter at the ridiculous scene before him. As soon as he could control his voice he commanded them to be silent; told them "No doubt many of them richly deserved to be shot," but, if they would promise amendment, he would spare them this time; made them hold up their hands and swore them to every thing he could think of at the time, including the promise to "restore every thing they had stolen," remain "true to the Confederacy," "pray for Jeff. Davis," and "faithfully keep all the Ten Commandments under penalty of hanging upon his next trip through that county;" made each of them kiss the sword, and then set them all at liberty.

GENERAL BENJ. G. HUMPHRIES.

General Benj. G. Humphries, a soldier of distinguished reputation and service in the army of Northern Virginia, died at his residence on the Yazoo River, Mississippi, December 20, 1882.

General Humphries was educated at West Point, and was, we believe, of the class of Mr. Jefferson Davis. He was for many years preceding the late war a citizen of Claiborne County, Mississippi, and engaged in agricultural pursuits.

In 1861, at the commencement of hostilities, he was elected colonel of the twenty-first regiment of Mississippi volunteers, and was at once ordered to Virginia. This regiment was in all of the campaigns, marches, and great battles made and fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, and it achieved a reputation for courage, endurance, and discipline which was not only conspicuous but was readily acknowledged by the various commands in that army. General Humphries, we believe, succeeded General Carnot Posey, who was killed in action, in command of a brigade composed of Mississippi regiments, and in this command made for himself and

the troops of his brigade a reputation for high soldierly qualities that will live in the pages of history that record the noblest efforts of Lee's army on the field of action.

General Humphries bore a brilliant and distinguished part on the great battle-fields in Virginia, which made Lee's veterans famous in all lands where the English language is spoken or an intelligent civilization prevails.

General Humphries was a man of the most elevated character, of great moral worth, and social refinement, and, in fact, was a man of physical, moral, and intellectual integrity.

In the fall of 1865 he was elected governor of Mississippi by an overwhelming majority over Judge Fisher. His administration of civil government in Mississippi, immediately following a protracted and bloody war, with its demoralization, perfidy, and rapacity within its borders, was distinguished by a firm and enlightened policy, which restored local government throughout the borders of the State, repressed disorders, captured and dispersed predatory gangs of lawless men, the refuse of either army, and restored the social organization to its normal condition.

Governor Humphries's executive and administrative ability was of a high order, and his administration will always live in the memory and affections of the people of his State, as a wise, firm, and patriotic one.

AN OLD COAT OF GRAY.

Look, father, see, an old coat of gray,
Rotting up here in the dust,
Long folded away from light of the day,
Its buttons all brown in their rust.

Let's give it to him who cries in the street,
For old rags and rubbish to buy,
Or to the very first beggar we meet,
Who begs with a shiv'ring cry.

Why was it up here so *smoothly* lain?
Why treasured so many long years?
Belonged it to one who early was slain,
Whose grave was wet with *your* tears?

Did you, dear father, the wearer see,
As he fell on the blood-red sod?
While rested his head upon your knee,
Was whispered a prayer to his God?

No, no, my boy, that coat was mine,
I wore it in sunshine and snow,
When the Southron stood in battle line,
To engage his valiant foe.

I wore it beneath the banner of bars,
Wore it while marching with Lee,
Under the crucial flag studded with stars,
When the Southland strove to be free.

The flag of the State and flag of the fight,
Together in honor were furled,
We failed in the battle for freedom and right,
We won the respect of the world.

Place back the coat where long it has lain,
It revives the old soldier life,
It gives some pleasures yet gives some pain,
To call back the days of the strife.

WHAT A SOLDIER SAW AND KNOWS.

II.

I saw the regiment mustered out of service and the boys hasten westward to Morgan, or the Orphan brigade, but considering a furlough in hand worth three prospects of one in the future to come over the red-tape line of regimental, division, and department headquarters, the chronicler of these historic gems furloughed himself to the enjoyment of the hospitality of an estimable family near Amelia Court-house.

How well remembered is that brief visit—the broad carriage-way leading straight up to the wide-opened door, and inside a welcome unrestrained and hearty. There was no entrance to the house except through the hall-way reception-room with its huge sideboard garnished with well-filled decanters, and these flanked by sugar and silver tongs; no way of exit except by sideboard, decanter, sugar, and tongs; no remaining for a chat without being in full view of

sideboard, decanter, sugar, and tongs, and the only possible way to become reconciled to the objectionable piece of furniture with its obnoxious settings was by frequent execution of, "On the right by file into line," and "load at will," and by vigorously attacking the decanters and their plethoric demijohn supports. If there was one feature of hospitable invitation to which a Johnny Reb surfeited with Georgia "pine-top" was complaisantly agreeable 'twas take a drop of the "educated variety of corn," and his refusal to "take suthin" generally followed by a rapid change of mind carried with it a suspicion of dishonesty. In the midst of this convivial enjoyment a question obtruded itself, "Should not a soldier be in the *immediate* audience when the guns are beginning to pop their music at Seven Pines," and then courage faintly whispered, "Go, my boy," and, at the same time, the pride which makes heroes of the veriest cowards of us all urged me Richmond-ward. At Seven Pines victory seemed to hesitate on which flag to perch, until the warrior who now writes what he saw and knows picked up a gun, moved steadily forward as a reinforcement to Colonel Wright's Third Georgia Regiment, then hammering away at the One Hundred and First Pennsylvania Regiment in their front. The Federal bulletins of the next morning were not issued to us, but doubtless read something like this, "The Confederates being *heavily* reinforced our success was checked."

This I do know, that Richmond was, for the time, *safe*, and "yours truly" was on the way to Knoxville on the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad. The trains on this road were not speedful, and the boys would sometimes remark to each other as they would jump off a train in motion, "Say, boys, I'll just run ahead and pick berries, and wait for you at Bristol!" Just here it is well to remark, parenthetically, that when we were dismounted and sent to General Jones, in the Valley of Virginia, that the trains on this road made p. d. q. time. But this thing of dismounting one's self before getting a war-horse, is anticipating the consecutiveness of these reminiscences, and knocking their continuity into "pi," but perhaps it is just as well to put spurs to my jaded pen and urge this prosy narrative to Knoxville.

Knoxville, during the war, had more furloughed soldiers to the square foot of sidewalk than any other city of the Confederacy. Gay Street was thronged with them, and the three principal hotels were crowded with them. The pleasant greetings of the southern sympathizer, and the scowling looks of the loyalist, alternated like the sunshine and rain of spring, but the soldier who was "foot-loose" for a day or two cared for neither, so that his recreations were not inter-

ferred with. One amusement was to interview each soldier as he stepped from the train and convince him that the water of Knoxville was deleterious to the hygiene; sure to cause derangement of the whole system; and the poor stranger always succumbed to the eloquence of the good Samaritan and began to be sick on the villainous water before he had drunk a drop of it. The patient was then escorted by his sympathetic comrades to Dr. G., being tutored, on the way, to repeat something about change of water, etc. The pulse was manipulated, tongue examined, and certificate given for one quart "spiritus vini gallici." Physician's fee five dollars, cost of vini gallici ten dollars. The sick man was then conducted to room No. —, Lamar House, and himself and escort partook of some of the best liquor in Tennessee.

Now my erratic pen has taken me to Lamar House to *see* a sick man take a drink, when my duty as a historian requires me to make some mention of the fact that I was at that time a recruiting officer for Captain Menifee's battalion of cavalry, with a possible captainship in embryo, and the recruiting, it may modestly be said, was well done, for the boys—veterans—who had served their first year, came, took their bounty, took the enlistment-oath, took the doctor's certificate and the prescribed medicine, and folding their blankets like scoundrels, as they were, silently took their leave and stole away to places where other bounties, other medicines, and other unsuspecting recruiting agents were plentiful. *That* company did n't coalesce, but the time occupied gave me an opportunity to meet the command of General Morgan and hear the town-folk, as the squadron rode through the city, comment on the appearance of the men, "that they looked just like other men."

Confederate notes about this time became so dreadfully worthless and conspicuously scarce in the pockets of the recruiting officer that his recruiting office was closed "*sine die*," and for the second time Theophilus Brown, five feet seven and one half inches high, light hair, gray eyes, and florid complexion, was sworn in as private, this time in Company H, Twelfth Tennessee Battalion of Cavalry, away up in Hawkins County. Some of the men composing the command had seen service, but by far the greater number were of that thoughtful class who constituted the reserve, and held themselves in readiness to move when the conscript law said "you're wanted."

As a first indispensable to a gradual inurement to the hardships belonging to the soldier life, the provident commander of Company

A set up in camp a full-grown cook-stove, and from the well-filled larders near by and a still small house, or a small still-house, about a mile from camp, the boys contrived to exist in comparative misery until the great number of furloughs, which were written by the men themselves whenever they wished a railroad ride to Knoxville, induced the department commander to beat up the woods of Hawkins. He found there the Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry and forthwith sent it to Kentucky under General McCown, on the trail of Kirby Smith, and the new battalion received its baptism of fire at Perryville. Now, as a conclusion to this ramble of words in which there seems to have been mentioned rather too many drinks for the number of fights, I will say before coming into the temperance State of Kentucky, that I have undertaken to write what I saw; and during the war I did see several soldiers take several drinks, and do know that the Confederate soldier did drink other liquids than water; that water was taken under protest, except when used to wash the lime-dust of Virginia turnpikes from his dried-up throat; do know that though he had his preference, it mattered but little whether that water bubbled from a spring in crystal purity, dashed over the cliff with the murmur of a waterfall, ribboned its silver bands from the mountain side, or reflected the moonbeams from the placid shallows of horse-tracks in the road through the woods. Water was wet, and that was the most that could be said of it; trace it to the Greek, it meant only *wet*; take it back to the Armenian, and it was only a stream, and 'tis said that even the Greeks so heartily despised it that they would not even bathe in it.

A FAIR DIVIDE.

For some cause, to this day unknown to the writer, Lewis's Kentucky Brigade was withdrawn from Mission Ridge and active participation in the stirring events which were at that time transpiring in front of Chattanooga, and went into winter quarters near Tyner's Station, but in easy call of the Ridge whenever its presence might be deemed necessary. Our first thought, at this unexpected change from a rolling bivouac on the steep hillside to comfortable huts on level ground, was that our services had been thought sufficiently worthy of note to entitle us to a much-needed rest, and under this feeling we were both gratified and contented.

The first few easy-going, quiet days of our new camp brought vividly to mind our early soldier experiences of camps Boone and Burnett, minus, of course, the abundant comforts of those camps and the sanguine buds of hope which had been nipped by many killing frosts since that rosy summer when our hearts held but one fear, and that was that "the wayward sisters would be allowed to depart in peace," before we had met our enemy on the field of battle. Now we all knew how often we had met him and what became of it.

But to return to our mutton. We had enjoyed the comforts of our quiet camp and all the other pleasures incident to a soldier's life when off active duty, for two whole days, when a change came over our dream of rest, and we were ordered to furnish large fatigue details, and have them report each morning until further orders to the officer in charge of army transportation at Tyner's Station. This looked like honorable retirement from active service with a vengeance, and possibly there was some such feeling in the breast of the commanding general when the order was made, as it was well known throughout the army that between that officer and the Kentucky soldiers there was not the most perfect accord. However, the boys were perfectly indifferent as to the impelling cause of the order. They only knew that rations formed a great part of the munitions of war received at the station, and had been too long accustomed to short commons to question very nicely the animus of an order which gave them an opportunity to fill up. They were old in service, if young in years, and were not at all tender-footed in helping themselves whenever the occasion offered.

Large numbers of boxes consigned to officers and men from the States to the south of us were being daily received at the station, and woe to the luckless party who had not been advised of the shipment of the box and was not on the spot to receive it on its arrival. That box, in the absence of its legitimate owner, was sure to fall into the hands of the enterprising fatiguers and be heard of no more forever.

On one occasion, the night being dark and dreary, just such a night as Tam O'Shanter took the road in, the station guard, such as it was, being occupied in making itself comfortable, a member of the Forty-first Alabama—at that time forming part of Lewis's brigade—came to three members of the Fourth Kentucky who were quietly discussing the events of the day and the possible duration of the war, and told them that he had discovered a large box which had not been claimed, and was not guarded; that he had torn off the address and destroyed it; that the box was too heavy for him to lift unaided, and

that he would take them into his confidence and share equally with them its contents, provided they would give to him all the letters which it might contain. He said, by way of supporting his claim, that the box might be from his neighborhood, and if so, the letters would contain news which would be pleasant to him and which could not possibly interest strangers. The braves from the Fourth readily acceded to his demands, and forthwith the box was carried into the woods and impartially divided, to the last peanut, or goober, the Alabamian taking possession of the letters which, as was expected, the box contained. Amongst the articles divided was a brand new suit of butternut uniform and a full set of winter underwear, besides a number of goodies which had been strangers to a soldier's tooth for many months. The haul was considered, on all hands, as being a good one, and the divy perfectly satisfactory to all concerned. In a short while the detail was discharged from further duty for that day, and ordered to report to their command. But the end was not yet, and, although the "Flicker" slept the sleep of righteousness after his day of patriotic toil, the rising of the morrow's sun, and the reading of those much-craved letters was to plant in his devoted breast a biting thorn. Just after reveille the next morning a most unhappy-looking "yellow-hammer" was seen slowly sauntering through the camp of the Fourth, evidently looking for some one. Finally he discovered one of his partners in the box transaction, and, going up to him, requested that he would get all the partners together, as he had a communication to make to them. In a few minutes the four had found a quiet place, and the "Flicker" was called upon for his budget. Alas, it was very sad! He said, in a mournful way, and almost in tears, that as soon as it was light enough to read he had opened the letters, and had not only found out that the box had been shipped to his own regiment, but to his own company and mess, and, as a matter of fact to himself, that he had stolen his own property in the dark, that he now hoped his partners would cancel the transaction of the preceding night, and turn over their shares to him as the rightful owner of all. But the Kyns, or "Jay-birds," so called by the Yellow-hammers and Flickers, could not see it in that light, and firmly though kindly declined the prayerful proposition. Nor could they be made to see the justice of it. The matter was, from their standpoint, a very simple one: A box had been found and its contents equitably divided between all the finders. That was all there was in it; and the "Flicker," disappointed in his mission, turned and left the camp, a poorer, a wiser, and a sadder man.

THE LAST RATION.

Few hear the immortals of Lee's army speak of the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox Court-house, the scene of the army's apotheosis, and the reason of that silence can well be understood. Knowing nothing, and thinking little about the condition of the army outside of their own commands, the great body of the men, in their reliance upon their great commander, simply performed the duties imposed upon them, suffered the agonies that necessarily fell to their lot, and met calmly the death which ended those duties and agonies for many before the memorable 9th of April.

The suffering of the rank and file of the army on that occasion were mercifully deadened by a stupor, if not recklessness, superinduced by the peculiar hardships to which they were subjected. The enemy, with his overwhelming force of splendidly mounted and equipped cavalry, held in addition the direct route to the point aimed at by General Lee, retarding his advance, compelling him to fight while daylight lasted, and to do his marching by night. The want of sleep, and, during the last four days of the retreat, the entire lack of provisions, produced in the men the mental and physical condition I have mentioned. And although after the surrender the men and officers of the Federal army vied with each other in their kindness, and exhibited a desire to do every thing in their power to relieve the necessities of their late foes, the destruction of a portion of their supply train by Generals Rosser and Fitzhugh Lee, and the detention of the balance by the awful condition of the roads, left themselves in a critical condition, and incapable of affording Lee's army the much-needed supplies.

Among the first commands ready to leave were the first and second Louisiana brigades, then commanded by Colonel Waggaman, and with them portions of the Washington Artillery, Louisiana Guard Battery, and Donaldsonville Artillery, all hailing from the same State, and naturally clustering together when about to return once more to their dear southern homes.

The condition of these men was really deplorable. Starved, worn-out, and many of them stricken with fever, they looked with dismay on the dismal march through the mud to Burkesville Station, the nearest point at which they could expect to find transportation. Colonel Waggaman and many of the officers did not believe many of them would be able to perform the journey, and as a *dernier ressort*, and also in some measure to inspire the men with hopes which he himself believed delusive, Colonel W. started the brigade commis-

sary ahead to try and pick up something for man and beast on the route which they were traveling.

The commissary, with no more hope of success than his commanding officer, started off, and after traveling a few miles over a tract which gave no promise of supplies, being rather dubious about the road the brigade would travel, accosted an old, grayheaded, and very ragged negro he found sitting at a cross-road, and questioned him in regard to the route to Burkesville. The negro replied intelligently, giving the necessary directions, and the commissary was about to ride on, when it occurred to him that the darkey might possibly assist him in search for something eatable. He began by asking if he knew where he could get a feed for his horse.

After a moment's hesitation and a rapid inspection of his questioner, the darky replied in the affirmative, and immediately led the way through a gate to a small clearing in the piney woods. Stopping in the yard of a small shanty, he went in and got the key of a pretty good sized corn-crib, which he opened and displayed to the commissary's envious gaze forty or fifty bushels of the finest corn in the ear he had ever seen, even in Virginia. He took out a liberal feed for the horse, and remarked that "The Yanks had spa'rd him that much." The commissary saw in his mind's eye his brigade once more eating a "square meal," and assuming his most persuasive tone, commenced:

"Uncle, I have about six hundred men behind here a little ways, who have eaten nothing to speak of for five or six days. They have thirty or forty miles to travel on foot, and they will never be able to make the trip in their present condition. Could you not let them have a couple of ears of corn apiece, and save their lives?"

Darky. "Is they southern soldiers?"

Commissary. "Yes."

Darky. "Well, I reckon, young marster, they's the last I'll ever see. You just tell them to come along and take what they want." And having said this, the poor old fellow sat down on a stone and cried like a child.

In an hour or so the troops came along and were marched up in single file to the corn-crib and given two ears apiece. The old darkey, in the meantime had knocked in the head of a barrel of sorghum molasses and nearly every man got a tin cupful. There were a few cases of colic that night among those who were not fortunate enough to get any sorghum, but that did not lessen the gratitude of the men for the last Confederate ration issued to the Louisiana troops in Virginia.

Editorial.

THE heirs of General Robert E. Lee have won their suit for Arlington, in the United States Supreme Court.

THE monument of the Confederate dead, in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, South Carolina, was unveiled a few weeks since.

EDWARD V. VALENTINE, the Virginia sculptor, is modeling the statue of John C. Breckinridge, to be placed at Lexington, Ky.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE's statue at Lexington, Virginia, will be unveiled in June next, at which time it is expected that ex-President Davis will deliver the oration.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE GENERAL DEAD.—General W. C. Pendleton, chief of the artillery, Army of Northern Virginia, in the late war, died in Staunton, Va., January 16.

THE Southern Historical Association, through the BIVOUAC, acknowledges its indebtedness to Mrs. DeRenne of Savannah, Georgia, for handsome photographs of the monument to Confederate dead, buried at that place, and of the statue surmounting its shaft. The statue was the princely gift of Mr. DeRenne.

ONE by one they cross over the river. Since our last number was issued the following-named prominent ex-Confederates have died: Colonel Ed. C. Anderson, at Savannah, Georgia; Captain John H. Shanks, of Morgan's veterans, at Stanford, Ky.; and General Humphries, at his residence on the Yazoo River, Mississippi.

It is pleasant to note that an escort of ex-Confederates met the remains of Gov. Humphries at Grand Gulf, and acted as guard of honor during the funeral ceremonies.

Query Box.

A LADY asks, "If the habits of drinking acquired by soldiers in the field remain with them to this day?"

Answer: In but comparatively few cases, as scarcity prevented it becoming a habit. One proof in point occurs to us: At the meeting of the "Orphan Brigade" at Blue Lick last spring the hotel proprietor, an old comrade, came to where the boys were having a good time with jest, story, and song, and invited them to "smile," and every man refused.

I HAVE just been shown a photograph of the DeRenne statue, at Savannah, and fancy that I recognize the features of an old friend and comrade. Will some one be kind enough to inform me who, if any one, *posed* for that most suggestive representation of the typical ex-Confederate soldier? J. M. T.

The question is respectfully referred for answer to Mrs. DeRenne, of Savannah, Georgia. The gentleman who asks the question was severely wounded and conveyed to the hospital in Savannah, after the Federals had occupied that city.

Taps.

A FEW members of Company B, Ninth Kentucky Infantry (C. S. A.), are organizing a military company at Bardstown.

COURIER-JOURNAL: THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC for October is the second number of the new monthly published by the Southern Historical Association of Louisville. It contains a well-edited variety of sketches, reminiscences, etc., of the late war, which are not only readable but valuable.

LARGE bodies move slowly, and must have a propelling power to start and keep them in motion. Let every old southern soldier take this to heart and lend us the weight of his shoulder, *or purse*. Our move is in the right direction, and sure, but we need more motive power. Come right along, then, with your names and subscriptions, only \$1.50 a year.

ONE stormy night many prisoners at Camp Douglas were scared from their quarters, and in the semi-darkness went roving over the prison-yard, midst flying shingles and timbers and howling winds. One poor, lank fellow, about six feet long and weighing less than a hundred, lay flat on the ground and asked his corpulent friend to lie down on him to keep him from blowing away.

JACK QUIGGINS of Elizabethtown, says some members of the First Kentucky in Virginia were yelling "Tar-heel" at some North Carolina soldiers, when one of them replied, "If we'ens have got tar on our heels we have n't got any on our fingers."

A Virginia soldier, shouting the same word at another "Tar-heel," was informed that it would have been better for their reputation if they had had a little *tar* on their *heels* in the last battle.

VICKSBURG HERALD: We have received a sample number of the "BIVOUAC," a Southern historical magazine, published at Louisville, Kentucky. The BIVOUAC, as its name indicates, is devoted to material furnished by the war between the States. It is filled with a variety of important and interesting matter. It solicits correspondence, which should be addressed simply, "THE BIVOUAC," Louisville, Kentucky.

A JOKE IN THE THICK OF BATTLE.—*Waynesboro Times*: An old Tar-heel who was "thar" says that at the battle of Chancellorsville, while the fight was raging, General Rhodes rode up to General Ramseur and asked him what time it was. Ramseur, pulling out his old timepiece slowly, said, "General, in such an emergency as this, my old watch never runs." Rhodes "took" right off, and returned to where the bullets were "ticking" the seconds.

A COMPANY of Confederate soldiers, bound for Chattanooga, on the cars, were indulging in some Munchausen stories of the war. One had seen a man shot through the head and *he lived*; another had seen a soldier whose arms and legs had been carried away, and *he lived*; a third had known a man to be shot in the side, and through the head, and *he lived*; and the fourth had seen a man shot clean through the body by a ten pound cannon-ball, and—"He lived?" asked his listening comrades. "No," quietly responded the narrator, "*he died*."

SUNDAY ARGUS: THE BIVOUAC, published monthly by the Southern Historical Association of Louisville, is certainly one of the most interesting publications of the day, especially to those who participated in the war, or who had friends or relatives engaged. From it both "Fed. and Confed." may learn much of value, and at the same time enjoy many a hearty laugh at the sayings and doings of the "old boys," whose heads are now silvered and whose present dignified bearing and sedate countenances would never lead one to suspect that, twenty years ago, they were the flower of the country, the wildest blades, the most gallant cavaliers, and the steadiest infantry soldiers of the age. To all who delight in stories of the bivouac, this BIVOUAC will prove a source of unfailing pleasure. Address Editors of THE BIVOUAC, Louisville, Ky. Subscription, \$1.50 a year.

THE following flattering notice is but one of many of the good things which our partial friend of Mayfield (Ky.), imprints of the

"BIVOUAC:" The Christmas number of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, published at Louisville by the Southern Historical Association, is a marvel of beauty, and its contents are more interesting than any number heretofore published. Its table of contents consists of: Kennesaw Mountain; Adventures of a Confederate; Our Nameless Graves; General Morgan—his Capture and Death; Louisville during the War; Cavalry versus Infantry; What a Soldier Saw and Knows; Reminiscences; Query Box; Taps, etc. The price of the BIVOUAC is only \$1.50 a year. Send to W. M. Marriner, 750 Fifth Street, Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE EVENING POST: The November number of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC is the most interesting yet issued of that spicy historical periodical. It contains articles by A. P. Harcourt on "Terry's Texas Rangers;" by Edw. F. Lincoln on the "Second Battle of Fort Donelson;" by J. O. Scott on "After the Battle of Hartsville;" by J. S. Jackman on "A Railroad Adventure;" by Fred Joyce on "Chaplains of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry;" by Dr. C. B. Tydings on "The Ninth Kentucky Cavalry;" a poem on "Chickamauga," by Mr. J. H. Weller; and a lot of miscellaneous matter. The magazine is attracting the attention of ex-soldiers all over the country. A subscription was received yesterday from the Count de Joineville, of Paris.

SAY, boys, did any of you ever know Weil—Sol. Weil—Company B, Ninth Kentucky Regiment, Lewis's brigade? Well, Weil was a little Dutch Jew from Amsterdam or some other seaport, perfectly insignificant in all that goes to make up a stalwart, but the very incarnation of cool, impudent bravado in a fight. He was the most consistent fatalist I ever knew, and summed up all the "law and the prophets" in this one tenet, *a la Calvin*—"You'll never die till your time comes." One day near Atlanta seeing deponent dodging a spent minie that came whistling by uncomfortably near from the direction of the enemy's works, he sang out in his piping voice, "Hey, Dock! Vats te use to todge tem pullets; tey'll hit you shust as vell vere you is as vere you aint."

AT the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, while the Second Tennessee Regiment (General Bates) was crossing a stream going into battle, and were even then advancing to attack the enemy, a flock of

geese were swimming in the water and two men broke ranks and put out to catch them. They caught two geese apiece and each one tied them to their cartridge-box belts. One of the men was named Terry and the other Smith. The regiment halted a few minutes on the other side of the stream. The firing was then raging in front. When Terry and Smith had resumed their places, the order came to attack at once with vigor, and both of these men went into the battle of Perryville with two old ganders swinging from their cartridge-box belts. Smith was killed and afterward when found the two old ganders were still tied to him. "CO. AYTCB."

DURING the late war General McLaws, now postmaster at Savannah, was riding down his picket line, and encountered a genuine son of the Old Pine Tree State on duty, who had taken his gun apart with the intention of giving it a thorough cleaning. The general halted in front of him, when the following conversation ensued: "Look here, my man, are you not a sentinel on duty?" "Well, y-a-s, a bit of a one!" "Don't you know it is wrong to take your gun apart while on duty?" "Well, now, who the d—l are you?" The general saw his chance, and with a sly twinkle of the eye, replied, "I'm a bit of a general." "Well, ginerel, you must excuse me. You see thar is so many d—n fools ridin' 'round here a feller can't tell who's ginerel and who ain't. If you will gist wait till I git Betsy Jane fixed I will give you a bit of a s'lute." The general smiled and rode on, firmly convinced that that sentinel would prove equal to any emergency.

"ALL HANDS ACROSS."—The following compliment is clipped from the Manchester, N. H., *Times*, a paper recognized as the organ of the veteran ex-soldiers of that State. It shows that so far as the soldiers are concerned the hands are clasped across the bloody chasm: "There comes to our exchange-table a Southern magazine whose pages we have read with more than ordinary pleasure. It is 'THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC,' published by the Southern Historical Society of Louisville, Ky., devoted to sketches of the late war, from the pens of southern writers—Boys in Gray that were. For one we like to read the other side of the story, and we have no doubt many of our old comrades do, and if they will send \$1.50 to W. M. Marriner, 750 Fifth Street, Louisville, Ky., they can obtain the BIVOUAC for a year, and with it many hours of pleasurable reading. We propose occasionally to transfer some of the best things we find in it to the columns of '*The Budget*.'"

THE LAST MARCH.—An extract from General Chamberlain's Address, in the *Federal*: As we stand there, in the morning mist, we see the rebel army breaking camp, and then, slowly and reluctantly, forming ranks for the last time. And now they move, the great mass breaking into a column of march; General Gordon with the Stonewall Jackson corps, commanded by Heath. On they came, the rebellion battle-flags, with the diagonal cross and the thirteen stars. The head of the rebel column comes opposite our right, and at the bugle-signal we come to the "carry arms." The rebel commander, General Gordon, at the head of the column, observes this little courtesy, and drops the point of his sword, and gives the command to "carry." Not a sound from the trumpet, nor roll of drum, but in stillness, as if, indeed, the dead were passing there, thus they moved. Then they stacked arms, and took off their cartridge-boxes and laid them on the pile. Lastly, painfully, they furled their battle-flags and laid them in the dust; some kneeling down over them and kissing them with burning tears. And then the Star-spangled Banner was left alone upon the field.

DURING Morgan's Christmas raid in Kentucky, at the crossing on the Rolling Fork near Petersburg, in holding the Federal infantry in check with a portion of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, General Duke was dangerously wounded in the head by a piece of shell. The ford was very deep and the Federal artillery was throwing shells into the river-crossing at almost every discharge. General Duke was placed upon a tall horse with Captain Quirk behind him to hold him on. The surgeon of the Ninth Cavalry led the horse across. About the center of the stream a shell passed over them, striking the water just below and plainly exposing the river-bottom as it exploded. Just in front of them was a man leading a horse. As he reached the bank a shell passed between the horse he rode and the one he was leading, struck the bank in front of him, exploded, tearing a hole in the ground large enough to bury a horse and cart in. Frightened almost out of his wits, the cavalryman made desperate efforts to raise his horse to the top of the river-bank with his spurs. Finding this too slow, he threw himself down flat upon his horse, using his hat as a whip to aid his kicking, and finally succeeded in getting his horses out of range. General Duke, scarcely able to hold his head up, and unable to speak, pointed with his finger to the frantic rebel, while a smile upon his pale features showed he was not insensible to the ridiculous capers cut by the shell-dodging gray-coat. The writer did not men-

tion the matter at all, but just at that time his sympathy for the rebel led him to wish most devoutly that the gray-coat as well as the party just behind him were crossing the Rolling Fork at some other ford.

CHAS. B. TYDINGS,

Ninth Ky. Cav. C.S.A.

THE day before the command of General Morgan started from Harts-ville upon the raid through Gallatin, Tennessee, which ended in the defeat and capture of General Johnson with a large portion of the three picked regiments he had selected to capture Morgan's one regiment with, General Morgan issued an order that no one should leave the ranks without special permission from him under pain of severe punishment. This order included horse-shoeing, also a favorite excuse with stragglers and bummers, and however beneficial it was to the men it was very severe on many of the horses whose shoes soon dropped from their feet on the rough turnpike and by the time we reached Gallatin upon our return many of the horses could hardly walk at all. It was just outside the limits of this place we had to fight General Johnson. Two or three of Morgan's companies had never been under fire and it was natural that some anxiety should be felt as to how they would conduct themselves in the fight. The blue coats came up in splendid style delivering a steady, rapid fire all the time. During the hottest of this, General Duke (then Colonel) rode down the line as far as the new companies extended and found them standing up like veterans. The first man in the old regiment he came to was Mike — an Irishman, standing without a twig to protect him loading and firing as rapidly as possible. On looking up he saw Colonel Duke, and without stopping a moment in his work, Mike shouted out "The top of the morning to you, colonel, an' colonel, can I get me horse shod as soon as the fight is over." Amazed as well as amused at the idea of such a thought in the presence of such danger, Colonel Duke shouted back, "Certainly Mike," and rode back impressed with the fact that Mike had given him an example of as perfect coolness under danger as he had ever witnessed on the battle-field.

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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

BATTLE IN MOBILE BAY.

On the 18th May, 1864, the Tennessee, like a gaint on stilts, was taken in tow by a river steamboat, with her own propeller working at the same time, and passed through Spanish River through the gap left in the obstructions, and across the bar to a sufficient depth of water to float her. She was accompanied by an additional steamer carrying coal for her use which was transferred during the passage, the other having on board a large gang of laborers to relieve her of the camels when no longer required. The ordnance-stores and ammunition had been put on board while awaiting the completion of the camels.

She was anchored in the lower part of Mobile Bay, at a distance of about six miles from its entrance, and was of course in full view of the blockading fleet of the enemy. About midnight the camels were sent adrift, steam gotten up, and every preparation made to get under way for the purpose of crossing Mobile Bar and attacking this fleet, but when the anchor was weighed it was found that the vessel was hard and fast aground. Consequently the idea of taking the blockaders by surprise had to be abandoned, and on the following day, when the tide rose sufficiently to float her, she steamed near to Fort Morgan and anchored. Here she was soon joined by the gunboats "Gaines," "Morgan," and "Selma," three small wooden vessels, mounting in all sixteen guns of small caliber, and manned by about three hundred men. They were commanded, however, by gallant and efficient officers, and rendered all the service that could be expected of them.

As soon as the enemy discovered our little squadron assembled within such close proximity, the blockading fleet was increased by the arrival of four heavy sloops of war, in addition to the eight gunboats of which it had previously been composed, and it was quite

evident that our movements were closely watched by them. But no incident of any moment occurred until on the 4th of July following the "Tennessee" was gotten under way for the purpose of practicing at a target in the bay, which at this point is nearly nine miles in width.

The gunboat Gaines was anchored about a mile from the "Tennessee," and as the latter was approaching her in her course toward the point selected as the base of target practice, the wheel-rope (or chain) by which she was steered suddenly gave way, and but for the instantaneous resort to the relieving tackles, the Gaines would have been sunk at her anchors by the prow of the "Tennessee," an event which would certainly have caused a hearty laugh at our expense from our Federal friends outside. Our target practice gave very satisfactory evidence of the good training the crew had received in handling their guns, but we were not permitted on this occasion to have all the fun to ourselves in the way of shooting off our guns, as the unwelcome guardians of the entrance to our harbor amused themselves at the same time by testing the range of their Parrot rifles, a "lamp-post" shot from which came skipping over the surface of the water occasionally from a distance of nearly four miles. Of course they did no damage, but they served as a gentle reminder that two could play at the same game.

We returned to our anchorage late in the afternoon, and the next morning I went up to Mobile to request the admiral's authority for strengthening, and at the same time altering, the arrangement of the steering-apparatus of the vessel, but as there was no telling at what moment the enemy might attempt the entrance of the bay, and the desired alteration could not then be made without placing the vessel in a comparatively defenseless condition for a few days, he decided not to undertake it at that time. But when he came on board the vessel, some two weeks later, and examined the steering-gear, he ordered me to Mobile to bring down the naval constructor and let him make the desired alteration. This was to pass the wheel-rope (or chain) under the afterdeck instead of along its surface, but before the change could be made the enemy's fleet came steaming into the bay, as had been apprehended, and we had to fight him with the imperfect weapons at our command.

On the 3d of August it could be plainly seen from our anchorage that the vessels of the blockading fleet were making preparations for action, and during the day two double and two single-turreted monitors were anchored inside of Sand Island, which formed a protec-

tion against the swell of the Gulf of Mexico, being situated immediately in front of the entrance to Mobile Bay, distant about three miles. The next day was employed by them in hauling up their boats on this island, and making such minor changes in the equipment of the vessels as the occasion required. Meanwhile the "Tennessee" and her consorts were put in fighting trim and arrangements made for shipping cables and making a sudden dash at the vessels of the enemy as they approached.

On the morning of the 5th of August, at about six o'clock, they were crossing the bar and heading for the entrance between Forts Morgan and Gaines. As the channel took them quite near to the former, and too far from the latter for it to be considered an obstacle, our only reliance for any measure of coöperation in our efforts to dispute the passage of the forts was necessarily placed upon Fort Morgan, and when the vessel came within range of her guns they were vigorously used in endeavoring to cripple them, but only one of them received any material damage, and she brought up the rear of the fourteen wooden vessels, the smaller of which were lashed to the sides of the larger, the latter being placed on the side nearest to Fort Morgan. The four monitors formed a separate line between this fort and the wooden vessels, the lead being taken by one of the single-turreted monitors mounting two fifteen-inch guns. When within about a mile of the fort she fired the first gun from the Federal fleet and steamed quietly but sternly toward the bay without any further demonstration of her hostile intent. Meanwhile the more rapid movement of the steamers brought them directly between the two forts, and as our little squadron had been under way from the moment that the first gun was fired, they did great execution with their batteries at this time by raking the enemy's vessels as they approached. The "Tennessee" was impatiently awaiting the moment when she could make use of her prow by ramming the leading vessels of the line. Just at this juncture it was discovered that some confusion had been created by the sudden stopping of the leading ship, and that the admiral's ship, which could be distinguished by his flag, had passed her, whereupon all the speed that the "Tennessee" could command was put forth to cross her course and run into her broadside, two shots from our bow-gun being delivered at her during the approach, and at such short range that it has always seemed little short of a miracle that she was not struck by them. When Admiral Farragut saw that the ram was approaching unpleasantly near to his flagship, her helm was put to starboard for a few moments to avoid

her, and then changed to clear the shoal water extending for some distance off Fort Gaines; so she passed beyond the possibility of being caught by the "Tennessee," whose speed she could double. All the wooden vessels of the fleet, following close after the admiral's ship, were now fairly within the bay, and he seemed to feel that he could quietly take possession of its waters; accordingly he proceeded to a point about four miles above the forts, where he was in the act of bringing his fleet to anchor when he discovered that the "Tennessee" took an entirely different view of the situation, and was making all possible haste to correct that impression by renewing the attack singly and alone, for the moment Admiral Buchanan found that his hope of making use of the "Tennessee" as a ram was dispelled, his order to me was, "Follow them up, Johnston; we can't let 'em off that way." Of course this order was promptly obeyed, but as our pilot had been wounded and was unable to direct the movement of the vessel, while I was not sufficiently well acquainted with the location of a dangerous shoal called the "horse-shoe," and yet knew to be not far distant, it became necessary to turn the head of the vessel for a moment in the direction of Fort Morgan.

While performing this evolution, and when the firing had ceased for a few moments, I heard the crew of the Tennessee cheering at some occurrence which I had not noticed from the pilot-house, and on inquiring the cause the reply came from several voices, "That monitor's sinking, sir," and placing my eyes near one of the apertures in the side of the pilot-house, I saw a leading monitor reeling over on the port side, and almost instantly she turned her keel out of water and sank bottom upward in eight fathoms of water. Only eight or ten of her crew were rescued from a watery grave out of a hundred and twenty, and these were saved by jumping from the turret and seizing a boat which had been towing astern of the vessel, or was sent from one of the wooden vessels. It was afterward learned that this was the Tecumseh, and that she was superior in many respects to any vessel of her class which had then been constructed. She was commanded by Captain T. A. M. Craven, who had specially requested Admiral Farragut to allow him to take care of the Tennessee. It was evident that she had been struck by a torpedo, but whether by one of those planted in the channel by the Confederates, or that she had one attached to a spar projecting from her own bow, has never been ascertained. The latter supposition has good foundation in the fact that she had reserved her fire until within a few yards of the Tennessee, and had run foul of a large iron buoy placed to indicate the channel to blockade-runners.

As soon as the fleet had fairly entered the bay, they separated, and the gunboats, eight in number, went at once in pursuit of the three weak little vessels which composed Admiral Buchanan's squadron; but they only succeeded in capturing one of them, and that after a most gallant resistance on the part of Lieutenant Commanding P. U. Murphy, of the *Selma*, who yielded only after his executive officer and a large portion of his crew had been killed at their guns by the two superior vessels which had chased him several miles up the bay.

The gunboat *Morgan*, under the command of Commander Geo. W. Harrison, after having rendered good service in resisting the entrance of the fleet into the bay, was placed alongside of the wharf at Fort Morgan, and during the night passed through its vessels and up to Mobile without being seen by the jubilant and intoxicated enemy. She was subsequently engaged in the defense of the city.

The gunboat *Gaines*, under the command of Lieutenant Commanding John W. Bennett, having received several shots below the water-line and being in a sinking condition, was run on the beach near Fort Morgan and burned by her own crew.

While this disposition was being made of our gallant admiral's squadron, he was, as before stated, quietly steaming up to the attack of the already victorious fleet of the enemy, and when he approached with the *Tennessee* alone, within a mile of his nearest vessel, they were all under way, as if by magic, and each struggling to get the first blow at the insolent ram, which they vainly hoped to sink by running at her with full speed and sliding upon her deck, the forward and after ends being not more than eighteen inches above the water. In addition to this worse than futile mode of attack, the two hundred guns of the fleet were directed at her, and fired with all the rapidity and precision that a confident adversary and every possible advantage of speed and position could make.

During this terrific bombardment I was stationed in the pilot-house, directing the movements of the vessel, while the admiral exercised the most active personal supervision over the firing of the guns, allowing no opportunity to escape of placing a shot where it would do the most good. As the wooden vessels approached for the purpose of ramming the ram, a percussion shell would be sent through their bows and carry death and destruction through to the stern, but still the blow came from them, and more to their own damage than to the ram, as, although struck five times by these heavy vessels at top speed, the only effect upon her efficiency was to

cause her to leak at the rate of six inches an hour. Such was the strength of her shield that when struck by the solid eleven-inch shot of the enemy, at the closest possible range, they would merely indent the tough iron and break in pieces. Over ninety of such indentations were found in her sides after the action. They were partially penetrated only once, and then by a fifteen-inch solid shot fired from a distance of about one hundred yards.

A far worse result than this was achieved, however, by these repeated attempts to sink the vessel, in the discovery by the enemy of her most vulnerable point—the exposed arrangement of her steering apparatus. A shot eventually came which swept away the chain by which she was steered, with the blocks and tackle of its substitute, called relieving tackles, thus destroying at once all control not only over the management of the vessel but over the direction of her fire, as it has before been explained that her ports were too narrow to admit of turning her guns. At the same time the smokepipe had been shot away, and the smoke from the furnace came pouring down through the gratings which formed the upper deck, on to the heads of the crew, while the thermometer was standing at one hundred and twenty degrees on the gun-deck. The Tennessee had thus become simply a target for the guns of the enemy, and the wooden vessels appeared to have retired from the contest, leaving the monitors to complete her destruction at their leisure. The covers of the bow and stern gun-ports had been struck while they were down, and so jammed against the shield as to preclude the possibility of using those guns except in broadsides, and the enemy was not slow to perceive this fact. Accordingly he avoided our broadsides, and stationed the remaining fifteen-inch monitor on our starboard bow, and the two with double turrets immediately astern, from which points they delivered their heavy missiles with deliberate accuracy, eventually succeeding in so weakening the after end of the shield as to cause it to vibrate very perceptibly at every concussion.

In the course of their bombardment Admiral Buchanan sent to the engine-room for a machinist to back out the pin which held the pivot bolt upon which the port-covers revolved in place, but while he was so engaged a shot from one of the monitors struck the port immediately outside of the spot where the machinist was sitting, and the concussion was so great that he was completely crushed, and all that could be found of his remains had to be taken up with a shovel and placed in a bucket. At the same moment the admiral received a wound from an iron splinter, breaking his right leg below the knee,

and one of the gun's crew was killed by a splinter striking him in the breast.

It was immediately reported to me that the admiral had been wounded, and I went aft to see him and receive his orders. I found him in the arms of the men, who were carrying him to the surgeon, on the lower deck, and as I approached he said, "Well Johnston, they've got me; you'll have to look out for her now." After a brief expression of condolence, I returned to the forward part of the deck, looking through the ports as I went, to see if there was any chance of getting a shot at any of the enemy's vessels, and while so engaged, I felt the deck careen suddenly at an angle of fifteen or twenty degrees, and exclaimed, "Hello! what's that?" to which one of the officers replied, "One of the ships running into us, sir," and, turning my head, I saw the bow of Admiral Farragut's flagship in the act of rebounding from our port quarter, while her crew were assembled on the bulwarks and firing at every one on board the *Tennessee* who showed his head through the port. While I was standing near the after-gun on the port side, looking through the port, and the crew were hastily reloading the guns, a pistol-shot struck the loader in the left ear. He fell to the deck a moment, but scrambled back to his place and rammed home the shot which the admiral's ship soon received at very close range. This was the last shot fired by the *Tennessee*, and it was from a gun manned by the marine guard of the vessel. Returning to the pilot-house for the purpose of ascertaining whether any of the enemy's ships were within range of our broadside guns, as there were none in sight from the deck, I perceived that another large ship was rapidly approaching us on the star-board quarter, but at so great an angle that it was impossible to bring our guns to bear upon her, and some twenty-minutes had now elapsed since our last shot was fired. Realizing at this time that there was no longer any hope of our inflicting any greater damage upon the enemy, and that any further show of resistance would only result in the useless destruction of the lives of those under my command, I repaired to the lower deck and communicated the situation to Admiral Buchanan, who replied, "Well, Johnston, if that is the case you had better surrender," whereupon I returned to the gun-deck, and after taking another view of the surroundings as far as practicable, and being confirmed in my estimate of the situation, I went to the top of the shield and took down the flag. It had been shot away repeatedly during the fight, and was then secured to the end of a boat-hook stuck through the grating of which the deck was formed.

After removing the flag, I returned to the gun-deck, and, as the enemy continued firing at us, I remembered the fact of the frequent disappearance during the engagement, and that consequently the hoisting of a white flag was required to indicate our surrender; accordingly, I reascended to the top of the shield, and complied with this form, upon which firing ceased. Just at this moment, however, the ship which had been approaching us on the star-board side, had so nearly reached us that, although she was stopped, and her engines reversed, her momentum was so great that the contact could not be avoided, and as she struck, her commander appeared on her fore-castle, and hailed, saying, "This is the United States steamer Ossipee. Hallo, Johnston, old fellow, how are you? I'll send a boat alongside for you. LeRoy, don't you know me?" I have no distinct recollection of my reply, but I am quite sure that I would have preferred to renew my former friendly acquaintance with this gallant officer under more congenial circumstances. The boat came alongside, and I was conveyed aboard the Ossipee, where Captain LeRoy met me at the gangway with a cordial greeting, and had his servant in readiness with a pitcher of ice-water, kindly remarking that he knew I must be dry, but that he had something better than that for me down below, and inviting me to his cabin, placed a bottle of Navy sherry, as he called it, and which I found to be vertiable eau de vie, before me with a plate of cracked ice, begging me to help myself *ad libitum*, as I might get drunk with impunity if so inclined. He also placed his state-room and bureau of good clothing at my disposal, but notwithstanding the depleted condition of my wardrobe, I did not avail of his hospitalities beyond a moderate indulgence in brandy and ice, my spirits at the time requiring an elevating stimulus more than ever before or since. Admiral Farragut soon made signal for me to be brought on board his flag-ship, where he received me at the gangway with the remark, "I am sorry to meet you under such circumstances, Captain Johnston," to which I replied, "You arn't half so sorry to see me as I am to see you," and his flag captain, Percival Drayton, said to me, "Well, Johnston, it can't be said that you have not nobly defended the honor of the Confederate flag to-day," a compliment which I cheerfully relegate to the officer whom I shall always regard as the true hero of that occasion, Admiral Franklin Buchanan.

Captain Drayton invited me into the cabin of the Hartford to give a list of the officers and crew of the Tennessee, and while there I was approached by Captain Nicholson, of the monitor "Manhat-

tan," and asked the question to which of the vessels of the fleet I had surrendered. My reply was, "I surrendered to the fleet under the command of Admiral Farragut," at which he modestly subsided. I was then returned to the *Ossippee*, whence the admiral soon sent for my sword, which I had left in the cabin of the *Tennessee* and relinquished with great reluctance as it had been made expressly for me and presented by one of the officers of the station. Owing to the extraordinary strength of the *Tennessee's* shield there were only two killed and ten wounded during the action, although there was a perfect hail of solid eleven-inch shot on her sides for nearly two hours, while the official reports of the enemy show that there were four hundred and seventy killed and wounded on board his vessels, a number quite equal to the entire force under Admiral Buchanan.

The fleet under Admiral Farragut was composed of fourteen wooden vessels and four monitors, manned by three thousand men and carrying two hundred and two guns. Four of his heaviest ships were so disabled as to compel their immediate return to the North for repairs, and one of his monitors was sunk by a torpedo.

I remained six days on board the *Ossippee* as a prisoner of war, together with two of my lieutenants and my servant, while the crew of the *Tennessee* were distributed temporarily among the vessels of the fleet and subsequently sent to Ship Island. Admiral Buchanan's wound prevented his immediate removal from the *Tennessee*, and he was brought up from the lower deck and laid upon the top of the pilot-house. Here he was visited by the fleet surgeon, who brought a message from Admiral Farragut tendering him the use of any of his vessels to convey him to any point he might designate. His reply was, "Tell Admiral Farragut I am a prisoner of war in his hands, and expect nothing from him beyond what is usually extended to prisoners of war by civilized nations." That evening he was transferred to a small dispatch-boat and sent to the hospital at Pensacola Navy-yard, where the prisoners on board the *Ossippee* followed a few days later, Captain Murphy, of the *Selma*, and myself being also placed in the hospital, as I was suffering with a painful disease and he had been slightly wounded.

In conclusion, I can not refrain from expressing my surprise that the capture of the *Tennessee* by such an overwhelming force should have elevated the commander of the fleet which achieved it to the highest pinnacle of naval fame. Any other result was scarcely within the range of possibility.

"THE FLOWER OF CAVALIERS."

Mourn, mourn along thy mountains high !
Mourn, mourn along thine ocean wave !
Virginia, mourn ! Thy bravest brave
Has struck for thee his last good blow !
O southwind, breathe thy softest sigh—
O young moon, shed thy gentlest light—
Ye silver dew, come weep to-night
To honor Stuart, lying low !

The princeliest scion of royal race*—
The knightliest of his knightly name—
The imperial brow, encrowned by Fame,
Lies pallid on his mother's breast !
How sadly tender is her face !
Virginia dearly loved this son,
And now, his glorious course is run,
Tearful she bows her martial crest.

She bows her head in the midst of war,
With booming cannon rumbling 'round—
'Mid crash of musket, and the sound
Of drum and trumpet clanging wild.
Fierce cries of fight rise near and far ;
But "*dulce et decorum est*,"
For him who nobly falls to rest—
Virginia mourns her peerless child.

The fair young wife bewails her lord,
The blooming maidens weep for him,
Fierce troopers' eyes with tears grow dim,
And all, all mourn the chieftain dead !
Place by his side his trusty sword—
Now cross his hands upon his breast !
And let the glorious warrior rest,
Enshrouded in his banner red !

No more our courtly cavalier
Shall lead his squadrons to the fight !
No more ! no more ! his saber bright
Shall dazzling flash in foeman's eyes.
No more ! no more ! his ringing cheer
Shall fright the Northman in his tent ;
Nor, swift as eagle in descent,
Shall he the boastful foe surprise.

*General J. E. B. Stuart sprung from the Royal House of Scotland.

But when his legions meet the foe
With gleaming saber lifted high,
His name shall be their battle-cry!
His name shall steel them in the fray;
And many a Northman 'neath the blow
Of Southern brand shall strew the ground,
While on the breeze the slogan sound,
"Stuart! Stuart!" shall ring dismay.

Mourn, mourn along thy mountains high!
Mourn, mourn, along thine ocean wave!
Virginia, mourn! Thy bravest brave
Has struck for thee his last good blow!
O southwind, breathe thy softest sigh—
O young moon, shed thy tenderest light—
Ye silver dews, come weep to-night,
To honor Stuart, lying low!

ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER IV.

A ride of ten or fifteen minutes brought Captain Ross and his scout to the deserted Indian camp in the open space, where the evening before he had received his first hostile shot. There dismounting, a thorough search was made in every direction to discover if possible the direction taken by the Indians on leaving. The captain was satisfied that this was the same party led by Black Abrams, both from the talk of Howling Wolf and from the tracks which he and Tom Her-nest had examined the day before, and which he now found repeated in the soft ground around the little palmetto hut. One of these tracks was unmistakably that of a negro. It had all the characteristic marks. The track of an Indian is long and narrow and the toes always turn inward, while the track of a white man turns toes outward, and in nine cases out of ten exhibits the mold corresponding to the hollow of the foot. A negro's track on the contrary has no hollow opposite the instep and is generally broad and straight resembling more nearly the track of a large bear, for which it might easily in muddy ground be mistaken. He was convinced therefore that this was Abram's track; but where was his party, for up to this time the most thorough search had only resulted in the discovery of

two different tracks. Where were the others? Howling Wolf had said they numbered thirty warriors, and the messenger who had brought the news of their bloody raid to Tampa had put them at a larger figure still. While debating the matter in his own mind the rangers still being actively engaged in further search, he was interrupted by a faint halloo coming from up the river. Some of the boys recognized in it the voice of Tom Hernest, and all of them with one accord proceeded in that direction. A few minutes' walk brought them to the edge of the hammock where they found Tom awaiting them, apparently excited by some discoveries which he had made. He led them eagerly to the bank of the river and pointed to the marks of a deserted camp. A number of little black spots on the ground covered with ashes and the charred remains of burned wood told where their camp-fires had been huilt, and the soft mud on the river's edge showed where seven canoes had been drawn up out of the water. Here then was the solution sought. The marks of the camp proved that a considerable body of Indians had stopped here, and the traces of the canoes exhibited the mode of their departure. They must have passed down the river during the night when our rangers were quietly sleeping. This they could easily have done, for the nearest tent was at a hundred yards from the edge of the river, and no sentinel had been posted on that side, as the thought of the Indians being in possession of boats had never entered Captain Ross's mind, nor in fact was he aware at that time of the neighborhood of the enemy in such force as was now developed.

He was therefore about to conclude that for the present the Indians had escaped and return to camp, but just as he was going to give orders to that effect a new turn was given to the condition of things, by the advent of a stranger in the shape of a small black dog. He was a wiry little fellow, with keen, sharp eyes, black as jet, not a white hair on him except a small white spot in the center of his forehead. His ears stood erect and he resembled in appearance a half grown wolf. Where did he come from? whom did he belong to? and what was he doing here? were questions that suggested themselves to each and all. There could be but one theory in regard to him and that was urged by Tom Hernest. "Look here," said Tom, "this here dog belongs to these Indians. They hain't all gone down the river in them canoes. There's some on 'em been hunting and this dog went with 'em." "How do you know?" said Dolly Golding. "Well, it looks to reason," replied Tom, "that if they'd all gone in the boats, this dog would a gone too, but he was away when they

left. Now why," said Tom, sententiously, "should this here dog have been away? He wouldn't 'a been away if some one hadn't a been with him. Dogs don't go off from camp without his owner or friends go with him, and this dog has just got back ahead of his friends, that's all."

In the meanwhile the dog seemed indisposed to cultivate the acquaintance of any of the boys. After snuffing around a while he tucked his tail between his legs, and sitting down on his haunches, set up a dismal howl.

"This won't do boys," said Tom, "if there's Indians behind that dog a following him up, his howling will scare them off. Get hold of him Dolly and we'll put a stopper to his clatter." Following Tom's directions the boys maneuvered around and finally got hold of the dog, and put a halter round his neck. He did considerable snapping at first, but finally quieted down and being fed showed his gratitude by licking the hand of Dolly, who had given him a chunk of meat.

"Come boys," said Captain Ross, "we mustn't stay here all day, let us circle out from here, and if there is any thing in Tom's theory about the dog, we'll discover the trail of the Indians somewhere hereabout."

Mounting their horses the rangers started off, gradually widening the circle, in search of marks. They had not gone half a mile from the deserted camp before they found what they were looking for, in a distinctly marked trail crossing a little slough which trickled off to the southeast in the direction of the river. The soft nature of the the ground and the wet grass plainly exhibited traces of a body of men who had crossed the slough in single file. This is the way that Indians always travel, no matter how large a body of them may be going together, they always march in single file. This is also a habit noticeable in wild animals who go in herds. On a closer examination it was discovered that the footsteps had been made either during the night or on the evening before, as the dew had fallen upon them. They all tended in the same direction and indicated that not less than thirty or forty Indians had passed by this route. Among the tracks were several small ones, indicating either women or boys. One only was directed to the river and that one was the track of a dog, but recently made, the condition of the grass showing the dew just shaken off where he had trotted. Tom Hernest examined the tracks closely and asserted them to have been made by the same dog that had come to them at the deserted camp.

"You see, boys," said Tom, "these red varmints come down the river in their canoes and were joined on the river thar," pointing to the abandoned camp, "by some of their friends, whom they had either left behind or who had come thar to meet 'em; and now part of 'em have gone down the river in the boats and the others have taken this course, and this dog's master has gone with the boats and the dog never missed him till this morning, when he come back to hunt him up, or else they have gone to hide the boats and will jine the rest by some other way, being afraid to go past our camp with the boats, and by jingo," said Tom, looking eagerly on the ground. "if here ain't that cussed nigger's track agin."

"Sure enough," said Dolly Golding, "and ain't he a whopper if the balance of his body is as big as his foot—lordy, what a huge un he must be." As the trail was now a plain and undisguised one the signal was given to mount, and the whole party were soon in hot pursuit, speculating glibly as they rode upon the chances of soon overtaking the Indians, and the consequent probabilities of a fight and victory; for there was not a doubt in the minds of any of our rangers as to the results, just let them once get within range of their red foes. What a curious thing is human nature. Here were thirty young fellows, born of God-fearing parents, in a law-abiding community, reared to habits of peace and industry, quiet farmer boys all of them, men who had never in their lives spilled the blood of a fellow-being in anger or killed any thing more than a squirrel or perhaps a deer, and who knew nothing of war or bloodshed, save what the most intellectual of them perhaps had read in history, and yet here they were thirsting for the lives of the Indians. Gloating by anticipation over the triumph in battle they expected to achieve; talking gayly and laughingly over the shooting and slaying of their fellows without one thought of the consequences to any one outside of the respective actors. And yet they were not bad-hearted, vicious men, nor did their present frame of mind or spirits indicate that hereafter they would fail to treat their parents, their brothers, sisters, and friends at home with the same kindness and affection they had always displayed. Yet so it is, and the fact serves but to show that man has two natures, one of which lies dormant until developed by circumstances. And you may live your lifetime with a person without knowing any thing of this second nature unless the events happen which are calculated to awaken its existence.

The trail led southwest and passed over an arid waste for many miles, made arid by the heat of the sun and the scarcity of water.

It was with great difficulty it could be followed. Here the new dog came into play, and had it not been for him the trail would at times have been altogether lost. But the dog made himself useful. He unerringly led the rangers along the route his red friends had traveled. Forward they went until they reached the pine woods skirting the great prairie, then along the edge of the pine woods, stopping only to bait their horses and to snatch a hasty morsel themselves at noon, until late in the evening they stopped for the night out in the prairie in one of the green islands of palmetto and oaks which occasionally dotted its surface. But here they were puzzled, for the last fifteen miles they had seen no sign of water and were in great distress from want of it. The day had been exceedingly warm. Summer was approaching, and in that latitude the heat of the sun in the daytime is intense and oppressive. Without water animal suffering becomes very great. But necessity is the mother of invention. The boys had been looking round for water or some indications of its presence, and one of the troopers, Joe Swichord, who had followed the calling of a well-digger at home, found a small saw-grass pond, or rather what would have been a pond in wet weather, but at present it was perfectly dry. However, Joe thought that water could not be far off, so he went up to the camp and got the captain's sword and with this began his experiment of digging a well. In about a foot from the surface he was rewarded for his perseverance by water seeping into the hole he had dug. It was not pure, but to the hot, tired, and dusty boys it drank like nectar. Pretty soon several holes were dug and due course of time the thirst of both men and horses was fully quenched.

The boys started to water the horses out of their hats, but the horses in their eagerness soon showed them a better way by kneeling down and taking the water directly out of the holes.

The night passed without disturbance. An hour before day the bugle-call was sounded and soon the men were up feeding their horses, getting breakfast, and making ready for an early start. By daylight all hands were mounted and the troop was soon again upon the trail of the Indians whom they hoped to catch some time during the day. Their route ran southeast across the open prairie. None of the boys had ever been in this section of country before. It was wholly wild and uninhabited. Many parts of it had probably never been trod by the foot of a white man. And as the Seminole Indians were of a thoroughly barbarous nature, living altogether by hunting and fishing, they had no stationary residences, no towns or even

villages, but moved about from place to place as their necessities required. None of the command had any personal knowledge of the country through which they were passing, but they were all of them born and raised in the woods and had learned the woodman's craft in their hunting and fishing expeditions. Captian Ross had with him an old map of a topographical survey of the country made by the United States engineers during the war of '43, at the time the old forts spoken of in a former chapter had been erected; beside this, he had an excellent pocket compass, so that there was no danger of going far astray or of getting lost. The course they were traveling would, according to the captain's calculation, bring them by noon to the point on the Istopoga Creek, where Lieut. Weeks with his scout was to join them, and in all likelihood they would be able to overtake the Indians before reaching that point. This he felt satisfied of accomplishing if the Indians had made any halt during the night, for he had ridden fast during the previous day under the hope and expectation of overtaking the pursued on that day. The boys were jubilant and excited over the pursuit and talked eagerly of the coming fray. About ten o'clock a rather curious incident happened. The men were passing a slough single file and crossed what casually seen appeared to be a large log. Billy Peckham was the last one to cross. He was riding a small sorrel pony mare. The supposed log was an immense alligator lying there sluggishly in the mud, and just as Peckham jumped his mare over it, her fore foot slightly struck the alligator's back and it made some movement, exactly what it was or how it was done Peckham could not tell, but hearing him yell the boys looked back and saw him floundering in the mud on his back and the pony also down, while the supposed log was moving off up the slough. A most singular sight indeed. The alligator was killed and measured between seventeen and eighteen feet in length. Peckham's pony was irretrievably injured; her fore shoulder was dislocated. She had to be killed, as it was impossible to do any thing with or for her. Peckham was mounted on one of the lead mules of which there were three in the party, and the route was resumed.

The course of the trail was unchanged, and about noon the scout struck the old military trail, just as Captain Ross had expected, and about a mile further on they came to the place where Lieut. Weeks was to join them, but nothing could be seen of either Weeks or his men. Here Captain Ross baited his horses, and allowed his men to get a snack, hoping that in the meanwhile Weeks would come up; but the time passed, and the trail was resumed without the appear-

ance of the expected reinforcements. The Indians had taken the old military road, and continued their journey southward, and strange to say our rangers had not as yet come upon any place where they had halted, though halted they must have been, to have rested and eaten during the last two days of their travel.

The day was very warm. The sky was as blue as the deep sea, and not a fleck of cloud dotted the heavens in any direction; nor was there the friendly shade of a single tree to protect the rangers from the intense heat of the sun, the rays of which, reflected from the ground, were visible, and played in the circumambient air like millions of little glossy-winged insects. The prairie seemed interminable—earth and sky in all directions, and no sign of any living thing, except here and there, in the distance, a deer or a wolf might be seen loping off as he sighted the travelers. Not a breath of air was stirring either to break the monotony of the heat. But for the heavy dews and the cool, delicious nights this portion of Florida would be intolerable during parts of the year. But the nights are always pleasant, and the body that lies down at night tired and overheated rises in the morning refreshed and reinvigorated. A ride of six or seven miles, however, brought them in sight of a hammock of low-lying timber, principally cypress and cabbage-palmetto, to the right of the trail, indicating the existence of a swamp, which apparently extended for miles to the southwest, while to the left of the trail could be seen a serpentine stretch of green timber, showing where the Kissime River ran its winding course, while between the river and the swamp, crossing the trail, was a growth of gallberry bushes, saw-palmetto, and saw-grass, growing to the height of a man's shoulder—the bushes and grass indicating the nature of the ground they grew upon to be wet and marshy. This strip of marshy ground was about a hundred and fifty yards in width, and extended all the way from the swamp on the right to the river on the left, and was so much lower than the surrounding prairie that the tops of the bushes appeared to be on a level with the grasses of the prairie surface. So that to the eye of a superficial observer there seemed to be no break in the monotonous evenness of the country. The sun was now some two hours high, and as our troopers approached the place indicated the quick eye of Tom Hernest, who was riding in front beside his captain, discovered something moving at the distance of a half mile ahead, apparently in the very trail they were pursuing. At first he failed to make out what it was, but pretty soon Tom called out, "Indians, by jingo! Captain, it's a woman and a boy!" And

sure enough an Indian woman and a boy could plainly be seen walking leisurely along the trail as though they had either not discovered the approach of the rangers, or were indifferent to their near neighborhood. They were quietly wending their way without looking to the right or left. Captain Ross scanned the horizon in all directions but could see no sign of any thing else within the reach of his vision. The two Indians could be plainly seen from their knees up, trudging along, while from the regularity of the surface between them and the Indians, it was impossible for them to discover the depression which existed in the ground ahead of them.

"This looks mighty curious, captain," said Tom. "What are these Indians doing out here by themselves? Thar's something suspicious in this thing." "I don't know about that, Tom," replied the captain, "but there's one thing, old fellow, we'll soon take those two, and then maybe we can find out where the rest are. We will gallop after and overtake them." "I aint so sartain of that, captain," said Tom. "I never saw many Indians, but I've hearn tell a heap about their maneuvering and circumventive ways. And it looks to me as if them Injuns ain't a gwine 'long thar for nothin', in sich a carless sorter way. We better look into this thing fust, before we run into trouble."

"Why, what trouble can we run into, Tom?" said Dolly Golding, riding alongside, and joining in the conversation. "There ain't a thing 'tween us and them; and not a place to hide a rabbit, leastways an Injun in, and that swamp over thar (pointing to the cypress trees on the right) is too far off to hide any Injuns which can hurt us. I'm in for grabbin' on 'em right away. What you 'fraid of, Tom?" "'Fraid!" said Tom, the least bit scornfully, as he repeated Dolly's last word. "I don't think I'm afraid, for myself; though a man can't always tell, seeing as how I've never bin in a fight, its impossible to know adzactly what I'll do when I git thar. But I do hope," said Tom, earnestly, "that I won't run. But it seems to me, Dolly, that them 'ar Injuns is too confiding like. They makes out like they don't see us, but you bet them Injuns knows as how we're here, as well as we do ourselves. Then what makes them go along thar as tho' they hadn't a thing in the world to fear? It looks mighty suspicious, mighty suspicious!"

All the time the troop had been pursuing their way, and the woman and boy went ahead in the same manner of security they had first exhibited. Tom's words had some effect on the captain, who had felt like commanding an immediate race after the fugitives, as he

saw nothing in the surroundings which would hinder their instant capture, as they were too far from the swamp to hope to reach its secret fastnesses before they could be overtaken; but to meet the ideas advanced by Tom, he called a halt with a view of holding a consultation as to what was best to be done. A short discussion ensued, and the almost unanimous conclusion was, to give immediate chase. Every thing was made ready, and at the word of command the troop broke into a sharp run, the two Indians then being about three or four hundred yards ahead. The noise made by the rangers apparently, for the first time, attracted the attention of the fugitives. They looked around, and then with a yell took to running as hard as their legs would carry them. The boys, excited by this fact, stuck spurs to their horses, and with redoubled speed went clattering after.

Alas, for the vanity of human hopes! The rangers had not gone more than a hundred yards in their rapid career when the ground and bushes into which they had now rushed seemed to swarm with Indians, and the prairie resounded with the rattle of firearms and the unearthly warwhoops of the red devils as they rose from behind the neighboring bushes and poured volley after volley into the suddenly-halted and confused ranks of the troop. But though stunned, surprised, and thrown into the utmost disorder by this unlooked-for ambush; and though neither Captain Ross nor any of his men had ever before been under fire, they all alike behaved admirably, and with the greatest intrepidity. They found it impossible to charge upon the Indians because of the softness of the ground. Its boggy nature, as much as the sudden firing of the savages, having arrested their progress. Ross saw, too late, the whole scheme of the ambush, and bitterly repented his not taking Tom Hernest's advice. But this was no time for regret—he must act. As he could not advance, and as the position they occupied was the most exposed one they could have possibly assumed, they must e'en turn tail and get out the best way they could. In the meanwhile his men were using their guns as rapidly and as well as they could under the circumstances, and already several of the savages had been seen to fall beneath the unerring fire of Tom Hernest's rifle, while Dolly Golding's carbine had made its mark. Tom noticed that a body of Indians, under the leadership of an immense negro, were moving to their right with the view of getting into their rear, when he called the captain's attention to the fact, and the captain ordered the retreat sounded. A moment later and the troop had extricated itself from the bog and were flying

pell-mell in full retreat. Just at this moment Dolly Golding, who was about fifty yards behind, riding an ugly little brown mare, which had a two-month's-old colt following her, yelled out at the top of his voice, "Stop, boys, stop; for God's sake, stop, my mare has lost her colt." But there was exactly at that moment no stop in the boys; nor did they stop running until they had gotten beyond reach of the Indian guns, when the captain called a halt and reformed his lines. But all were not there. Poor Joe Swichard had fallen, shot through the brain. Never again would his pleasant laugh cheer the camp, nor his inventive genius relieve their necessities. Paul Ricketts, too, had been killed at the first fire, while several had slight flesh wounds. Nothing to hurt, but a good deal to brag over in the future; for soldiers, when a war has ceased, foster their scars and love to exhibit their evidences of battle to the generations which have risen thereafter.

What was next to be done? Captain Ross was exceedingly mortified over the result, so was his entire command. For several days now they had been in eager pursuit of the enemy; for several days now they had fully expected to overtake the enemy, conquer and capture him, and now—bitter humiliation—they had come upon him unexpectedly, and had been forced to fly. This will never do (thought the captain). If we quit thus, and the story gets abroad as it will be sure to do, the honor of the rangers is gone forever. We must redeem ourselves, and how is it to be done?

The Indians are more numerous than we thought they were, and they occupy a position where we can not reach them on our horses and they show a spirit we hardly expected them to exhibit. He called Tom to his councils, and between them they decided to dismount, leave two men in charge of the horses, and with the remainder charge the enemy on foot and force them from their position. No sooner said than done. The men were dismounted, the arms examined, and every thing put ship-shape for the coming struggle. The boys were given instructions to form in a single file three or four feet apart like skirmishers, then at the word to charge upon the foe, availing themselves of every object of protection possible, but still move forward so as to drive the enemy into the open prairie. The instructions being thoroughly understood, and the men formed in line, the word was given, and away they dashed. To their great surprise they gained the bushes without the firing of a shot. On through the bushes and still not a sound save such as they made themselves in passing through the mud and bushes. Presently they

emerged into the open prairie on the other side of the slough. The Indians had silently withdrawn. The noise of galloping horses attracted their attention. They gazed in the direction whence it proceeded, and within a few hundred yards they beheld Lieut. Weeks and his party coming on a run. This at once accounted for the absence of the Indians. They had seen the approaching accession and availing themselves of the height of the bushes had prudently stolen off to the swamp. Captain Ross realized this as soon as he noticed Weeks's command, and immediately hastened to his horses, with the view if possible of cutting the Indians off from the swamp, which was probably about a quarter of a mile from the battle-field. Motioning to Weeks to continue his ride in the direction of the swamp, he hurriedly mounted and put off at full speed in the same direction. But it was too late. The last savage was seen in the outskirts of the swamp as they rode up.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAPTAIN WILLIAM LASHBROOKE.

KILLED—Near Sharpsburg, April 8th, 1865, WILLIAM, son of Peter and Frances B. Lashbrooke, of this county, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

Of the circumstances causing the sad dispensation, which has deprived the family of a noble, dutiful son, a loving brother; the circle in which he moved, of a kind friend; and the community of an excellent citizen, we can say but little. We have never seen one of a more heart-rending character—one more fully calculated to call forth general sympathy. Away from, yet so near to, those he loved, while striving to reach them, passed from earth, without warning, the spirit of our friend. Although it was allowed them to pay the last sad tribute of love and affection to his remains—to lay his body away in the old family burial-ground, it seemeth hard that after so long a separation; that after escaping so many dangers; after the sufferings he had endured, that he must fall as it were on the very threshold of home, without even receiving the embraces of those for whom he risked so much, and if he must die, might he not have been permitted to have spent his last moments surrounded by relations and friends, to witness, ease, and calm his dying struggles. Hard though it be, let us not complain. We know not but that in mercy he was taken. We knew him well; we have met him in the peaceful avocations of life, amid the din of battle, in camp, and on beds of suffering. He hath ever been the same friend—kind, quiet, unobtrusive, uncomplaining—a gentleman every where. Farewell, dearest friend, 'tis hard to give thee up. Comrade, rest; thy warfare's o'er, the battle has been fought, and heaven is won. Grieve not, father; mourn not, mother; weep not sister, brother, friend; altho' in his love for you

he fell, he has left behind him a reputation unsullied, a character without reproach. Priceless jewels, indeed! You know that the solemn messenger found him prepared, with his lamp trimmed and burning. You know his worth; his virtues are worthy of imitation, and if you follow in his footsteps, in the straight but narrow way; if you heed the warning, "In life we are in death," then hath he not lived in vain; then the loss may even be your gain. Rely on Him who tempers the storm to the shorn lamb. May He lighten your sorrow, soften your grief, and comfort you in this your great affliction, so that you may even say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

H. D. W.

The foregoing obituary notice, clipped from an old file of the Maysville (Ky.) *Eagle*, and sent to the SOUTHERN BIVOUC by the family of its subject, will call to the minds of many of our readers who were members of the "Orphan Brigade" the genial and soldierly Captain William Lashbrook, of Company I, Fourth Kentucky Infantry. Wounded in almost every battle in which he was engaged, and they were many, he was, just before the close of the war, detailed to come into Kentucky for the purpose of recruiting his company, which had been reduced by the casualties of war to about one tenth of its original numbers, and was indeed but a skeleton of the proud and gallant body of men which had followed the lead of the spirited and dashing Thompson up to the date of his promotion to the majority of the regiment. Leaving his regiment in South Carolina, Captain Lashbrooke made his way into Kentucky through the mountain gaps, and was within a day's ride of his home when he was shot and killed by "home-guards," near Sharpsburg, Bath County, Ky. His mission was an extra hazardous one under the then existing state of affairs, but accepting it as a sacred duty, he never once questioned its advisability or shrank from the dangers which encompassed him in filling it to the best of his ability. The soldier who had confronted death on many stricken fields, and whose body was covered with honorable wounds received on the perilous front of battle, was murdered from an ambush. In the discharge of a dangerous duty he met his death, the death of a soldier, brave and true. The news reached his command just before the curtain dropped on the last scene of the war, and the manner in which it was received by all grades of his comrades attested the respect, confidence, and love which he held in their hearts. Had he reached his home it is safe to say that Union men would have vied with Southern men in shielding him from harm, so great was his personal popularity.

LOUISVILLE DURING THE WAR.

It was almost impossible during the war to get correct information regarding the battles that were almost daily being fought at some point or other. No papers from the South being accessible, the people had to depend exclusively on such news as they could get from northern journals, and these were so unreliable and highly colored in their reports of what was taking place between the hostile forces as to be almost worthless.

Perhaps one of the most ingenious editorials ever written by the brilliant and talented George D. Prentice appeared in the *Louisville Journal* after the seven days' fighting around Richmond, which resulted in McClellan having to seek the protection of the gunboats on James River to save his army from annihilation. This most disastrous defeat was glowingly and eloquently described as one of the most masterly pieces of strategy of ancient or modern times, and McClellan was extolled as the greatest military genius to which the world had given birth, having accomplished successfully what in the annals of warfare had never been attempted before, namely, that in the presence of a powerful army largely outnumbering his own he swung his right wing around so as to completely flank his enemy and obtain a position which enabled him to drive back and overwhelm with great loss the armies of Lee, open communication with the gunboats on James River, and establish a base of supplies. This is a specimen of the reliable war-news with which the papers were filled, and upon which the people were expected to regale their voracious appetites every morning.

But there was always a large amount of what was called in those days "grape-vine" news. Much of this was as unreliable as the news of the papers indicated. But some of it came from authentic sources. Reliable private dispatches were of course continually received by the general in command of the department; but the papers were not permitted to publish any war-news until it was approved of by the military authorities. And the farther it was from the truth the more likely it was to obtain this approval.

In order that none might escape home-guard duty during the war, and also as a species of punishment that would reach a class that could not well be reached and punished otherwise, the general in command of the department issued commissions to certain gentlemen to raise companies of home-guards, to be composed of men from forty-five to sixty years of age who were not physically disabled.

By a mysterious dispensation of Providence, or some other influence, Judge C. F. T. was one of the lucky, or unlucky, military spirits that was called into existence by one of those commissions. Alarm was depicted on the countenances of the Reb. element as soon as it was noised abroad that the judge was going to have a command. They were no way alarmed about the other home-guard companies, not thinking them dangerous, except to each other; but the military genius that was now about to dawn upon them put them in doubt if not fear as to what the result might be. Fortunately they never received any arms or there might have been serious work, not with the enemy, but among themselves, not through any ill feeling either, but somehow mistakes in their management would put their lives in jeopardy. One day the captain, when his company had grown up to the neighborhood of twenty, finding that his military knowledge was not equal to the task of drilling them, invested in a copy of Hardee's Tactics. Some would hardly believe the judge would do this, thinking he was too loyal to handle, much less draw his military knowledge from such a Rebel source; and besides, the author of said book was actually on the day he bought it a commander in the Rebel armies and invading the judge and his rights. But he bought the book, nevertheless, and studied it closely, as the result will show. When he thought he had his company up to a presentable appearance, he determined to give them an airing one day, and for that purpose took them from their armory on Sixth Street down Market to Seventh, when, reaching the northeast corner of Seventh, intending to carry them over to Main Street doubtless, for the purpose of striking terror into the hearts of the inhabitants of this hotbed of disloyalty. But they never got there. When they reached the corner named, instead of getting the command "Right wheel," which they should have got and which would have carried them through Seventh toward Main, the captain, in as stentorian a voice as he could command, called out, "Left wheel!" Those that knew they were going toward Main Street went on in that direction, while another section wheeled left as commanded. Never was such a scene of confusion witnessed. The captain was running in every direction to try and collect his scattered forces; but they would not collect. Some went one way, some another. This was the last time they met. The captain lost his company as well as the money he paid for Hardee's Tactics, and the Main street Rebs were still permitted to live.

In the early days of the war a blockade was established which made it almost impossible to receive goods from the North. This

brought about, however, a large amount of smuggling, and various devices were resorted to for the purpose of obtaining supplies. The temptation to engage in smuggling was largely developed, as various commodities even of an indispensable character were becoming scarce, and consequently commanding exorbitant prices. As the necessities of life were getting scarce and high property was rapidly declining in value, and some of the owners of real estate became so alarmed at the aspect of affairs as to sell it for a merely nominal sum. No improvements of course were undertaken under those circumstances, and consequently employment of every kind was almost impossible to obtain. Able-bodied men were therefore driven into the army as a last resort to sustain life, not from choice, but necessity, and more than one of the Kentucky regiments were filled up in this way.

The embargo established to prevent goods from crossing the river to Kentucky soon, however, proved to be a two-edged sword, cutting both ways, as the northern people had goods to sell, and were very anxious to find purchasers for them regardless of who bought them so they got the money. The outcry from that direction against the blockade soon became so clamorous as to cause its modification. All you had to do then was to have some one to vouch for your loyalty, when you would receive a permit that would enable you to get all you could pay for. It was a current rumor that those permits also had their price, and that those who could penetrate the inner circle with a golden key could obtain all the favors they wanted. The species of loyalty to which this state of things gave birth was as mean and as sordid as it was unmanly and contemptible.

LETTER FROM JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Looking over a lady's scrap-book, compiled during the war, we came upon the following letter from "Asa Hartz," then a Confederate prisoner at Johnson's Island, showing prison-life there:

BLOCK 3, ROOM 12, JOHNSON'S ISLAND,
Christmas Night, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The anniversary of the birth of the world's Saviour finds me, "Asa Hartz," sitting by the side of a bunk in a

Federal prison inditing a letter—inditing a letter to a lady I never saw in the whole course of my short, bright, and somewhat checkered life, and never heard of until to-day. My lively, good-tempered, and much esteemed friend Colonel W. has just read me, from spots in your letter, and as soon as he had finished, I quietly, but with characteristic firmness, remarked, "Colonel, I'm going to write to that woman to-night." I'm doing it, and I know you too well to apologize for so doing.

To-day is Christmas, or rather, this is Christmas night, and I have enjoyed the day very much. I don't think that the day, as a holiday, possesses any great charms for me since I left my 'teens, some ten years ago; but I love the day because of a something which transpired on it the last time it came around, which something I shall not tell you. I have done all I could to make it (the day) pass off as agreeably as I knew how; I have enjoyed my share of a turkey of the Job style of architecture, and I verily believe of sufficient antiquity to warrant the conclusion that he might have gobbled his gratitude when Noah called for his motley freight at the time of his celebrated voyage. I have watched the countenances of my fellow-prisoners as they walked down to the express office to see if a friend had sent them a Christmas dinner, and walked back again, saying as plainly as silence can say, that they hadn't. I've stretched myself upon my bunk and gazed upon the shores of Erie's lovely lake in "icy fetters bound," letting my imagination go in a rapid flight beyond these prison-walls, beyond the spires of Sandusky, beyond the realms of "Abe," to a beautiful little lake in the semi-tropical State, to a quiet homestead on its margin, where dwells, well! somebody, who wishes as heartily as I do that this "cruel war was over." I have had a little amusement during the day too. For two hours next preceding sunset, I alternately coaxed with a piece of tallow candle a rat from his hole in the corner of the room, and chunked him when he did appear with Colonel W.'s tooth-brush, but he grew weary and stopped coming out to be chunked. (*Mem.*—This Reb. learns an important lesson from this prison-rat; and if ever the Reb. aforesaid gets into his hole he will watch for the yanks, before he puts his head out again.)

Miss A., I wish to make an honest confession to you—I *don't like to stay here*. I would much prefer living in Columbia, S. C., where I spent all but the last eleven years of my life. This place likes me not. The climate is not so warm as that which prevails in Cuba, and the people who surround me don't seem to like my style. "Asa

Hartz" is a trump card in Dixie, but here it is looked upon as meaner than the—deuce! When I shouldered my musket two years ago to go into the service, I did it with the facetious impression that it was a mighty funny thing; that there was a good joke in it somewhere; and that I was the Columbus who was to discover it. I lived on, marched on, went up the hill of promotion, till I got a star on my collar, still hunting for the funny part, for the joke. I flatter myself I found it, found on the 19th of last July (let it stand aye accursed in the calendar!) away down in Mississippi, when and where I rode into a few regiments of blue-coats with an innocence the simplicity of which was not only beautifully infantile but truly sublime. They pressed me so cordially to go with them that I went! That's the way I found the joke—curiosity—morbid curiosity. I did not think it one of my many failings, and if it is (I will grant it for the sake of argument), it has been fully gratified and I want to go back again! Please pardon me if I repeat with a double-breasted vim, "I want to go back again." I wouldn't like the Federal authorities to know I am tired of this country, for they might send the twenty-five hundred other officers here back to Richmond, where the high price of provisions would exhaust my stock of greenbacks so quickly—well the idea makes me hungry. Besides the authorities who watch over us with such unmitigated vigilance, to keep every thing from coming in to hurt us of course, would think me and my companions very ungrateful if they knew we were restive under so much tender solicitude. Please therefore don't mention to any one that *I want to go back again*.

We have many, very many methods of killing time here. We have a first-class theater in full blast, a minstrel band, and a debating society. The outdoor exercises consist of leap-frog, bull-pen, town-ball, base-ball, foot-ball, snow-ball, bat-ball, and ball. The indoor games comprise chess, backgammon, draughts, and every game of cards known to Hoyle, or to his illustrious predecessor, "the gentleman in black."

There are representatives here of every orthodox branch of Christianity, and religious services are held daily. (N. B.—Colonel W. and yours respectfully attend every time.)

We vary our monotony with an occasional exchange. May I tell you what I mean by that? Well! it is a simple ceremony. God help us! The "exchanged" is placed on a small wagon drawn by one horse, his friends form a line in the rear, and the procession moves; passing through the gate, it winds slowly round the prison-walls to a

little grove north of the inclosure; "exchanged" is taken out of the wagon and lowered into the earth—a prayer, an exhortation, a spade, a head-board, a mound of fresh sod, and the friends return to prison again, and that's all of it. Our friend is "exchanged," a grave attests the fact to mortal eyes, and one of God's angels has recorded the "exchange" in the book above. Time and the elements will soon smooth down the little hillock which marks his lonely bed, but invisible friends will hover round it till the dawn of the great day, when all the armies shall be marshaled into line again, when the wars of time shall cease, and the great eternity of peace shall commence.

But I have written you four pages, and for the life of me I can see no point in it at all, and I must stop. I will wind up with four verses of "jingle" I had the temerity to send to George D. Prentice of Louisville. It is true that I do not know you by the conventional form, but it is also true that you are equally ignorant of myself. In mutual ignorance I beg leave with my inherent and well-known modesty to suggest that you appropriate any of the most prominent hints which the following lines convey:

The list is called, and one by one
 The anxious crowd now melts away,
 I linger still and wonder why
 No letter comes for me to-day.
 Are all my friends in Dixie dead,
 Or would they all forgotten be?
 What have I done, what have I said,
 That no one writes a line to me?
 It's mighty queer!

I watch the mails each weary day,
 With anxious eyes the list o'errun;
 I envy him whose name is called,
 But love him more who gets not one;
 For I can sympathize with him,
 And feel how keen his grief must be,
 Since I'm an exile from my home,
 And no one writes a line to me,
 I do declare!

Within a quiet, happy home,
 Far, far in Dixie's sunny clime,
 There dwells a quiet happy maid,
 Who wrote to me in by-gone time.
 Now others from their loved ones hear
 In tender letters, loving, free,

Yet here I've been this half a year,
And no one writes a line to me.
We're not estranged!

Will no one write me just a line,
To say that I'm remembered yet?
You can not guess how much delight
I'd feel, could I a letter get,
Could I but hear from some kind friend,
Whose face I ne'er again may see;
Will some one now my anguish end?
If some one doesn't write to me,
I'll—get exchanged!

Your friend,

“ASA HARTZ.”

HEEL AND TOE.

In northeastern Kentucky, as early as August, 1861, it was a little dangerous to a man's personal freedom for him to openly express his sympathies for the southern cause or intention to join the southern army. A few of the writer's personal friends were acquainted with his determination to cast his fortunes with the South, and one of them, a kinswoman of strong southern proclivities and hopes for the success of the cause, but whose cherished life was slowly yielding to the insidious advances of consumption, had laboriously plied her needles during feverish days and sleepless nights, in knitting several pairs of woolen socks, doubled heels and toes. The socks were intended for and were presented to me on the evening when I called to bid her farewell. Much speculative talk of the future of the South was indulged in by all present, and many bright and glowing pictures of its prosperity and grandeur as a nation were drawn. At length the last farewells were spoken, and as I turned to leave the house the lady, flushed with excitement and with flashing eyes raised her thin hand above me and said, “Never let me hear of the heels of those socks being turned to the faces of your country's enemies.” Let us follow those socks. Their experience was varied and their lot a hard one. My heart softens as faithful memory recalls the dear face as I last saw it and blends it with the stirring and thrilling scenes which twenty years have toned and mellowed as it were from troubled fact to glowing fancy.

At midnight I took the stage for Lexington, and running the blockade for side-arms at Louisville, with all the time a fine single-

barreled navy boarding pistol in my valise, found myself on the second night out, at Camp Burnett, Tennessee, and in eager readiness to become a member of the Fourth Kentucky Regiment of infantry, which was rendezvousing at that point.

The winter of '61-2 wore away, and amid the turmoil and excitement of camp-life I had almost forgotten the last parting words of my loved kinswoman. Bowling Green, found untenable, was evacuated, and Johnston's army drew its tortuous length through February sleets out of Kentucky, and away from the homes we loved. Neutrality had paved the way for Johnston's retreat, and the "dark and bloody ground" had seen the flower of its youth driven forth to battle for its sovereign rights in another land.

The heels were turned to the distant foe, and the wearer gave much thought with but indifferent conclusive results as to what could be the causes for a retreat before a battle. We knew that the Second Kentucky and Graves's battery of our brigade had been sent to Donelson, but we did not know that the fort had fallen and Johnston's rear menaced until we were within a few miles of Nashville.

Just before reaching the junction of the Franklin pike with the Bowling Green pike we are halted and the order is given to load. The air is suddenly filled with the flying rumor that the enemy's cavalry is coming in force down the Franklin pike. This move threatened a possible battle, and it might be the destruction of our wagon-train. Every thing, even our arms and uniforms, was almost as new to us as the trying situation itself. The news quickly flew back to the train, and even the rearmost straggler heard it and pushed on to join the column. The patient and all-enduring mules strained at their trace-chains, encouraged by voice and whips of their demoralized drivers, and at a slashing trot pull their loads beyond the Franklin pike. The brigade follows at a quick step. The Rubicon is passed, and "all bloodless lay the *trodden* snow which covered the battle-field of 'Sunset.'" The excitement has warmed our blood, and we are easily induced by orders from our superiors to increase our step from a quick to a double-quick, and at this gait Edgefield is passed so rapidly that I have never had any very distinct recollection of the place. Nashville reached, but we do not tarry. Is the town illuminated in honor of our arrival and hasty departure? O no. 'Tis only the commissaries burning their bacon to save it from the enemy. O Porkopolis, how much of thy product was so consumed during those terrible days, when the soldier went hungry to bed on his couch of straw? Where are we going? I fear the heels of my

socks are like "the wicked, who flee when no man pursueth." The question is asked throughout the camp, and none can answer it. There is no drooping of hope or lack of confidence. Does not Johnston command? and is not all well so long as he guides and directs?

On we march, passing through the rich and beautiful country of southern Tennessee and northern Alabama to Decatur, thence to Burnsville, Mississippi, and thence to the objective point of the campaign, the battle-field of Shiloh, where, on the banks of the flowing Tennessee, had brothers met as foemen, each worthy of the other's steel, and determined to do their utmost each the other to overcome. To nine tenths of either host this was their first tangible experience of battle. All had longed for this moment, and some had feared the war would close before they had witnessed a stricken field, but none were disappointed, and to many it proved both first and last.

Our regiment was in the third and rear line of battle, and for several hours before we were engaged we were passive spectators of the work which was being done beneath the canopy of sulphurous smoke which covered the field. Our own wounded and the prisoners who were brought to the rear told us of the mighty struggle which was going on. At last Bragg is called upon, and right cheerfully does he respond. Crittenden's division, our own Breckinridge commanding, is ordered to the fore. Double-quick and away we go. Who would not be a soldier and feel the thrilling intoxication of a charge? Our brass band has played martial airs until the order to move is given, when they melt away into thin air and are seen no more until many days after the battle, when they report for duty at Corinth, each in a new Federal uniform and grasping a silver horn. "They had scouted them and routed them, nor lost a single man." But we did not miss their music on the field; we did not need the incentive to action which the stirring strains of Dixie give. We were taking account of each other and that was enough to hold a man to his place though the heavens should fall.

On, on we go; line after line goes down or retires before us. The earth drinks the life-blood of our best and bravest at every step, but on push the panting and battle-grimed survivors. Prentiss and his command pass rapidly and sullenly to the rear. There are no evidences of the combat about them. Have they surrendered to gain time? 'T is long past noon, and if such be the case thirty minutes at least of daylight is lost to us. The batteries from the gun-boats in the river open on us in Prentiss's camp just so soon

as he has vacated it. This looks like his surrender had been pre-arranged. At all events we alone get the benefit of the shelling. But the river's bank is too high and the shells fly wildly over us. We draw nearer to the river and to the guns—it is safer so—and the gallant Trabue, in command of the brigade, knows as well how to protect his men when nothing is to be gained by exposure as he does how to fight them at the proper time.

And now night curtains the field in sable folds, and the toe of the sock still faces the beaten foe. Will it be so when to-morrow's sun sinks in the west? To-morrow is another day, and none may tell what it will bring forth. At length we are ordered to retire, which was done in most excellent order and without loss, notwithstanding the fire of the gun-boats which swept the air high above us. The night was intensely dark and the air tainted with burnt and burning powder, but we had become accustomed to this after inhaling it all day, and it rather acted as an appetizer than otherwise. At last a halt was called in the midst of an Ohio camp—I forget the number of the regiment—and the command to break ranks was given and promptly executed.

Here was a chance for a feed, such as we had not had before for months, and such as we never had again during our soldier-experience. Those Buckeye soldiers were surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries of life, and up to that glorious Sunday morning had enjoyed all the table-luxuries, such as we had almost forgotten the name and entirely the taste of. The sutler of that regiment must have catered for the Burnet or St. Charles in days gone by. He had every thing which could tempt the appetite of the most fastidious, and as it was a free lunch we stood not upon ceremony but went at it in earnest. In ten minutes after ranks were broken I saw men with ten pounds of "store-tea"—enough to make a cistern full of that temperance beverage—in one camp-kettle, and calling clamorously for men in their mess to go for water. Others had whole cheeses from the "Western Reserve" on their bayonets, and others again were loaded down with canned meats and fruits. O it was a grand feast, and washed down with oceans of beer, wine, and brandy. It was hinted, more than once, that the troops might be, to some extent, demoralized for the next day's work by reason of the night's debauch, but there was nothing in it, albeit some may have felt as I did, just a little thin about the gills in the early morning, but a pull or two at my trusty canteen, and "Richard was himself again."

In the early days of Camp Burnett Major T. B. Moore of ours, had told me of a presentiment he had, and that he felt certain he would be killed in his first battle. On that memorable Sunday night at Shiloh we occupied the same tent, and after enjoying a hearty supper and nerve-soothing smoke, were about pulling our blankets around us, when I called his attention to the miscarriage of his presentiment, and laughed at him for entertaining such old time superstitions. He only said, "The enemy will be heavily reinforced to-night, and to-morrow's fight will be more severe than to-day's by reason of the increased odds against us, and as the two-days' fight will constitute only one battle it is too early for your congratulations; and now as it is late and we shall need all the rest and sleep we can get, I bid you good-night." At midnight we were awakened by deafening peals of thunder and glaring flashes of lightning. Heaven's artillery was hurling its bolts from on high as though maddened at man's weak efforts to imitate its play. The rain came down in sheets and the wind blowing down our canvas shelter left us at the mercy of the deluge; tall trees were bent almost to the ground, and springing back filled the air with broken branches. The darkness after each flash of lightning could almost be felt, it was so intense; soldiers laughed and yelled at each other, horses neighed and trembled in terror. The wind blew as if 'twould blow its last; yet amid all the confusion, discomfort, and misery of the night could be heard, at regular intervals, the muffled boom of a distant gun. The object of its fire gave rise to various surmises amongst our troops, but was never explained beyond the fact that it was the enemy's gun.

At length after hours of waiting the light of another day became dimly discernable, but there was no sun to gild the tree-tops and gladden the heart of nature; a bleak, cold, dismal, murky morning. A cheerless breakfast, and we are in line again. The clock-like system of Sunday's fighting appeared to have gone down with the sun, or to have been lost to us forever with the life of the godlike Johnston; even the discomforts of the preceeding night damped the enthusiastic ardor of the soldiers. But there appeared to be something wanting which had been with us and in us the day before. I called Major Monroe's attention to the feeling as the regiment was forming, but he laughed and said my feelings were due to the richness of my supper and the atmospheric conditions of the morning. Be that as it may, the feeling never left me during the day. The toes of my socks, though slightly demoralized with mud and water, still fronted the invader, and I was contented.

A FEW LITTLE INCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I.

While we were a good deal like Cole Cowherd who, being the possessor of a long nasal organ, said on one occasion when the boys were recounting around the camp-fire what occurred in the last fight, "These fellows that see so much don't fight much, for I go through the fight like a blue streak and am afraid to turn my face either way for fear I get my nose shot off." Yet there were some things that one was bound to take notice of, and of these we will now and then give a short sketch. It is strange how one lives over in his dreams the skirmishes and battles of yore and yet never catches in these a single glimpse of the wit, humor, irony, and sarcasm which once greeted his ears from every side and which seemed to involuntarily escape from the lips of the soldier. In fact the real or apparent want of effort gave the greater zest to the word or act, for in fact the act and deed were as often possessed of these characteristics as was the word. As an instance of this we remember how many hearty laughs we enjoyed on the raid of Morgan through Indiana and Ohio when passing a soldier fast asleep on his horse which had been led into the fence corner and hitched by some wag.

On one occasion during that raid while halted before a house one of the family got into conversation with a member of the command and informed him that the family mastiff was named Lincoln, when the soldier said, "Do you know what I would do with that dog if I owned him?" "No," was the reply, "what would you?" "I would cut his tail off just behind his ears." This caused an immense disgust to more than one loyal lady. The command on that raid so far as we remember never went into camp nor even stopped a half a night after it left Garnettsville, Kentucky, till we parted with it by swimming the river at Belleville. The march usually (we might almost say always) began at about four o'clock A.M. and continued till three o'clock next morning, when it would halt in the road in column for an hour or so. The only halt made on the march would be about nine o'clock in the morning and six in the evening, when we would turn into a field of grain to feed, consuming each time about one half hour. The men got cheese, crackers, and such edibles in the stores and cold bread, cakes, pies, and canned fruits at the deserted houses, as from about nine in the morning when the news of our coming would get ahead of us till night, men, women, chil-

dren, and dogs even had left their homes, not taking time to lock up, and gone to the woods a picnicking. Often would you see the familiar picture of Mr. Bell and his children running from the Indians in the second reader in some family just reaching the woods, the older ones carrying the younger in their arms and the dog closing up the rear. Two of the boys found a man supposed to be a Dutchman between two beds his feet exposed to view from which they drew a splendid pair of boots without his showing any signs of life during their stay. We had some new recruits who bore the hardships of this raid without a murmur, when the soldier hardened by many a raid seemed worn entirely out. When we reached the edge of the Ohio River at Belleville we found General Morgan with his horse's head toward the Ohio shore as we then supposed watching the troops pass and waiting to see if there was any need for his services by any pressure from the enemy following us. We had been informed by a citizen in our gallop from Buffington Bar (where the enemy had cut us up so severely that morning by the cavalry artillery from the hills and infantry, and their artillery landed from the gunboats, or transports, at the lower end of the bottom, and the shells from the gunboats that had moved up opposite us all crossing upon us) that there were bars in the river just above Buffington Bar; that the gunboats could not possibly pass; and we did not even suspect their presence until looking back when about half across the river we discovered no one behind us and our column on the Ohio side moving up the river. These discoveries caused us to cast our eye down the river when the perspective on water made the gunboats or transports appear almost upon us, and just then their guns opened on us, and before we secured a safe footing on the bank they were reaching us with small arms. At least two thirds the width of the river was fordable and our horses did not swim over three hundred yards. The bath in these placid waters was nothing to men who had so often swam the swollen torrents of Kentucky and Tennessee. Three days' march over hill and mountain of Virginia with but little for man or beast, following two weeks of constant marching through the enemy's territory (Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, and Virginia—five States), without a place where to lay our heads, prepared about one hundred and thirty men, the number escaping to enjoy the scene that, like the Holy Land to Moses and the Jews, greeted our eyes as we marched around the summit of Cold Knob with the beautiful bluegrass valley of Greenbrier lying below us.

We confess we never had a faint conception of the pleasure that

those footsore and soul-weary children of God experienced when, looking from Mount Pisgah's height across the River Jordan they saw the land of promise flowing with milk and honey, until that bright morning when we saw before us that smiling valley with here and there clumps of trees out of which the smoke curled up gracefully, interspersed with a blue-green carpet of grass, upon which browsed lazily the finest horses and cattle. What gave a peculiar zest to all this was the fact that there were our friends and *rest*. But Morgan, our chief, was lost and from that day till the rendezvous near Decatur, Georgia, after his escape, we were tossed from post to pillar with nothing to soothe our restlessness but the fact that we were treated by those with whom we were thrown with more than ordinary consideration, whether through pity for our orphanage or from that respect which gallantry will more readily evoke from the brave soldier than any other class of people, we will not and in fact can not say. Allow us to say that General Morgan could have easily escaped, for we are now satisfied that he had discovered the approach of the gunboats or transports before we saw him, and this had occasioned him to return to his men in danger, not being willing to secure his own safety by deserting a greater portion of his command. No one can surmise what this sacrifice cost the Confederacy, for had he escaped, though most of his men had been captured instead of all, the idle troops guarding bridges, etc., in Kentucky being rapidly pushed to the front, thousands more would have been deployed from the front to guard in Indiana and Ohio.

WHAT A SOLDIER SAW AND KNOWS.

III.

I saw the new command wending its way toward Cumberland Gap, Kentucky, and unknown dangers, and I knew that though a few of these men had been in Kentucky, either at school or on trading expeditions, the greater number had never been farther from home than Knoxville or Bristol. I saw eyes unused to weeping become tearful as the sad tenderness of a farewell look lingered on the fading view of modest little homes on the hill-sides, homes humble as they were, yet homes sheltering devoted wives and children just beginning the harsh lessons of life with the first chapters of the

story of a fratricidal war, as the father, yet in sight, rides up the incline of the Cumberland an unconscious worker on the woof of history.

The soldier sees in the distance *behind* him all that makes his life dear, and knows that *before* him is the path to duty, to adventure, and to — what? It will not do to stop on the cold summit of the Cumberland to anticipate the crushed hopes that then lay hidden in the undeveloped future when before us is Kentucky, the State of superlative excellence, having the loveliest women, the finest horses, the best tobacco and blue-grass. Our Tennesseans longed to see what the mule-traders had pictured, and the “war soon granted” what their limited purses had hitherto denied, for they were in that part of the land of “Cane and Turkey” where the worship of the sunflower and the three “R’s” had not changed man from his pristine elegance; and as to the gentle women, well, the pencil of a Rubens *might* do them justice, Theophilus Brown can’t. Imagine the woman who could love a “moonshiner,” and draw on the retina of your fancy the woman a moonshiner would side up to as his “dulcinea,” and a pen-sketch is not necessary. In the mountain Kentuckian if “secesh,” we saw a diamond in the rough. If he followed the “gridiron” flag, he was voted a man “worthy, as they said in old Noll’s time, to be hanged.”

We rode on, only stopping at times, to knock aside the puncheons in the lofts of the chinked and daubed cabins in the search of nubbins of corn of the “nut-coal” size, and all the time promising the expectant Tennesseans a view of Kentucky proper when our tired war-steeds would graze on blue-grass in the land flowing with Alderney milk and sour mash.

There is a quality of State pride which will not bear transporting into the mountainous country. Mine was of that kind and died right there while we hurried on through Barboursville, with its imposing fence inclosing an unimposing court-house, through the same nubbin-producing country, with its queer names of towns and villages, Raccoon, Gray Hawk, and Cut Shin, sandwiched by fairer-sounding ones of White Lily and Woodbine.

Through Richmond, from which Munson and Nelson had just been hurled toward Louisville and the Ohio River, by Crab Orchard, through Lancaster and Danville, and on to Perryville and into the battle then in progress.

It is not my purpose to make mention of the horrors of an actual battle, but to jot down the pleasantries of the camp and the march,

but the recollection of one incident of that day blends the ludicrous with the serious. I had a shocking bad hat and deemed it altogether right that my golden ringlets should be better protected from the weather, and as we, in changing position, galloped over the field where the fight had been hottest and where the bullets were still musical, where the wounded, dead, and dying in the blue and gray joining shrieks with groans, there intermingled lay, I reined up my steed and springing from the saddle gently lifted a hat from the head of a fallen foeman and replaced it with my own just as the corpse opened his eyes of blue and faintly asked for water, for which the wounded on all sides were calling. The water was given, I re-exchanged the hats, and springing into the saddle galloped to the command *happy* in the belief that should I fall in that fight the recording angel would not register against the name of Theophilus Brown the terrible charge that he put on the head of a dying foeman a battered and tattered Confederate hat.

The battle was won and the Federal commander refusing to knock another chip off our shoulder, we resorted to the game of Bragg and fell back to Camp Dick Robinson, but not before I *saw* one of the prettiest fights of the war; and this I know, that our invasion of "neutral" Kentucky yielded no blue-grass accompaniments, and no special advantages, unless it was it enabled every post quartermaster, every provost marshal and his numerous clerks to don a suit of Kentucky jeans to wear with their laundried collars, while the bearers of the musket had tickets in the distribution with chances not greater than those in the scheme of Louisville hotel-lotteries.

I had been detailed to assist Colonel Campbell in getting out the long train of plunder, and was before the hour of starting musing dismally on "what might have been" when my bivouac fire threw before me the shadow of our colonel's form, and a voice carrying with it a recognition of the speaker broke the silence with "Brown I'm going to-night toward Danville, and possibly I may be killed," then his pumpkin-colored features rolled up in folds like a piece of untanned leather that had long lain out in the rain; and he continued, "Brown, I'm engaged to a widow in B., and I want you to write her a letter, a *love*-letter, you know, just like you would write to your *own* sweetheart. I have a presentiment that I shall not return." With these words he went away into the gloom of the woods as I stammered, "Certainly, colonel, if you wish me to write it."

And I put myself in his place, aged fifty-nine, and wrote a love-letter to my brevet "jeu spicer," aged fifty and seven, wrinkled and

very gray, because I regarded the request of a love-sick old fool with a presentiment as a sort of last will and testament. I wrote that letter filled to its margins with adjectives expressive of the deepest and most fervent love and sent it by special courier toward Tennessee, and the gushing young widow with the bloom of nearly three score summers upon her corrugated cheek. (Mrs. Theophilus Brown does not read the BIVOUAC.)

The night wore on and just as I was saddling my "sorrel" to report to Colonel Campbell, the Twelfth Tennessee, with its old bronzed, love-sick commander returned from the scout and what followed is soon told, because it is the simple mention of a race, not the race of Bragg or Buell for Middle Tennessee, but the race between Brown and the courier speeding toward Tennessee with the silly last words of a *loving* rebel. On, on, leaving behind the crackling of whips, the yells and oaths of noisy teamsters, passed broken-down wagons, over streams, passed hedges and woodlands, so fast that every thing seemed to spin on the roadside, and on, what mattered it whether the Federals captured the train at London, or whether our army was safe behind the Cumberland, or whether it reached Middle Tennessee before the Federals, so that *the* letter was again in the hands of its author, or, until at last the courier is halted with a shout as joyous as the Greek "thallassa." The letter is recovered and the courier is treated to a pirouette combining the most extravagant features of the can-can and Comanche war-dance, ending at a fire in the fence-corner when those precious adjectives "darling," "dearest," "loveliest," and so "*ad nauseum*," were with the sweetest satisfaction seen to pass into the black nothingness of burnt paper.

The widow afterward placed a tombstone over the remains of the colonel, which she would hardly have done had she read that overgushing letter. So the story of the chase after a love-letter, brought me on the wings of love as it were to London town, far on the way to Tennessee, and reporting to Colonel Campbell that the train was coming on all right, I was relieved from that detached service and remained in London until the Twelfth passed there on the way to Tennessee and home.

The Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry participated in many of the battles and skirmishes of the war with credit to itself, and I remained long enough with these Tennesseans to SEE their courageous bearing in many contests and to know that like a certain domestic bird they were especially good on their own d—hills, and there this paper leaves them.

Editorial.

DR. JONES'S LECTURE.

If any thing could have repaid one for venturing out in the storm of Tuesday, the 7th, *that* something was the eloquent lecture of Dr. Jones of Richmond, Virginia, delivered before the Southern Historical Association. The lecture was full of good things, made more enjoyable by the impressive oratory and irresistible humor of the lecturer. The "boys in gray" were portrayed as he saw them when he marched with them from Harper's Ferry to Appomattox, bivouacked with them, fought with them, or administered to them on the field or in hospital. He quoted a remark of General Hooker, that the Confederate army, though inferior in numbers, were superior in battle, and controverted an assertion the general made in derogation of the intellectual character of the "boys in gray" by contrasting the "make-up" of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia; paid a glowing tribute to the religious zeal of the soldiers of the South; lauded their heroism; depicted their sufferings caused by want of shoes and clothing, and said some things should be forgotten—the hate and bitterness engendered by the strife; but we would never forget their heroism and devotion, and what we owed the "boys in gray." We prefer them for office, and though he would like to see the "boys in blue" sitting beside the "boys in gray" in the halls of legislation, yet because the people of the North prefer the politician to the soldier affords no reason why we should not pay, in this way, a part at least of what *we* owe the "boys in gray." The lecturer has the happy faculty of transitions from his impassioned flights to the humors of the bivouac without losing the eager interest of the auditor. We feel that the doctor has, by this delightful lecture, repaid us for much of what he says he is indebted to us.

Query Box.

QUESTION: "Are there for sale any copies of Captain Ed. Porter Thompson's History of the First Kentucky Brigade?"

LOUISVILLE.

D. W.

Answer: We think not. The captain now lives in Bentonville, Arkansas. You can address him there.

"Is THE Southern Historical Association of your city a branch of the Society in Richmond?"

DENVER, COL.

C. T. P.

Answer: It is an independent association, but has contributed largely to the papers of the Richmond Society, and is one of its heartiest well-wishers.

"PLEASE tell me the rank (and arm of service) of Hon. M. H. Cofer, late Chief Justice of Kentucky."

Answer: Judge Martin Hardin Cofer was Colonel of the Sixth Kentucky Infantry, and Provost-Marshal-General of the Army of Tennessee. He succeeded General Jo. H. Lewis as commander of the Sixth, and since the war General Lewis succeeded him as Chief Justice of Kentucky.

PARIS, TENN.

O. F.

Referring to the above question and answer we would suggest that some one write, for the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, a sketch of Judge Cofer's life. It will be very interesting reading to all our subscribers.

ANSWER TO QUERY OF J. M. T., IN JANUARY NUMBER.—In answer to the query relating to the statue surmounting the monument to the Confederate dead in Savannah, Mrs. DeRenne begs to state that it was intended for the likeness of no one man. Observation during the war developed the fact that the natives of the different Southern States exhibited very distinct peculiarities. For instance, the face of the Georgian was rather concave; that of the Virginian more convex, with higher cheek-bones. Thus, though likenesses of brave men who had fought gave to the artist general ideas, the result is a type, a Georgian, not an individual. The uniform and hat were copied from those worn by a hero—one of the "men" of the Confederate army, to whose memory the statue is a tribute.

SAVANNAH, February 5, 1883.

Taps.

THE old war-horse Beauregard, the last surviving charger of the late war in Maryland, died at Chantilly, that State, last week. He was ridden by Captain W. I. Rasin at the surrender at Appomattox, and previously by Lieutenant Henry C. Blackiston, who was killed at Bunker Hill, Va., in July, 1863.

CAPTAIN M., of the Louisiana Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, says that in his opinion the North Carolina Infantry were the best troops in that army; they would follow their leaders any where. A North Carolina man, if lucky enough to get it, could eat a side of bacon without its making him any heavier. When dead his body never decomposed, he simply turned as yellow as a saddle, then dried up and blew away. A field full of dead tar-heels would cause *no* stench.

WHY THE PICKETS CEASED FIRING AT EACH OTHER.—The pickets on the left at Sharpsburg, in front of Jackson's corps, were in the habit of shooting at each other until a rebel shouted to a Federal and asked him to agree *not* to shoot, to which the Yankee assented; but in a short time Johnny cried out, "Say, Yank, tell the man on your left not to shoot; would just as lief be shot by *you* as by *him*." So the word passed from man to man till not a gun was fired on the picket-line.

COULDN'T BE RALLIED.—The average Confederate was always prompt to draw his rations, always sprung to answer the commissary's call with the alacrity of a hungry man, and a slice of fresh beef was a powerful agent in accelerating his movements toward the rallying point, so when Pat. C., of Company H, Second Kentucky Infantry, saw a frightened cur lining himself into a black streak, he yelled out, to the infinite amusement of his comrades, "Begorra, *he* couldn't be rallied even *with a fresh beefsteak*!"

THE VIRGINIA BLUES.—Captain W., of Lynchburg, Va., raised a company for the Confederate army in New Orleans, and though the members were nearly all Irishmen, true to his State pride called the company the Virginia Blues, and wrote to his mother in Lynchburg to have something prepared for the Virginians when they should arrive at L. The company having reached the depot a detail was made to go to the W. mansion for the viands. Reaching there, the good lady, with a look of pride at the soldierly *Virginians*, asked, "From what part of the Old Dominion are you, gentlemen?" When the leader taking from his mouth a short-stemmed pipe replied, "From *Cork*, ma'am."

THE CONFEDERATE UNIFORM.—At the outbreak of the war between the States, Captain Reynolds raised a company of Mississippians, and in the enthusiasm of the occasion made some rash promises to the parents of the boys, among these was one to keep his company well uniformed. Years passed, and one of the anxious fathers visiting the Army of Northern Virginia was mortified to see his boy clothed in rags. He upbraided the captain for not keeping his company in uniform. The captain for a moment was stunned, but recovered himself and cried out, "Attention company! about face;" and as the unconfined rags fluttered like so many banners of poverty from each "Pope's headquarters," Captain R. pointed to the company and said, "They are *ununiformed*, sir."

ENDURANCE.—Thomas Strother, a native of Logan County, Kentucky, enlisted in Captain King's company. This company and Captain Morehead's having been greatly reduced at Shiloh were consolidated at Corinth and formed Company "G," Ninth Kentucky. Tom was a stout-built man and made a splendid soldier. My attention was first drawn to him by his being always ready to go on guard, fatigue, or picket, when called upon, and in such a hurry to report for duty that sometimes he was hardly done fixing up when he reported. At Chickamauga while marching by the flank toward the enemy I saw him shaking his left foot every step he gave and the blood squirting from it. Asking him what's the matter, he said, "O, nothing; only a minie in my shoe." When we formed in line he had time enough to take his shoe off and extract the ball out of his big toe; putting his shoe on again and the ball in his pocket he went through that day's fight, never grunting or complaining. At night he tied his toe up in a rag and did duty all the time while it

was healing. At Atlanta when we made that sortie he was detailed on the infirmary corps. While carrying a wounded man a three-inch shell went through his left forearm; he held on to the litter with his right hand until they got to the field-hospital. During the night the hospital moved several miles, and Thomas walked all the way carrying his left hand in his right. Some time that forenoon his time came to get on the table to be carved. Byrns asked him if he wanted chloroform. Tom says, "No; give me a glass of whisky." They raised him up and gave him a tumbler full, laid him down and commenced cutting and sawing. Tom kept his eyes on them and never moved a muscle. After he was bandaged and raised up, he was told they were through with him. He stepped off some distance where some of the boys were playing poker, asked for the deck to see if he could shuffle with one hand. For a long time he stayed with his mess, chopping all the wood they wanted for cooking with a hatchet he always kept sharp.

WHILE General Joseph E. Johnston's Army of Tennessee was in quarters at Dalton, Georgia, in the winter of 1863-4, a few choice spirits of the Orphan Brigade associated themselves together for the purpose of relieving the tedium and monotony of camp-life by an occasional *sociale*, *musicale*, concert, serenade, etc. And many were the pleasant evenings so passed around their camp-fires that eventful winter. One evening, and shortly after going into winter-quarters, it being unanimously decided to go serenading, a pass being secured, the club were soon wending their way to the city hard by. But a difficulty presented itself. Not having an acquaintance in the place, how were they to proceed? How tell where or whom to serenade? The gordian knot was cut by finally determining to trust to luck, select the first eligible-looking residence they should come to, and fire away, hit or miss. And soon they were under the balconied windows of a most imposing edifice, which from its surroundings of taste and elegance gave promise of any number of appreciative fair ones within. Selecting as appropriate to such surroundings one of their most difficult and classical tidbits of song, they at once, and without further ado proceeded to tune their instruments to "sweet accord." I forget the selection, but no matter. After a well-executed prelude, the rich baritone of the leader's solo took up the theme and swelled out in rich ripples of sound upon the stillness of the night. A number of ladies and gentlemen and a still greater number of belated soldiers and urchins, attracted to the spot, soon drew

around, quiet and unobtrusive, but delighted auditors. The song went on, gathering in sweetness and volume, as tenor answered to soprano, and base to alto, till finally as the full-voiced chorus burst out upon the tremulous air, it swelled into a perfect torrent of melody. A stanza, another, and still another, and then, just as the song or recitation was about to rise into its climax, a window above was thrown up, a ghostly night-capped head thrust out, and a voice, shrill, nasal, and unappreciative to the last degree, sang out, "Say, mister; kin you 'uns sing "Root hog 'n die?" The result need not be told.

J. M. TYDINGS.

CORPORAL LEANDER WASHINGTON APPLGATE was a soldier tried and true. He was brimful of humor, not devoid of wit, and his sayings were the cause of many a hearty laugh around the camp-fire. He was not voluble, however, for whatever he said was briefly spoken, and to the point. He gave a strong nasal accent to his words, which rendered his laconic speeches still more amusing. The present incident happened with the corporal while the regiment was encamped near Bowling Green in the autumn of 1861. Then the boys were experiencing the sunny side of soldering—had bran new tents, flashy uniforms, and had canvased hams and other good things, in the way of rations. Hardee's Tactics and the Army Regulations were followed to the letter, however, and guard duty was as strictly performed as if the enemy were in musket range instead of being on the north side of Green River, many miles away. It was the corporal's day for camp-guard, and having posted his relief at nightfall was giving out the countersign. He came to a sentinel whose beat ran close to the rear of the tents of one of the companies, and carefully sheltering his mouth with his hand, the corporal whispered the word "Borodino" softly into the soldier's ear. "What is it?" said the sentinel, rather loudly, who, though he had a multitude of unfought battles before him, was not well posted in regard to those then on the historic page, and was consequently a little dull in comprehending the countersign. "Borodino," again whispered the corporal a little louder. "What is it?" said the sentinel in a lower tone. The countersign was repeated several times into the sentinel's ear, and as the corporal grew loud, the soldier's questions "What is it?" dwindled to the lowest whispers. At length the corporal's patience was worn threadbare, and he yelled into the sentinel's ear at the top of his voice, "B-o-r-o-d-i-n-o, by G—d! Now, do you understand it?" and without further ado passed on to the next senti-

nel. It is needless to say that there were those in earshot who were not entitled to the countersign, and many a soldier of the regiment, being thus armed with the mystic word, passed the lines that night and had a "huge" time in town.

"AN INTERESTING RELIC.—While a closet in an old building was being cleaned out an electrotpe plate, six by eight inches, was found. An impression was taken and it was found to be a dye for Confederate ten-cent stamps, having a vignette of Jefferson Davis. A large number were printed and distributed as relics. The closet had not been touched for eight years, at which time it was in the possession of Tom Grady, now dead; so there is no means of knowing how it came there. One gentleman offered one thousand dollars for the possession of the relic."

The five-cent postage stamp, of the Confederacy, had a vignette giving so excellent a likeness of ex-President Davis that the soldier had no difficulty in recognizing the original from the vignette, in fact it was an old camp story that a drunken soldier in Richmond, while staggering along, jostled the distinguished chief of the Confederacy and was reprimanded for it, when the soldier asked the President who in the thunder he was. The President answered, "I am President Davis," when the soldier, after a long look at the Presidential countenance, exclaimed, "Well, you do look like an infernal old postage stamp." The soldiers, however, were generally without *stamps*, and usually franked their letters, but when fortunate enough to secure one *for* a letter, the indifferent mucilage prevented its secure adhesion to the paper, in which case the legend "paid if the blamed thing sticks" was written around the stamp. But the ten-cent stamp mentioned in the extract above as an interesting relic was made in England, and had the vignette of "Uncle Jeff." with a gray goatee, and it stuck to the envelope with true Johnny Bull-dog tenacity, until P. M. General Reagan had all postal contracts informally canceled as he skedadled from Richmond.

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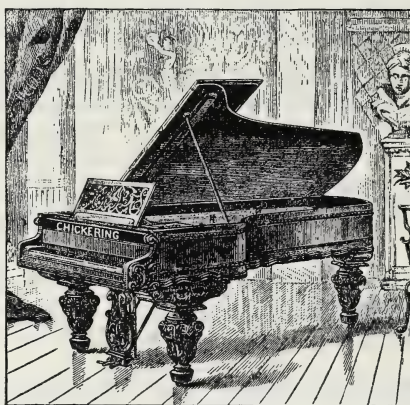
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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

On the 14th of June, 1864, the army under General Joseph E. Johnston occupied a line of hastily-constructed works of several miles in length, extending from near Lost Mountain to a point about a mile north of Kennesaw Mountain. The general direction of this line, from our left, was north of east, and it was confronted in its entire length by the Federal army under General W. T. Sherman. Johnston's command numbered forty-eight thousand eight hundred, and that of Sherman, by official reports, one hundred and twelve thousand eight hundred.

The better to explain movements previous to assuming position on Kennesaw Mountain, I will make some extracts from my diary:

JUNE 14, 1864.—This morning, by written orders, General Loring moved to the right; General Canty from the left to the center; and I extended to the right. Rode over to see General Polk; asked him when General Johnston and he went to the right to come down my line; said they probably would. . . . At 12 M. heard that General Polk was dead; sent an officer to his headquarters to inquire, and learned the report too true. Went to headquarters at 2:30 P.M. but his remains had just left for Marietta. He had accompanied General Johnston to the left and gone to Pine Mountain, and while there the party was fired on by one of the Federal batteries, and the third shot fired struck the general on the left side and killed him instantly. . . .

JUNE 15.—All quiet at sunrise; soon after some desultory cannonading along the lines, but chiefly on the right, until 3 P.M., when it became quite heavy, and at the same time opened on my front with a few guns. At 5 P.M. received orders to hold Cockrell's brigade in readiness to move to the right of Loring. Part of Loring's division had their skirmishers driven in to their main works. At 9 P.M. enemy attacked my skirmishers without any result. . . .

JUNE 16.—Early this morning the enemy opened on my front with artillery. At 10 A.M. they shelled my front without effect. To-day Cockrell is held in reserve for General Hardee, and thus it always is. I have to hold a reserve for every body but myself.

JUNE 17.—To-day the enemy opened us with artillery. Last night the left wing of the army swung back and took a new line. This has placed my command in a salient of less than ninety degrees, and renders it liable to both an enfilading and reverse fire. In the afternoon cannonading pretty severe.

JUNE 18.—This morning pickets and skirmishers on my left (Walker's division) gave way and let the enemy in behind Cockrell's skirmishers, and enabled them to gain the Latimer house, four hundred yards distant. Ector's skirmishers also came in. Enemy soon advanced in line of battle, and with batteries opened on the salient an enfilading and reverse fire; and all day long this fire never ceased. They could not carry my lines successfully, and we would not attack them by leaving the trenches; and so the firing went on. My loss was severe, amounting to one hundred and eighty, and as an instance of the severity of the fire on the salient, Captain Guibo had served with his battery throughout the siege of Vicksburg, yet his loss this day of thirteen men is greater than that sustained during the whole siege. Toward evening ordered to withdraw and assume a new line on Kennesaw Mountain.

JUNE 19.—The enemy made rapid pursuit, and before my line was established on Kennesaw Mountain skirmishing commenced, and by 12 M. artillery fire from the enemy was rapid. It ranged up and over the spur of the mountain with great fury, and wounded General Cockrell and put thirty-five of his men *hors du combat*.

The position of our army to-day is: Hood on the right, covering Marietta on the northwest. From his left, Polk's corps (now Loring's) extends over both Big and Little Kennesaw Mountains, with the left on the road from Gilgath Church to Marietta. From this road Hardee extended the line nearly south, covering Marietta on the west, the left of my division was fixed on the Marietta road; thence it ran up the spur of the mountain called Little Kennesaw, and thence to the top of the same and on up to the top of Big Kennesaw, connecting with General Walthall. Featherstone was on the right of Walthall, and joined General Hood's left; Walker, of Hardee's corps, was on my left; then in order came Bate, Cleburne, and Cheatham.

Kennesaw Mountain is about four miles northwest of Marietta. It is over two and a half miles in length, and rises abruptly from the

plain, solitary and alone, to the height of perhaps six hundred or seven hundred feet. Its western side is rocky and abrupt. Its eastern side can, in a few places, be gained on horseback, and the west of Little Kennesaw, being bald and destitute of timber, affords a commanding view of all the surrounding country as far as the eye can reach, except where the view is interrupted by the higher peak.

JUNE 20.—Busy this morning in establishing batteries on the road, on the spur of the mountain, and on the top of Little Kennesaw. In the afternoon changed the line lower down the mountain side, so as to command the ascent as far as possible. Heavy cannonading on the left of my line. Lost ten horses and a few men.

JUNE 21.—Went to the top of the mountain this morning, and while there witnessed the artillery duel between the batteries on Hardee's line and those of the enemy in his front. . . .

JUNE 22.—The constant rains have ceased; the sky is clear, and the sun, so long hid, now shines out brightly. Skirmishing on my line last night; rode to the top of the mountain quite early, to where I had placed nine guns in position. During the night the enemy had moved a camp close to the base of the mountain. It was headquarters of some general officers. Tent walls were raised, officers sitting around, orderlies coming and going, wagons parked, and soldiers idling about or resting under the shade of the trees; and all this at my very feet. Directed cartridges for the guns to be reduced, so as to drop the shells below, and that the enemy should be left a while in his fancied security, for no doubt they thought we could not place artillery on the height above them, and they were not visible to my infantry on the mountain sides by reason of the timber.

At length the gunners, impatient of delay, were directed to open fire on them. They were evidently much surprised, and, disregarding rank, stood not upon the order of their going, but left quickly, every man for himself; and "their tents were all silent, their banners alone," like Sennacherib's of old.

The enemy appear this morning to be moving permanently to our left, and the firing this afternoon extends further in that direction. Toward dark opened guns again on the enemy, also at 11 P.M.

JUNE 23.—Yesterday Cockrell had fourteen men wounded. All quiet this morning. During the night the enemy removed their tents, wagons, etc. from their abandoned encampment that was shelled yesterday, and the place looks desolate. At 10 A.M., when all was quiet on the mountain, the enemy commenced a rapid artillery fire from guns put in position during the night, and concentrated it on our

guns on the mountain. Yesterday we had it all our own way; to-day they are repaying us, and the cannonade is "fast and furious." Last night there was fighting on our left, but so different are the reports received that I can not get at the truth.

JUNE 24.—There has been but little fighting during the day.

JUNE 25.—The everlasting "pop," "pop," on the skirmish line is all that breaks the stillness of the morning. Went early to the left of my line; could not ride in rear of Hoskins's battery on account of the trees and limbs felled by the shells. From top of the mountain the vast panorama is ever changing. There are now large trains to the left of Lost Mountain and at Big Shanty, and wagons are moving to and fro every where. Encampments of hospitals, quartermasters, commissaries, cavalry, and infantry whiten the plain here and there as far as the eye can reach. Our side of the line looks narrow, poor, and lifeless, with but little canvas in spots that contrasts with the green foliage.

The usual flank extension is going on. Troops on both sides move to left, and now the blue smoke of the musket discloses the line by day trending away, far away south toward the Chattahoochee, and by night it is marked, at times, by the red glow of the artillery, amidst the spark-like flash of small arms that looks in the distance like innumerable fire-flies.

At 10 A.M. opened fire on the enemy from the guns on Kenesaw. Enemy replied furiously, and for an hour the firing was incessant. Received an order to hold Ector's brigade in reserve. In the afternoon considerable firing, and all the chests of one of my caissons were blown up by a shell from the enemy, and a shell from one of the chests killed a gunner. They have now about forty guns in my fronts, and when they concentrate their fire on the mountain at any one place, it is pretty severe, but owing to our height, nearly harmless. Thousands of their parrot-shells pass high over the mountain, and exploding at a great elevation, the after-part of the shell is arrested in its flight, and falling perpendicularly, comes into camp, and they have injured our tents. Last night I heard a peculiar "thug" on my tent, and a rattle of tin pans, and this morning my negro boy cook put his head into my tent and said, "See here, master Sam, them 'fernal Yanks done shot my pans last night. What am I goin' to do 'bout it?" A rifle-ball coming over the mountain had fallen from a great height, and, perforating the pans, had entered the ground.

JUNE 26.—This is Sunday, and all is comparatively still in the lines up to this, 4 P.M., excepting one artillery duel; but now cannon

are heard on our extreme left. We have not opened our batteries here, and we have not been annoyed much. Enemy moving to our left. The day has been very warm.

JUNE 27.—This morning there appeared great activity among staff officers and generals all along my front and up and down the lines. The better to observe what is portended, myself and staff seated ourselves on the brow of the mountain, sheltered by a large rock that rested between our guns and those of the enemy, the infantry being still lower down the side of the mountain.

Artillery firing was common on the line at all times, but now it swelled in volume and extended down to the extreme left, and then from fifty guns burst out in my front, and thence, battery after battery following on the right, disclosed a general attack on our entire lines. Presently, and as if by magic, there sprung from the earth a host of men, and in one long waving line of blue the infantry advanced and the battle of Kennesaw Mountain began.

I could see no infantry on my immediate front, owing to the woods at the base of the mountain, and therefore directed the guns from their elevated position to enfilade Walker's front. In a short time the flank fire down the line drove them back, and Walker was relieved from the attack.

We sat there, perhaps an hour, enjoying a bird's-eye view of one of the most magnificent sights ever allotted to man—to look down upon an hundred and fifty thousand men arrayed in the strife of battle on the plain below.

As the infantry closed in the blue smoke of the musket marked out our line for miles, while over it rose in cumuli-like clouds the white smoke of the artillery. Through the rifts of smoke, or, as it was wafted aside by the wind, we could see the assault made on Cheatham, and there the struggle was hard, and there it lasted longest. So many guns were trained on those by our side, and so incessant was the roar of cannon and sharp the explosion of shells, that nought else could be heard. From the fact that I had seen no infantry in my front, and had heard no musketry near, and the elevation of my line on the mountain, I thought I was exempted from the general infantry attack; I was therefore surprised and awakened from my dreams when a courier came to me about nine o'clock and said General Cockrell wanted assistance, that his line had been attacked in force. General Ector was at once directed to send two regiments to report to him. Soon again a second courier came and reported the assault on the left of my line. I went immediately with

the remainder of Ector's brigade to Cockrell, but on joining him found the Federal forces had been repulsed. The assaulting column had struck Cockrell's works near the center, recoiled under the fire, swung around into a steep valley where—exposed to the fire of the Missourians in front and right flank and of Sears's men on the left—it seemed to melt away or sink to the earth to rise no more.

The assault on my line repulsed, I returned to the mountain top. The intensity of the fire had slackened and no movement of troops was visible; and although the din of arms yet resounded far and near, the battle was virtually ended.

From prisoners and from papers on their persons shown us, I learned my line had, from its position, been selected for assault by General McPherson, as that of Cheatham's had been by General Thomas.

General McPherson distinguished himself under Grant, was conspicuous at the siege of Vicksburg, and enjoyed the confidence of officers and the affection of his soldiers, and having been directed in orders to make reconnoissances and preparations to assault our line, it would be a reflection on his judgment and skill as a general to infer that he did not—under the eye of his commander with ample means—make what he deemed adequate preparations for its accomplishment; but owing to the nature of the ground, and the determined resistance encountered, his men, by an intuitive perception, awakened by action, realized the contest was hopeless, and where persistence was only death, very properly abandoned the field.

The battle, in its entirety, became a pageantry on a grand scale, and barren of results, because the attacking columns were too small in numbers, considering the character of the troops they knew they would encounter.

General Cheatham's loss was one hundred and ninety-five (195); mine (French's) one hundred and eighty-six (186); all other Confederate losses were one hundred and forty-one (141); being a total of five hundred and twenty-two. What the Federal loss was I do not know. It has been variously estimated from three to eight thousand.

The following orders of General Sherman will explain the attack clearly, and the telegrams to Generals Schofield and Thomas the result of the attack :

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE FIELD }
NEAR KENNESAW MOUNTAIN, June 24, 1864. }

The army commanders will make full reconnoissances and prepa-

rations to attack the enemy in force on the 27th instant, at 8 o'clock A.M. precisely.

The commanding general will be on Signal Hill, and will have telegraph communication with all the army commanders.

1. Major-General Thomas will assault the enemy at any point near his center, to be selected by himself, and will make any changes in his troops necessary by night, so as not to attract the attention of the enemy.

2. Major-General McPherson will feign by a movement of his cavalry and one division of his infantry on his extreme left, approaching Marietta from the north, and using his artillery freely, but will make his real attack at a point south and west of Kennesaw.

3. Major-General Schofield will feel to his extreme right, and threaten that flank of the enemy with artillery and display, but attack some one point of the enemy's line as near the Marietta and Powder Spring road as he can with prospect of success. . . .

5. Each attacking column will endeavor to break a single point of the enemy's line, and make a secure lodgment beyond, and be prepared for following it up toward Marietta and the railroad in case of success.

By order of Major-General W. T. Sherman.

L. M. DAYTON, *Aid-de-Camp*.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE FIELD, }
June 27, 1864, 11:45 A.M. }

GENERAL SCHOFIELD: Neither McPherson nor Thomas have succeeded in breaking through, but each has made substantial progress at some cost. Push your operations on the flank, and keep me advised.

W. T. SHERMAN, *Major-General Commanding*.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE FIELD }
NEAR KENNESAW, June 27, 1864, 11:45 A.M. }

GENERAL THOMAS: McPherson's column marched near the top of the hill, through very tangled brush, but was repulsed. It is found impossible to deploy, but they hold their ground. I wish you to study well the positions, and if it be possible to break through the lines, to do it; it is easier now than it will be hereafter. I hear Leggett's guns well behind the mountain.

W. T. SHERMAN, *Major-General Commanding*.

As nothing decisive was obtained by Sherman's attack, the firing slackened, except on the skirmish line. After dark the enemy with-

drew to their main trenches, the roar of guns died gradually away, and the morning of the 28th dawned on both armies in their former positions. The battle of Kennesaw, then, was a display of force and advance of troops by the enemy on the entire length of our line, that opened a furious fire of artillery and musketry, under cover of which two grand attacks were made by assaulting columns—the one on my line, and the other on Cheatham's.

ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER V.

The sun was now low in the heavens. In tropical climates it is but a short while between sunset and night. The glimmering twilight of more northern latitudes has no duration here. With the coming of night the chase of the Indians must necessarily cease. They were at home in the wildness of the swamp into which they had retired, while to Captain Ross and his men it was an unknown wilderness. The Indians were on foot, the soldiers mounted. The bogs of the swamp could be passed by the lightfooted savage, while the heavy horses of the cavalry would sink to their knees with every step. This was demonstrated in the attempt to pass the slough while trying to catch the woman and boy, whom they now knew were put out by the savages as decoys. Besides, they in the darkness would more easily fall a prey to an ambush. Hadn't they been the victims of one in the broad light of day and apparently in the open prairie? What chance would they then have in a thick and almost impenetrable swamp? None whatever. Plainly the chase would have for the present to be abandoned. Besides there were the dead to be buried and the wounded to be cared for. It was hard. It was mortifying. But it must be borne. Human life has many falls for its pride. Many mortifications as checks to its passions, which must be met and borne, and the spirit with which this is done discovers the man or discloses the worthless. These thoughts all passed through Captain Ross's mind in much less time than it takes us to tell it, and he had come to the conclusion that his best course of action would be to halt for the night, rest and refresh his men, and perform the last sad duties owing the dead before resuming the pursuit.

With this in view he returned with his command to the late battle-

field. Striking the trail he crossed to the other side of the slough and dismounted his men. The bodies of poor Swichard and Ricketts were soon found and brought out on the prairie. Search was made for the Indians who had been seen to fall, but no vestiges of them could be discovered further than the splotches of blood upon the bushes and ground where they had fallen. Their comrades had carried them off, and with them also the scalps of Swichard and Ricketts. An Indian warrior never leaves his comrade on the battlefield if there is any possible chance under heaven of carrying him off. They consider it the greatest dishonor so to do. Their object is to prevent the loss of the dead warrior's scalp, a failure to take the scalp of the enemy you have slain being according to their code both a loss of caste and victory. Dolly Golding's colt was found, to use Dolly's tearful expression, "deader 'an a nail." It had in the melee received a stray shot through the head, and had fallen where it was shot never to "smile" again. Dolly took his loss greatly to heart and swore vengeance against the Indians.

A squad was detailed to dig the graves, which had to be done with the short cavalry-swords of the men, as no spades or shovels were at hand. The sun had set before they were dug deep enough to suit, but as the soil was sand, the only difficulty was the slowness of the work. At last, however, it was done, and the bodies of the poor fellows were brought and laid reverently in the graves provided for their last resting places. "Nor in sheet, nor in shroud were they wrapped," but just as they were clothed when they fell. No religious ceremonies or social rites added solemnity to their interment. Not one of the troop who gathered there was a member of any congregation, but they were all in the first blush of manhood and had all of them more or less attended divine worship in some form during their lives, and were impressed with a sense of their accountability to God, and hardly one of them but felt the awful solemnity of death as they crowded around the shallow graves dug in the great prairie far from home and relatives, intensified by the fact that but a few hours before these poor fellows were in the full enjoyment of health and strength, laughing and chatting without a thought of their present deplorable condition. And hardly one but turned away, when the last piece of earth had been thrown upon the grave, with a sigh of bitter regret and perhaps a tear for the memory of their lost companions. "Poor boys," said Dolly Golding, as he moved off to his horse, wiping his eyes with the rough sleeve of his coat, "Poor boys,

who'd a thought it?" Ah, who is it that does think beforehand of the sudden and awful change from brimming life to sudden death.

Out in the open prairie, fully two hundred yards from the slough, the camp was pitched. That is, the horses were unsaddled and picketed, and the men made ready to eat their suppers and repose for the night. They had no tents or baggage—nothing except what they carried with them on their horses—which consisted solely of their grub blankets, and corn for their horses. They left Fort Kissimee with three days' rations. They had been out on the chase now for two days and their supply could last but one day longer. To remedy this Captain Ross gave directions for two of the men to be ready to return to Fort Kissimee as soon as the moon should rise, with instructions to Lieutenant George Brooks to move down with his entire command and rejoin him. It must be borne in mind that in reaching their present location, which according to their best calculations could not be more than twenty miles in a direct line from camp, they had followed the Indians in a very roundabout way, traveling a great distance in reality, but still not getting far from the point whence they started. The next thing was to prepare for the night. The horses were picketed on the side farthest from the swamp, and in a fine grassy spot so that they could feed. A detail of fifteen men divided into five squads were chosen for sentinels, each squad to stand guard two hours. An officer of the guard was appointed and a countersign given. It was not thought by either of the officers, Ross or Weeks, that they would be troubled by the Indians during the night, "For," said Weeks, "they have been hard pushed in the pursuit and they have had a pretty hard tussle with the boys this afternoon—enough I think to make them quiet for a while." "In addition to which," said the captain, "they know I have been reinforced by your command, Weeks, and they will more likely be moving during the night farther off in the direction of a place of security. They must be aware by this time that we are after them and mean business. And they never would," said the captain, reflectively, "have abandoned the fight at your approach if they had not seen they were too weak for us both together. Beside this they are encumbered with women and children."

"Don't you trust 'em, captain," spoke Tom Hernest, joining in the conversation; "don't you trust 'em. Indians ain't like white people in any thing—fighting, nor nothing else," said Tom, shaking his head dubiously. Indians is queer people. Now jist look a there," pointing his finger suggestively, "at how they done us this evening.

Would any body 'a thought that that woman and boy walking along so careless like was a doing that just to lead us into a ambush. No, sir. My opinion is, and I don't care who knows it," said Tom, combatively, "that we'll hear again from them Indians before the night is over."

"Why, Tom, what makes you think so?" observed Captain Ross. "Tom must have some reason for his remark," he said, turning to Lieutenant Weeks as he spoke. "I have generally found Tom's observation good and his conclusions based on sound reasoning. Now if I had listened to him this afternoon the Indians wouldn't have caught us so nicely in their trap. Tom was for caution, but our hot impulses ran away with our cooler judgments. So, Tom, if you have any thing to support your opinion I'll listen to it, old fellow." But Tom had no special reasons to urge. He only observed "that if he was in the place of the Indians he'd try to make the night count something in his favor."

"But you've just said, Tom," remarked Lieutenant Weeks, "that Indians don't do any thing like white folks."

"So I did, leftenant," replied Tom, "and that's a fact. But it ain't altogether Injun nature that's at work here; they've got a nigger along with them; and if ever I saw a mean nigger in my life, the nigger with them Injuns is the meanest looking cuss that I ever saw. The moment I clapped eyes on him I said to myself I've seen you somewhar before, sartain, but whar or when I can't for the life of me bring to mind. I took one good crack at him, but I ain't sure that I hit him, tho' Dolly Golding says he'll swar that he saw him reel when I shot; but I've seen that nigger before, sure."

"Well," said Captain Ross, "I don't see any particular reasons for fearing the Indians to-night. Let the sentinels be posted, and in order to give the men a good rest, three at a time, I think, will be sufficient—two next the swamp and one about fifty yards beyond the horses. They can be relieved every two hours, and the men can sleep with their arms instead of stacking them as at first intended. As you are not on guard, Tom, if you wake any time during the night call me, and we will stroll round and see what's going on."

With these directions the two officers sought out a place, spread their blankets together, and lay down for the night. Tom went back among the men who, by this time, had eaten and fed their horses, and were preparing to lie down for their much-needed repose. The solemn scene of the evening had rendered them melancholy, and there was very little talking done. Their thoughts had been turned

homeward, and they seemed more disposed to think than to chat. The killing of two of their number had brought them face to face with the fact that they were engaged in no child's play, but in earnest, genuine war, where life was the stake played for, and death the reward of the loser. Deeply impressed with these feelings, and the ideas connected therewith, they lay down to their rest entirely devoid of the pleasant, humorous, chatty spirits of the past, and sought in sleep oblivion from the solemn sentiment which, like a pall, had come over their lives for the moment. Not so, Tom. He was restless and uneasy. The events of the day had wholly dissatisfied him. He was discontented over the fact that the Indians had trapped them. He was humiliated that Captain Ross had permitted himself to be drawn into an ambuscade, for he had not only a great friendship for the captain personally, having played, hunted, fished, and run together as boys, but he had a high opinion of the captain's talents and qualifications as a man. He knew him intimately, and in all their boyish sports and undertakings Willie Ross was always in the lead, either to plan or to act, and there was in Tom's mind but one objection that could at any time have been urged against the lad. He had always, as a boy, been a little too hot-headed and impulsive, and Tom, who had hoped Willie's education from home had schooled him to a better command of his impulses, found to his regret from the experiences of the afternoon, that such had not been the case.

"But never mind," thought Tom, "he's a noble fellow, and he'll learn better as he grows older. It's better too to be too hot than too cold. I'll only have to watch a little closer, that's all. These Injuns aint to be trusted, and if I'm any thing good for guessing we'll hear from 'em before morning. I'll just turn in a bit, take a nap, and by moonrise I'll take Dolly Golding and make a round and see what we can find. I can't get that nigger out of my head. I've seen him somewhar, sartain." With these sententious thoughts Tom spread his blanket near the horses, lay down, wrapped himself up, and was soon sound asleep. In Florida, notwithstanding the heat of the day, the nights are very cool, and it is seldom that a covering at night in the open air is not agreeable. This is owing to the sea-breezes and the heavy dews which are almost like a thin rain. The great moisture of the night makes the climate very injurious to steel and iron, causing a thick rust to accumulate, which has to be cleansed every morning. The moon on this night was in its last quarter and would rise between one and two o'clock. The temporary guard-house, or place where the guard was stationed, was at the lower extremity of

the camp on the side next the slough. Here the men for guard-duty had assembled and were now, all except those acting as sentinels and the captain of the guard, fast asleep like the rest of the camp. As there was no wood to be had there were no fires in camp that night, but a sodden blackness shrouded every thing from view.

It was now past midnight, nothing had occurred to disturb the solemn stillness. The last relief-guard had gone its rounds, and the last round of sentinels had been instructed and placed upon their posts. A young fellow named Hardy Rainer had been placed at the post back of the horses, and had been cautioned to keep a sharp lookout. The moon had risen, but was almost constantly hid by the driving clouds, with which the sky was now overcast, so that as far as the vision was concerned it was little better than before the appearance of the moon. Hardy Rainer was an uneducated country boy, stout of limb and as strong as a young Hercules; but he had not a bright or acute intellect. He was not quick either at seeing a thing or of forming conclusions. A tall, broad-shouldered, broad-faced farmer lad; but he had one faculty possessed by few persons, and which was a never-failing source of amusement, admiration, and wonder to the men, of his command. He possessed the faculty of ventriloquism, not as perfectly as Sigñor Blitz, for he had not as yet learned to imitate the human voice to any great extent, but there was not a bird or four-footed beast with which he had ever come in contact that he could not imitate to perfection. In fact the best judge of sounds would believe on hearing him that the animal he imitated was present in proper person. And he could throw his voice in any direction with exact success. Hardly a night passed in camp that Hardy did not play some prank upon the boys by chasing them with imaginary dogs, or by causing some unsuspecting fellow to leap wildly away from the sudden snapping of a hound at his legs, and hundreds of other tricks that made him the hero of the humor-loving portion of the Rangers.

Hardy, as we said, was put as sentinel on the post back of the horses out in the prairie, about fifty yards distance. He spent the first half hour of his duty in walking back and forward on a short line parallel to the horses, peering in all directions into the darkness and seeing nothing. Every thing was quiet except the drifting clouds and the winds impelling them. Hardy thought this thing of sentinel duty was a nuisance. He had never in his experience seen or heard of night fighting, and Howling Wolf was the first Indian he had ever laid eyes on. He was totally unacquainted with them, their history,

habits, or capabilities, and was as innocent of knowledge as a babe unborn of what they might do under any given state of circumstances. He could not see, and the noise of the wind drowned all other sound as it went howling over the prairie, and to add to the discomfort of the situation large drops of rain began to fall. He began to be tired of walking backward and forward, and finally concluded that standing still would answer all purposes. So, bringing his gun to the ground, he rested his arm upon it, and so stood like a statue in the wilderness, with his face to the camp. He had not stood long in this position before he assumed a recumbent attitude, the rain ceasing altogether, he folded his blanket and sat down, thinking he could see and guard just as well that way as any other. Presently he thought he heard something stirring the grass close by, and, turning his head, saw, as he imagined, a large hog, which appeared to be contentedly grunting and feeding. Not reflecting for a moment as to where he was, or of the improbability of hogs or any other domestic animal being in such a wilderness at such a time, he simply supposed it was a hog, and paid no further attention to its movements. Imagine his surprise when, the minute after, he found himself in the arms of a big Indian, who had thrust a twisted bunch of grass in his mouth just as he had opened it to yell, and before he could utter a sound. In his sudden amazement, when the Indian had clutched him round the neck he had thrown up his hands and attempted to rise, when his gun fell to the ground. The struggle was a short but desperate one. The odds being against Hardy, as he was wholly taken by surprise, and the Indian had the assistance of a confederate, whether another Indian or not Hardy was unable to tell, but between the two they soon had him bound with leather thongs and stretched helpless on his back, unable to help himself or to call on others for assistance. In this condition the Indian squatted upon the ground beside him, while the other party made directly for the horses. It was the negro Abram, and his intention was to loose the horses and cause a stampede among them, separate them from the troops, drive them off, and so dismount and disable his enemy. The horses raised among white people are very much frightened by the presence of Indians, and hence Abram took upon himself the task of unloosing the horses, leaving the Indian in charge of Hardy, well knowing that if he took the Indian with him the snorting and disorder among them occasioned by his presence would alarm the camp. The Indian would assist in stampeding the horses after they were loosed. He knew that the horses were accustomed to negroes, sev-

eral of whom were then in camp in attendance upon their masters. He had no fear, therefore, that his going among the horses would occasion any disquiet or noise among them. They preferred to capture Hardy in the way they did to killing him outright, as there was less danger of noise, as were he killed his death-scream might have aroused the troops. Abram, therefore, made his way among the horses, and began rapidly unloosing them. Finding the process of untying too slow, he drew his knife and began cutting the ropes by which they were tied, and was in this manner rapidly effecting his purpose when he was stopped in a very sudden and unlooked-for manner.

To return to Tom Hernest, he had as stated barely laid down when he fell into a deep sleep expecting to wake about moonrise and take a scout around the camp, but he did not wake as he expected, the hard riding of the day before and the excitement of the Indian fight had exhausted him as well as his comrades, and like them he slept soundly the sleep of the tired. By and by, in his dreams he renewed the fight with the Indians and was just dreaming that they were advancing upon the boys with a whoop and a rush, and that one of their rifle-balls had just wounded him in the face, when he woke with a start to find that large drops of rain were falling upon his uncovered head. Getting up and stretching himself, as persons always do when awaked from sleep, he gazed around and just then the edge of the moon peeping for a moment from behind a cloud, showed he had overslept himself, and he judged from the position of the moon that day was approaching. But every thing was perfectly quiet, except the wind, which was blowing freely from the North, and the rain which also shortly ceased. He considered then that he was in good time for his intended rounds. So waking Dolly Golding up quietly, the two proceeded upon a voyage of investigation. They passed down to the lower side of the camp next the slough. The men were all sleeping soundly. They came to the two sentinels on that side who reported perfect security, except that one of them said he thought that he had heard a few minutes before a sort of a noise in the direction of the horses, but had listened intently, and the sounds, if any, were not repeated, he had, therefore, concluded that he had been victimized by his imagination. Tom and Dolly now turned in the direction of the horses, intending to see if every thing was right in that quarter, and if so then to go a wider circle over toward the swamp. They had taken with them only their side-arms. They moved cautiously and without the least noise along the outer circle of

the camp until they came to the horses. Here Tom's quick ears told him that something was going on. He could hear an occasional grating or hissing noise, that he knew could not be made by the horses, but what it was he couldn't well make out and it was impossible to see at that moment, as an impenetrable cloud totally hid the moon and there was not a ray of light to guide his vision. Hastily nudging Dolly to observe the utmost caution, they moved onward among the horses in the direction of the sounds; slowly and surely they neared the spot, and having gotten as close as he deemed prudent, he and Dolly screened themselves behind Dolly's mare who happened to be hitched where they stopped, and waited, intently watching till the clouds then obscuring the moon should have passed. The noise still proceeded, gradually getting nearer and nearer, until all at once the moon burst out from behind the concealing cloud, and they beheld almost within arm's reach a big negro cutting the fastenings of the horses with might and main. Just then his back was partially turned to them and he was hacking away at the stout rope which held the captain's horse. They could see by the light of the moon that he had no weapons except the knife which he was using. At this moment he moved his head in their direction and his face was fully revealed to their concentrated gaze. A flash of instantaneous recognition passed through Tom's mind. He recognized him as the negro he had seen in the fight of the day before and had then thought his face was familiar. He now knew him to be a negro he had known for years. To see the situation fully with Tom begat instant action. With one bound he lit squarely upon the negro's back, throwing him by the force of the leap flat upon his face. The negro was a powerful and muscular fellow, as wiry as a panther and as active as a cat, but he was taken entirely by surprise, and for the moment his faculties were in as much a state of prostration as his body. Tom, himself, although a long, lank, awkward body, was possessed of much strength and activity, his muscles and sinews having been well toughened by the hunter's life which he had led, but in neither strength nor activity was he a match for the negro. He knew this well, but he had hoped by surprise and such assistance as Dolly would afford him to overcome the negro before he could recover from the shock. Hence he had determined on this mode of procedure, rather than use his pistol, to capture rather than to kill him. Dolly was a pretty stout fellow and was a cool and deliberate hand in moments of trial, and Tom had no doubt of success, knowing that Dolly would promptly second all his movements,

When the negro fell the knife was thrown from his hand and became lost in the darkness which supervened. The negro was, therefore, totally unarmed, but he soon recovered his senses and a tremendous struggle ensued between the three. Tom was astraddle of his back, vainly endeavoring to draw the negro's arms over his back, with the idea of rendering that part of his body useless, but his utmost efforts fell short of success. Dolly had the negro by the legs and was trying to loose a halter in order to tie them, but this he was unable to effect without letting go his hold. He was afraid to turn him loose, for he felt the negro to be much stronger than Tom, and if his legs were at liberty he would be enabled to rise. Abram struggled desperately; he knew it was for his life, so he exerted every scheme suggested by the danger of his situation to get upon his feet. The contest had now continued some time and Abram's strength was beginning to fail under the desperate trials he had made, when Dolly by a vehement jerk at last broke the halter and proceeded to bind the negro's legs. Could he accomplish this, then he and Tom could easily tie the arms. But he was not permitted to finish. The noise of the struggle had attracted the attention of the Indian guarding Hardy. No outcries had been uttered either by Tom, Dolly, or Abram, each wishing to conquer or escape without the knowledge of the camp. Tom and Dolly, for the triumph which success would insure them on the morrow; the negro, because assistance from the camp would seal his doom. So the struggle was as silent as such a struggle well could be. But notwithstanding the efforts of each party, they necessarily made some noise, which while it was insufficient to disturb the camp, was yet enough to reach the ears of the Indian and to alarm him for the safety of his comrade. He, therefore, cautiously stole his way to the scene of action and arrived just as Dolly had succeeded in getting the halter loose and was beginning to tie the negro's legs. It was too dark to distinguish one combatant from the other by sight, so the Indian was compelled to resort to the touch in order to tell friend from foe. Neither Dolly nor Tom knew of the approach of an additional enemy until Dolly felt the Indian clutch his arm. The moment he touched Dolly's arm, the Indian knew from his cloth coat that it was a white man and an enemy. He immediately struck at Dolly with his tomahawk, and had there been light sufficient to have directed the blow, Dolly would have ended his career then and there; as it was the tomahawk glanced on the side of his head and while it did not kill, it laid poor Dolly senseless upon the ground. This

released the negro's legs, and instantly availing himself of the liberty rose to his feet, at the same time by an extraordinary exertion of his vast muscular strength throwing Tom over his head and utterly breaking his hold. The instant Tom struck the earth he yelled for help. In addition to which the presence of the Indians among the horses, had by this time created a great stir and they were snorting, rearing, and plunging as though crazed by fear. Abram and the Indian lost not a moment in making their escape. They struck out on a run, unfortunately taking the direction in which Hardy lay bound, with Tom who had regained his legs unhurt in pursuit. Hardy in the meanwhile had been trying every device he could think of to get the infernal grass out of his mouth and had at last succeeded in doing so, sufficiently to use his voice. His cries, together with the other noises, had at last roused the camp, and the troops were by this time falling into line and getting ready for the impending emergency. Hardy, who had also succeeded in rolling over on his side, now lay with his face toward the camp and in the direction from which the pursued were coming and directly in their path. The clouds over the moon were getting thinner and by this time a gray streak could be seen in the east betokening the approach of day.

Hardy could just distinguish the Indian and negro as they neared him. At the same time the Indian saw him and raised his tomahawk to brain him as he passed. Hardy saw the raised tomahawk; he thought his time had come, when just as the Indian was about to throw the fatal weapon Hardy brought his ventriloquial powers into play. He threw his voice at the feet of the Indian and gave several quick, short, sharp barks and snaps, as though a dog was attempting to seize his legs, when the Indian, who fully believed it to be a dog, uttered an exclamation of alarm and gave a wild leap to one side. This destroyed his aim, and the tomahawk passing within an inch of Hardy's head, buried itself harmlessly in the ground. The Indian had no time to renew his weapon, for just then the sharp crack of Tom's pistol reminded him that delays were dangerous. Tom had fired without aim at the sound of their retreating footsteps. Hearing no change in the said sounds he followed with increased speed. At this moment the moon sailed out grandly from behind an intervening cloud, her mellow light illumining with sudden rays the entire prairie. The whole scene was for the time as distinctly revealed almost as though it had been day. Tom saw the Indian and the negro running, the latter ahead, with lightning speed toward the swamp and not over sixty short spaces from himself, though quadruple the distance from

the camp, where the soldiers were assembled in line awaiting developments. Quick as thought he halted, and though fearful that the distance was too great, he brought his pistol to the aim and fired at the nearest. The effect of his shot was instantly perceived. The Indian reeled, staggered a few paces and fell; rose again, managed to stagger a rod or so further on and again fell, this time to rise no more. By this time Captain Ross had taken in the whole situation and ordered his men forward to Tom's assistance. They put out at the double quick, but before they reached him he turned back, having perceived that the negro had gotten too great a start to be overtaken before he would reach the slough. As he started back the thrilling warwhoop of the savages, followed by a few desultory shots could be heard from the edge of the slough, where it seems they had been posted to await the result of Abram's venture with the horses, ready to avail themselves of the stampede to attack the Rangers in the momentary confusion incident thereto.

The men had now come up with Tom upon his return, day had commenced brightening the east, the gray light of dawn had begun to drive away the shadows of night and things assumed indistinct but still perceptible proportions in the distance. The slough or swamp could be seen, not plainly, but like a cloud-bank on the edge of the near horizon. Abram had probably reached his band of savages and told the fate of his comrade, for just then a hideous wailing could be heard from the point where the Indians were, followed by a yelling and roaring of whoops and howls that was fearful indeed, and over the prairie they could be seen coming, magnified by the gloomy gray light of the morning. They resembled huge monsters bent upon the destruction of mankind.

"Look sharp, boys," said Tom, pointing to the great forms running toward them through the mist of the morning, "those red devils mean mischief." His remark was followed by the fire of the Indians.

"Attention!" cried Captain Ross, drawing his sword, "ready, aim, fire;" and a furious volley was poured into the ranks of the Indians, but so far as seen without damage; they, however, incontinently fled. But they had accomplished their errand, which was to recover the dead body of their comrade. Four of them were seen carrying him off. Day had now pretty well advanced. The volley of the troops had been followed by the command to "charge," and the savages were pursued into the swamp, but without results. The command returned to their horses.

Here poor Hardy Rainer was found and released from his helpless condition. His tale was soon told. For a long time afterward Hardy was greatly bedeviled by the boys who took advantage of every occasion to approach him unawares and grunt like a hog, and frequently the whole command would worry him in the same way. He was severely reprimanded for his carelessness by the captain, and it is safe to say that the experience of that night taught him a lesson he never forgot. Dolly Golding was also looked after, Tom fearing very much that he had been killed, but he was safely recovered and but for the pain of his bruised head he was as well as ever.

Breakfast was soon had, and before sunrise the men were again ready for action. The three men who had been wounded the evening before had had their wounds, which were very slight, carefully dressed by Dr. Wheidon, the surgeon of the command, and they had been detailed on the express to the camp. They had left at the appointed time and were probably there or near by at this moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

“HOME, SWEET HOME.”

I.

A time was there, at hush of day,
The hour above all others blest,
Across a stream were Blue and Gray,
Encamped in interval of rest.
Like echoes from the outposts came
Stray picket-shots, where erst the flame
Had gleamed from gun like demon's wrath,
And marked in crimson lines its path.

II.

Beyond the hill, from Federal band
The air of battle-song is heard;
While from the listless groups that stand
Sounds o'er the stream some bantering word.
As chorus from the Gray-coats rose
A hearty cheer to greet their foes,
When “Dixie” from the Rebel side
To “Yankee Doodle” quick replied.

III.

A little while, since soft the light
 Of moonbeam fell o'er battle-ground,
 Where upturned faces, cold and white,
 And dying piled in heaps were found.
 A little while, and o'er the slain
 Would Blue and Gray clash arms again,
 And for the jesters' merry tones
 Be heard their comrades' dying groans.

IV.

But now the woes to come and past
 Seem for the moment thrust aside ;
 Rings loud and clear the bugle's blast
 Across the rippling, silvery tide.
 While martial air of these, of those
 Is answered by the shout of foes,
 From rank to rank of Blue and Gray
 Till shout in echo dies away.

V.

A moment's stillness ; hark ! is heard
 The sound of cornet, sweet and low ;
 Tuneful as the note of bird,
 Gentle as the brooklet's flow.
 Swells the melody until
 Echoes from yon neighboring hill,
 Wakened by the trembling strain,
 Waft it backward o'er the plain.

VI.

Ah ! Blue and Gray have caught the sound,
 And lips are closed, is heard no cheer ;
 And eye meets eye in glance around,
 And heart reads heart in memories dear.
 Like angels' song the sweet notes seem ;
 Comes strain responsive o'er the stream ;
 And in both armies every band
 Plays "Home, Sweet Home," in concert grand.

VII.

'Tis "*Home*," though on New England's hills ;
 'Tis "*Home*," though far 'neath sunny skies ;
 "Home, home !" the love undying fills
 Each soldier's heart and wakes replies

From foe, where else defiant cheer
Faced man to man ; for home is dear,
And he who perils all to save
The home he loves is true and brave.

VIII.

Softly die the notes away ;
 Echoing far, the last is heard ;
Upon their arms sleep Blue and Gray,
 Ready for the battle-word.
But the picket-post is still ;
Naught is heard save murmuring rill
Or sentry's tread, or from the throat
Of mate-lost dove some plaintive note.

IX.

The Dream-sprite hovers here and there,
 And fairy visions come and go ;
Low phantom music fills the air,
 While night of peace the weary know ;
For camp and foeman disappear,
Only loved ones linger near ;
And many a heart whence war has driven
Much that is good knows taste of heaven.

X.

The morrows came, and with them brought
 Fierce conflicts oft, and duties stern,
Long weary hours with burdens fraught,
 And saddest lessons one must learn.
Yet unforgotten, on through time,
Now soft, now full, in strain sublime,
To those who heard it, e'er shall come
The echoes of that "*Home, Sweet Home.*"

MARCH, 1883.

GENERAL WILLIAM N. PENDLETON.

On Monday last died suddenly, at his residence in Lexington, Va., a veteran whose career in the church and in the army would be exceptional in any other country than our own, the Rev. General William N. Pendleton, rector of the Episcopal Church, and during the sectional war Chief of Artillery to the Army of Northern Virginia.

The town of Lexington, Va., has been the residence of many distinguished men, notably of General Robert E. Lee, and his worthy son General Custis Lee; of General Stonewall Jackson, General Robert Rhodes, Governor James McDowell, Governor John Letcher, Commodore Maury, the Hon. John Randolph Tucker, and many others of almost equal reputation. Among these the Rev. Dr. Pendleton moved as counselor and friend. In person he bore so striking a likeness to his great chief, General Lee, that he was often mistaken for him, and in qualities of head and heart, and in devotion to the cause of the southern people, he could stand as a peer in any assembly of the worthies of the South.

Pendleton is a good name in Virginia and in other States. Dr. Philip Slaughter, the historiographer of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, gives nine pages in his history of St. Mark's Parish to this family. Henry Pendleton, of Norwich, England, was the progenitor of the family, and his son Philip emigrated to the Old Dominion in 1764. The great jurist, Edmund Pendleton, the friend of Washington, was a grandson of this Philip. A nephew and namesake of Judge Pendleton was a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary war. His son, also Edmund, was the father of the subject of this sketch.

General Pendleton's grandfather added to a large estate by the practice of the law, which his father also followed, but with little zeal, preferring the plantation to the office. His home of Edmondsbury, in Caroline County, was a pattern household, the seat of a liberal classical culture, a genial hospitality, and most of all, of a sincere piety. General Pendleton's mother was a niece of Governor Nelson, of Revolutionary memory. The family was large, and has borne itself well in all the relations of life. From the first it has had a decided leaning to the ministry of the Episcopal Church, in which a number have done good service.

Mr. Pendleton's family made their winter home in Richmond, and there William was born December 26, 1809. He grew up with the best surroundings. His father's kindred and intimates were among the most distinguished connection of the day. John Taylor, of Caroline, the author of the famous "Letters," and of "Avator," was his cousin and brother-in-law. Governor James Barbour and his brother Philip Pendleton Barbour, General Edmund Pendleton Gaines, the Hon. Nathaniel Greene Pendleton, of Ohio, father of Senator Pendleton, and many others of equal note were among the friends and kinsmen of Mr. Pendleton. These early associations

gave an aristocratic and possibly somewhat haughty stamp to a temper naturally simple, kindly, and generous. The boys of the family were well trained in good classical schools, but also worked on the farm; and at fifteen, William and a brother one year older had full charge and management of the labor. His relations toward the slave laborers were of that easy, affectionate sort, which, if not profitable, yet was a very different training in the humanities from what it has been pictured by unfriendly pens.

In his seventeenth year William was sent to West Point. He was at the Military Academy with Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Leonidas Polk, and other men of like mark. Pendleton was one of the four cadet captains in his class, and was graduated fifth. Though fond of fun and with a good many demerits, in all essentials his conduct was absolutely exemplary. He was graduated July 4, 1830, and assigned to the Second Artillery.

Pendleton's first service was at Fort Moultrie, S. C., where he contracted a malarial fever. In the summer of 1831, while on furlough, he married Miss Anzolette Elizabeth Page, of Hanover County, Va., a granddaughter of Governor Page and also of Governor Nelson, and thus doubly his kinswoman. This marriage was one of affection; and in a cycle, rounded recently by a golden wedding, the picture of honorable wedded love in these two estimable people was one not soon forgotten. Mrs. Pendleton had uncommon vivacity of intellect and fondness for literature, and survives her husband.

While a lieutenant, Pendleton served as instructor of mathematics at West Point, and was afterward stationed at Fort Hamilton, near New York. During the period following his graduation, and especially during his residence at Fort Hamilton, under the influence of Captain Gardner and of Dr. McIlvaine, then preaching in Brooklyn, Lieutenant Pendleton had become profoundly interested in the truths of revealed religion. Indeed, brought up piously in the robust faith of his fathers, his confession of Christ and his adoption of the ministry were natural and regular steps in religious growth. He resigned the commission in 1833 to become professor of mathematics in "Bristol College," Pennsylvania, an institution organized by the Evangelical flank of the Episcopal Church. The college had a temporary success, but closed in about four years for want of sufficient endowment.

In the summer of 1837 Prof. Pendleton was ordained a minister of the Episcopal Church. He also became professor of mathematics at Newark College, Delaware. Here he taught, and also preached to

two poor parishes for two years, where the former minister "had lived on less than a little," as the Bishop warned him. At Bristol College, Pendleton was the colleague of the eminent Dr. Packard, and at Newark he had the friendship of the Rev. Alfred Lee, since Bishop of Delaware. In 1839, at the instance of Bishop Meade, Pendleton founded the Church School at Alexandria, Va., which has proved a permanent success. "The Episcopal High School of Virginia" is still a very useful and prosperous establishment. Though it began with marked success as to numbers and character of instruction, it was projected on too expensive a scale, and after five years' charge, Prof. Pendleton resigned with a considerable debt, which it took him several years to pay.

This he accomplished by teaching a private school in Baltimore and serving as minister to two churches, six or eight miles apart, in both of which, however, he preached every Sunday. In 1847 he succeeded Dr. Peterkin in the rectorship of "All Saints' Church," at Frederick, Md. In 1853 he accepted a call to Grace Church, Lexington, Va., a feeble flock, where he succeeded the Rev. Robert Nelson, who was his kinsman, and had been his pupil at Bristol College, and who had then lately entered on his long career of missionary work at Shanghai, China. One of the attractions to this Church was the number of young men in attendance at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) and the Virginia Military Institute. The country was settled by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, so that if the flock of an Episcopal minister was small his range was very wide. Mr. Pendleton found his residence congenial as a place to educate his daughters and his only son, and gave a good deal of time to studies of various kinds of infidelity in vogue a quarter of a century ago, which grew into a series of lectures, delivered in 1859-60, and embodied in a small volume entitled "Science a Witness for the Bible," published by the Lippincots in 1860. This book received very favorable notices from men eminent in the church, and was pronounced "able and judicious" by Bishop Meade. Mr. Pendleton had, some time previously, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Kenyon College, Ohio, the *alma mater* of President Hayes, and then a stronghold of Evangelical Episcopacy.

Dr. Pendleton had been brought up in a reading, thinking, talking household. Political opinions were divided and not extreme in his family. Old Judge Pendleton was of the straight-out States' Right school, but Dr. Pendleton's father and grandfather leaned a little the other way. The *National Intelligencer* and *Richmond Enquirer*,

organs of Whiggery and Democracy, were both read and discussed in their family circle. His own predilections and studies prepared him to take moderate and pacific views. He was a warm advocate of African colonization, and a thorough and decided opponent of abolitionism, as was almost every man who arrived at his conclusions from observation and not from hearsay. He regarded abolitionism as only one of the specious forms of atheism. Brought up in a slaveholding community, he could, of course, see nothing wrong in holding slaves, while he recognized fully the heavy responsibility it imposed.

When in the spring of 1861 he returned from a distant tour, in which he had been enforcing the doctrines and principles of his book, he found the people fully aroused for war by the ordinance of secession, which had just been adopted. A company of citizens, mostly educated and of high character, besought him as the only available person left in the community, the officers and cadets of the Military Institute having already gone to the front, to drill them. Without intention of active service he undertook this work, and when the company was ordered to the front soon afterward, he was elected its captain. After some urgent solicitation, he accepted the command temporarily until some other should be fitted for its duties. When he went to Richmond to secure the equipment of his company, Governor Letcher sanctioned the arrangement he had made for temporary service, and General Lee conferred with him in an instructive manner. On arriving at Harper's Ferry he was kindly received by Colonel (Stonewall) Jackson, on whose call his company had been raised.

Dr. Pendleton reported without delay his course and grounds of proceeding to his official superior, Bishop Meade. In his reply that great churchman and godly patriot said, "Were I twenty years younger I would be by your side." No fit opportunity occurred for quitting the army, and active operations soon made this impossible. On July 2, Jackson, being in the advance, came early to Pendleton's tent and said, "Captain, get the battery ready, Patterson is coming, and I am going to meet him." After leading out his force he told Pendleton to go on in advance with one gun, as his present object "was only to feel the enemy." Jackson posted him where the road left the woods, and, pointing to a slight undulation about one hundred yards off, said, "Be ready, captain. The enemy will in a moment be yonder." They had just loaded, when, sure enough, a small body of mounted Federals appeared. Pendleton aimed the

gun himself, raised his hands in prayer, and exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy upon their poor souls!" and gave the order to fire. It was the first gun on that frontier, and, as it fell with serious effect upon the party they dispersed at once. A piece of Federal artillery was now brought forward, but a second shot aimed by Pendleton so damaged it and the men with it that they speedily disappeared. Two or three more shots were fired, when Jackson charged with his "foot cavalry," and completed his process of "feeling the enemy."

In consequence of the military ability and good conduct displayed by Captain Pendleton in the affair at Falling Waters, he was promoted to be a colonel of artillery. Before this, as he expressed it to the writer, "prayerful consideration had removed from my mind any lingering scruple as to the rightfulness of a Christian minister's sharing, as best he might, under such emergency, in the defense by force of his home, friends, State, and country." He rested his right to take up arms on the law of self-preservation, on the divine sanction in the Old Testament to Abraham, Moses, Joshua, and David, the consecration of patriotism by our Lord in weeping over Jerusalem, his sanction of soldiership under the existing government, and his significant representation as a warrior subduing his enemies.

Colonel Pendleton received high commendation for his conduct at the battle of Manassas. General J. E. Johnston says in his narrative of the artillery there, "That of the South had neither time nor ammunition for practice, while much of that of the North belonged to the regular service. Still, ours, directed principally by Colonel Pendleton, was more effective even than the regular batteries of the United States army in that battle."

Appointed Chief of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, Colonel Pendleton shared in every general conflict of that immortal, battle-torn host during a four years' war, except at Second Manassas. There, although seriously sick with a fever, he was upon the field; but General Lee, seeing his condition, sent him into a house near by for medical treatment. It is sufficient to say of the artillery commanded by him that it has not been surpassed in effectiveness by the artillery of any of the great armies of modern times, and that this effectiveness was attained under circumstances and conditions the most discouraging possible. The ordnance department at Richmond was admirably administered, but the waste of war told fearfully upon this arm of the service. It is evident that it could not have won its high repute if its commander had not been equal to the tremendous requirements of the crisis. That he was so was evinced by the

friendship of General Stonewall Jackson and the unabated confidence of General Lee. Confederate law gave no higher grade to the artillery than brigadier general. This rank Pendleton attained; but as he had under him three other brigadiers, his command was equivalent to that of a major-general, which would, doubtless, soon have been assigned him. At the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, General Pendleton was one of the three commissioners, with Longstreet and Gordon, appointed by General Lee to arrange the details of terms. He enjoyed to the last day of the war the confidence of his chief as a soldier, and to the last day of his life as a man and minister of God.

When the war was over General Pendleton returned to the charge of the church which he had never resigned, and which had been administered for him by a brother clergyman during the war. Soon his great commander followed him to this mountain retreat, and while in charge of Washington College was his parishioner and vestryman. It is known to the writer that he always treated General Pendleton with great consideration and regard. He was stricken down with his fatal sickness a few minutes after leaving a vestry meeting. Since the war Dr. Pendleton has attended faithfully to the duties of his sacred calling, though at times his health seemed to have given away almost entirely as the result of the terrible and long-endured strain of the war and its responsibilities upon his nervous system. He had suffered greatly, too, in the loss of his only son, Colonel Alexander S. Pendleton, a member of Jackson's staff, and afterward chief of staff to Early, an accomplished scholar, a young man of wonderful energy, and generally regarded as a soldier of extraordinary promise. He fell in battle, and his only child, also, died within the same year. General Pendleton has left an interesting family of five daughters; one is the widow of General Edwin Lee, the others have remained unmarried.

Dr. Pendleton was of robust constitution. While of simple habits, his house was an eminently and genuinely hospitable one. His temper was open and combative, and he was positive in opinion and ready for discussion on almost any topic of literature, politics, or religion. In his day, he was a formidable debater. He was a good classical scholar, an excellent mathematician, well read in his own profession, and a very successful instructor of youth. In some respects, this old soldier was as guileless as a child. A tale of distress opened all the flood-gates of his pity, and quite drowned prudential considerations, so that his friends had to guard him from the wiles of

the designing. He was as tender hearted as he was brave. The veteran waited calmly for his last tattoo. Faithfully he bore the heat and burden of the day, and now he has gone to his great reward.

HEEL AND TOE.

II.

The glorious "Sun of Austerlitz"—that sun whose rising had witnessed the unexpected and unwelcome visit of A. S. Johnston, and others, to U. S. Grant, and others; whose meridian had seen Johnston in the zenith of his power and the almost fulfilled hope of victory; whose afternoon rays had shed their mellow light on the death-scene of that noble warrior and Christian gentleman; and whose setting had left us masters of that bloody field; that glorious orb whose fiery warmth gives to southern blood the splendor of its courage, the richness of its generosity, and the warmth of its hospitality—had veiled its face with clouds and refused to look upon the beginning of the end of the trials and disasters of the sons and daughters of the land he loved to shine upon.

There appeared to be a show of apathy on the part of both armies to begin the fight, but at last it opens and in earnest. We are moved rapidly to the front, and suddenly find a small swamp between our regiment and the rest of the brigade; obliquing to avoid the swamp we are confronted by Rousseau's brigade, and Kentucky meets Kentucky. Our regiment, less than three hundred strong, holds its line for twenty minutes against overwhelming odds and would have certainly been outflanked and captured but for the gallantry of the Fourth Alabama Battalion, which had found footing in the swamp, and opening fire at short range on the enemy's flank saved us from capture or annihilation. Our support was several hundred yards in the rear, and the remainder of the brigade on the other side of the swamp. Falling back on our support, which was coming up at a double-quick, we went in again, and now it became Rousseau's time to abandon the ground he had won. Moving by the left flank for several hundred yards, we are halted and fronted in a hollow between two parallel ridges running east and west, and being subjected to a desultory fire from an unseen foe, our men begin to return it by random shots all along the line. Major Munroe gave the com-

mand to stop firing, but no attention being paid to it by the men who had become somewhat excited by their morning's experience, he rode around the left wing to the front of the regiment, the better to enforce his command, when, just in front of the color company, he was seen to fall back on the crupper of his horse, shot through the shoulder by some one from the top of a tree on the north ridge. Several soldiers from the company nearest to him, rushed from the rank, and lifting him from his horse carried him to the rear. Just then the firing became general and I could not leave my post to go to him, and I never saw him again. His presentiment had been fulfilled at the last moment, almost, for the retreat began shortly afterward, and Kentucky had lost a noble son, the southern cause a gallant officer, and myself a true and genial friend.

A section of Byrne's battery on the south ridge, in an open field, was doing us considerable damage by cutting off limbs of trees which fell along our left wing, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hynes directed me to notify the officer commanding the section of the fact, and to ask him to either change the locality of his pieces or to alter the direction of their fire. During my absence the regiment had fallen back to the top of the south ridge, and on my return to where I had left it after delivering the order, and just as I emerged from a line of briars and undergrowth which indicated where a fence row had been before Grant pitched his camp there, and while my head was bent and my arms extended to put aside the briars, I heard a strange voice cry out, "Shoot the rebel scoundrel!" I raised my head and looked down into the cavernous muzzle of a rifle just as the flame burst from it about thirty yards from me. The man behind that gun evidently meant business, as the ball struck on a memorandum book in my right breast-pocket and glancing passed out under my still raised arm without doing me further damage than to tear my coat and ruin my book. The force of the ball, though glancing, was sufficient to turn me in the direction of my friends, and I stood not on the order of my going but went at once and rapidly, amid the laughter and wild shots of the enemy, and the encouraging shouts of my friends soon covered the intervening eighty or ninety yards to where the regiment lay. Not only the heels but the entire soles of the socks had been turned to the foes of the South, and I know my loving kinswoman would have forgiven me through her smiles could she have seen my trotters play on that occasion. I was glad—more than glad—to be with the boys again, and never afterward acted as aid or orderly, at least on the field of battle. If it were my fate to be killed, I wanted

it done in the midst of my own regiment, as I had a great horror of being reported missing. I never could understand how one man could lose five hundred on the battle-field, or off, and yet on every battle-field of the South, our brigade, as reserves, was constantly picking up single individuals who had been "cut off" from their commands.

We held our position on the south ridge for some time, during which several regiments passed rapidly and quietly to the rear. There was no firing in our vicinity, and no visible evidence of the enemy in our immediate front. The field around us, except for an occasional dead soldier, had the trodden and generally demoralized appearance of an old-fashioned barbecue ground the day after the gathering of the clans. I looked into the faces of my comrades and tried to read their thoughts, or to lift, with my eye, the veil which covered the innermost depths of their feelings, but all in vain! My own feelings were too bruised and crushed to be talked of, and I was too inexperienced as a soldier and had too much confidence in my superiors to question for a moment the wisdom of their movements. The purity of their patriotism and courage was and is above question, and yet there are thousands who believe to-day that had not General Johnston been killed Grant would have been crushed badly by night-fall of April 6th; that Buell's column of succor would have about-faced, and Nashville instead of Shiloh the point to be attained, with Johnston's victorious army making the best rear-guard he could possibly have had. But such was not the case, and speculation as to what might have been has no value any where.

Well, after two days of stubborn fighting we quietly withdraw to the outskirts of the battle-field and bivouac for the night, leaving Grant's victorious army in a far too crippled condition to follow us, as an organized body, one single step. It rains on us again, but here are no bell-shaped tents to afford us shelter, no sutler's stores from which to draw, without the aid of commissary-sergeant, the substantials and sweets which had regaled and refreshed us the night before. We were hungry, mad, tired, and in that subdued condition of mind and body when hard-tack and sow-belly better suited our fallen fortunes. We had been overpowered by fresh troops, eager to regain the lost prestige of their comrades on the day before. And yet, when the full costs of Shiloh were summed up, the Confederates were found to be largely the gainers. We went into the fight poorly armed and equipped, but came out of it with the best Springfield and Enfield rifles on our shoulders. We went into it raw recruits, and came out

of it stern and daring veterans. The casualties of the "orphan brigade" at Shiloh were greater than on any other three battle-fields of the war. We were literally baptized in fire and blood. Company I, of the Fourth (Captain, afterward Colonel T. W. Thompson commanding), went into the fight Sunday morning, April 6th, with forty-four men, rank and file, and by two o'clock p.m. Monday had lost eighteen dead on the field, and sixteen badly wounded, some of them so seriously that they never reported again for active service during the war. Its captain and second lieutenant wounded, and its first lieutenant, Samuel P. Foreman, acting as adjutant, killed. This percentage of loss, in one battle, has I believe no parallel in history; I, at least, have not read it.

Quite a number of men of the brigade were reported missing, and were afterward carried on the muster-rolls as dead, until Hood, ably seconded by Wheeler and Stoneman, mounted us three years later. What (I think I hear from all sides) has this mounting of the brigade to do with men who were missing since the battle of Shiloh, and whose names were carried on the roll of honor as dead on that bloody field? Simply this: That as soon as it became whispered around that the orphans had been mounted, a great many of those missing braves began to turn up and demand their rights to rations and a horse. I have often, during our first days of service as mounted infantry, seen a seedy, haggard, and unkempt-looking soldier drag himself into camp amid such cries from his old comrades as, "I swear I put bullets on that fellow's eyes at Shiloh, or planted him at Corinth!"

But I am diverging from my line and must return to it. At day dawn of April 8th we are in line, with heels to the foe, but filling the always honorable and often hazardous position of rear-guard to a beaten army. The roads have been cut up by wagon trains and artillery carriages until the mud on the bottom roads is ankle-deep. On we trudge, expecting every minute to face about and check the pursuing foe; but he does not come. The bottom land is passed over and we reach the ridge-road leading to Corinth. Now the footing is better, the road is clear of obstructions, and we hasten to Mickey's house, a desolate-looking farm-house by the roadside. Here we are halted. From this point we can hear (but not see) Forrest's cavalry as they check a scouting party, led, as since ascertained, by Sherman, in person. The sounds of battle last but a short while, and the check appears to have been decisive. The cavalry come quietly back and we take up our line of march for Corinth whither

the main body of the army has preceded us, and which we reached in time to get a full night's much-needed rest. I looked at my socks as I exchanged them for a cleaner and more comfortable pair, and said to them, "Don't look so limp and crest-fallen; you have obeyed a superior power, and even she whose delicate and loved hands gave you shape and form can attach no blame to you."

WHAT A SOLDIER SAW AND KNOWS.

IV.

I knew not *then* where next we might be ordered, knew not *then* how many of our gallant fellows were taking their last glimpse of home, knew not *then* that some of the friendships formed and strengthened by the comradeship of the bivouac, the battle, and the march, would be dissolved by death, and I *now* would fain repel the recurring thoughts of these somber dashings, and revive only the light, humorous, and frivolous touches that brought to us at times the sparkle of real enjoyment, and made our soldier-life at least endurable. I would catch again at the gold of the sunbeams, avoid the shadows which they caused to be thrown, and listen once more to the glad refrain, "If you want to see fun, jine the cavalry." The order came, and we rode on through the valleys, over the hills, and through some of the towns of East Tennessee until we camped at McMinnville. At McMinnville our principal duty was to feed ourselves and our horses, attend dancing parties, scout in various directions, and to gather recruits for the infantry from the conscripts of Jackson County. On one occasion Lieutenant Carter, of Company B, was sent with a detachment to Jackson to assist the conscript officer there in gathering his backward crop. He was gone several days, and returned with his gleanings, only quickly to be followed by an avalanche of quartermaster's vouchers from as many quartermasters as he had men. The honest grangers who bore these to brigade headquarters demanded pay for the milk, butter, honey, maple-sugar, chickens, ducks, and pigs called for by these vouchers, and the stunned brigadier sent for Lieutenant C. and severely censured him. The lieutenant endured the punishment stoically, but on his return to camp ordered his detail to fall in, and he then unbottled his wrath with this crisp and original reprimand: "Boys, look here; the better

I treat yer the wusser you do me. Now, you've got to come out'n it; you hearn 'er." The speech was received with such a shout "that Carter laughed and found himself much better," but in many a fight after that, when Carter would lead in the charge, the boys would *go in* with the hilarious cry, "You hearn 'er!"

It was the Christmas of 1862, and McMinnville had gathered *her* beauty and *our* Tennesseans in merry-making festivities, and, as a substitute for the sound that came like a "car rattling o'er the stony street" came the order to Murfreesboro, where we were engaged to appear in a hastily-gotten-up New Year's entertainment under the management of Rosecrans and Bragg. But before sounding the boot and saddle a little incident at McMinnville serves to shut out the recollection of the Murfreesboro fight, and may amuse you.

Captain D., of Company C, first saw the light somewhere near the Clinch. I can't describe him, except so far as to say that when he came to the command he had many freckles, much sunburnt, stringy hair, and if your fancy will add the covered wagon with the inevitable "*yaller dog*" chained underneath, you'd recognize him as of the type of loyal East Tennessean so often seen during the war on the way to Illinois.

Pretty soon he pinned up, with a golden star, the left side of his hat and circled it with a jet black plume. He procured a uniform coat with buttons of heavy brass and trimmings of broad gold lace, a wide spread sash of brightest red, and then fastened down his electrified hair with axle-grease, and his *tout ensemble* was altogether O. K.

Of course he rode out with the McMinnville belles, and on one of these occasions the favored beauty, in a spirit of fun, called the nobby soldier her *Napoleon*, when, in the exultation of the moment, the doughty captain fired his pistol in the air, and at the same moment Miss E., assisted by the rearing of her frightened steed, acrobated rearward into the road. Kind neighbors rushed to the bundle of dry goods, and straightening out Miss E., conveyed her to her home, one of the many sufferers of fierce, relentless war. The command was engaged at Murfreesboro, and was busy as the rear-guard of the retreat therefrom, and traveled forward and backward over the bright green hills and beautiful valleys of East Tennessee until Private Theophilus Brown was no more. His winding sheet was of paper, bearing important information, of which the following is a part:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, WAR DEPARTMENT, }
RICHMOND, — —, 1863. }

SIR: You are hereby informed that the President has appointed you First Lieutenant and Adjutant —th Tennessee Cavalry in the

Provisional Army in the service of the Confederate States. . . . Immediately on receipt hereof, please to communicate your acceptance or non-acceptance of said appointment, etc. etc.

Did Theophilus Brown accept? Picture to yourself a soldier stealthily slipping off to some secluded nook on the creek in order to wash out and otherwise make wearable that kind of garment which the king, it is said, found that the happiest man did *not* possess, and of which sort Falstaff had but one to his regiment; see how tenderly he disengages it from the nether garments at the waist, where continuous use had cut loose the flowing skirt; see how gently he removes the lively little parasites from its arm-pits; see how carefully he washes out the fragment, and as it dries on the rivulet's bank, do you think he would be the kind of soldier who would reject the pay of adjutant, even though it came in depreciated Confederate scrip. It *was* accepted, and also the loan of enough money to purchase, for obvious use, a few yards of tent-cloth. Then a friend in Knoxville surprised Lieutenant Brown with the present of a brand-new uniform of the regulation pattern, and the recipient, with tears at the *necessity* of wearing the bright, new thing, put it on, and was soon after detached for duty with General Pegram. That uniform coat was the nearest I ever came to the ownership of an elephant, and a bright gray coat with new gold lace was an object of much more interest to the rest of the army than to the wearer, and this I found out when I attempted to pass the rascally "butter-milk rangers," commanded by one Dibbrell, who to this day has never ceased to disturb the peace of the Union (he is now in Congress). The greeting which the dirty rascals gave that new coat went something in this wise: "Boys, here's an officer; I know it by the marks on his collar!" "What's them gold strings on the arms for?" "Too cute!" "How long have you been out?" "Does your mother *know* you're out?" I never succeeded in passing that regiment, but as quickly as possible let down a section of a worm fence and galloped away from the humorous patriots. That night the gold lace was ripped from collars and sleeves, and I am not altogether sure that the troublesome coat was not rolled in the mud of the camp to give it the tint of the uniform Confederate gray, that I might look just like the other fellows. That coat saw some rough usage, and at last, when my pistol had worn the skirt in holes by dint of striking it against the saddle-tree, I remember taking an axe and fence-rail and curtailing it, as a cook would decapitate a chicken. So far as this soldier-coat is concerned, the tale ended with the last sentence.

SOLDIERS OF '61 AND '65.

The contrast between the appearance and condition of the Confederate soldiers who marched to Harper's Ferry or Manassas or Norfolk at the first tap of the drum in the spring of 1861, and the Army of Northern Virginia in the autumn 1862, and to the end of the war, is very striking, and in some of its aspects very amusing.

At Harper's Ferry in April and May, 1861, we were quartered in houses, or had an ample supply of tents. Rations were abundant and of good quality, but our friends at home supplied us so bountifully with the best they had that we frequently did not "draw" from the commissary at all, and it was no unusual thing to see on the mess-table of our private soldiers dinners fit for princes. If one of the boys would sometimes facetiously apologize for not having cream for the coffee, on the ground that "the cows did not come up this evening," yet we had an abundance of coffee and used it with a profusion which made us sigh at the memory of it when in later days we drank rye, or corn meal, or chestnuts, or sweet potatoes, sweetened with sorghum. Then each mess had its own negro cooks and waiters; not unfrequently each private had his own servants to cut his wood, bring his water, light his pipe, clean his musket, or black his boots. Each man had his trunk packed full of every thing that loved ones at home thought their soldier boy might, could, would, or should ever need. Each company had baggage enough (mess-chests, camp-equipment, cooking-utensils, trunks, etc.) to load a wagon-train larger than "Old Stonewall" used afterward to allow to a brigade or even a division. New uniforms with frock coats, bright buttons, long top boots, caps to which were attached white "havelocks," white shirts and collars, white trappings, and even white gloves, elegant leather haversacks, beautiful knapsacks, silk banners, feathers, and epaulets, all combined to give a Confederate regiment of those early days of the war an appearance which the veterans of '62-'65 would have ridiculed without mercy.

Each man, too, carried in his belt a heavy revolver and a huge knife, for those were the days when our boys were told, by the "newspaper generals," that they must not fight at long range, but must rush upon the foe, by which tactics "one Southerner could whip ten Yankees." [We found later that odds of four or even two to one were as great as we cared to encounter.]

We spent our time in drills, dress-parades, inspections, reading the newspapers, discussing military plans, etc., and in entertaining

the large number of visitors who came to camp, among whom were many beautiful and accomplished young ladies, who came "to see their brothers," but did not seem to be offended if somebody else's brothers chanced to be around. Ah! those were the days of "holiday soldiering," when "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" had not given place to its stern realities.

But the scene soon changes, and if we will visit a camp—say in the Lower Valley of Virginia—in the autumn of 1862, after we had come back from the first Maryland campaign, to rest for a season amidst the green fields, beautiful groves, and clear streams of that picturesque region, we shall find the transformation as complete as it is in many respects ludicrous. Now, there are no houses or tents for even the officers, for "Old Stonewall" bivouacks in some convenient fence-corner, "Marse Robert" has only a "fly" stretched over a pole, and the soldiers are happy if they have even a captured oil-cloth to protect them from the weather. White trappings have all disappeared, and he would be a bold man who would venture into camp wearing a "biled shirt" or white gloves. Frock coats have been exchanged for "the jacket in gray, which the soldier-boy wore," and boots, among the infantry, have given place to the more comfortable brogans, if, indeed, the men are the fortunate possessors of a pair of these, for not a few of them are barefooted, and their blistered and bleeding feet mark the progress of the march. Their uniforms are faded, if not ragged, covered with the dust of the march or the mud of a bivouac in the rain; the jaunty cap has given place to an "old slouch;" the beautiful knapsack and other handsome equipments have disappeared; knives and revolvers are gone (we found that before getting close enough to cut with a knife or shoot with a revolver one side or the other would run), and the gayly dressed "holiday soldier" has become the "ragged rebel" of history. Negro cooks have, to a large extent, disappeared (we could not afford them rations), and the men are now doing their own cooking and washing, and showing a skill at the business that is really marvelous. Rations, though much more abundant than later in the war, have now become very scarce, and the cry of the commissary, "Draw your rations," never fails to elicit a prompt and hearty response. Private Carlton McCarthy, in some very vivid sketches of camp life, recently published, thus described the condition of our brave fellows at this period and later:

"Reduced to the minimum, the private soldier consisted of one man, one hat, one jacket, one shirt, one pair pants, one pair of draw-

ers, one pair of shoes, and one pair of socks. His baggage was one blanket, one rubber blanket, and one haversack. The haversack generally contained smoking tobacco and a pipe, and generally a small piece of soap, with temporary additions of apples, persimmons, blackberries, and such other commodities as he could pick up on the march."

The silk banners which were wrought by fair hands and presented to us as we were leaving home, and which our orators, in receiving them, promised should never "trail in the dust," have been sent home for preservation, and in their stead there ripple in the breeze, tattered battle-flags which the fair-haired, rosy-cheeked "mother's darlings" of '61, now the bronzed veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia, have borne in the thickest of the fight and written upon their folds the imperishable names of Manassas, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cold Harbor, Gaines's Mill, Slaughter's Mountain, Groveton, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, and Sharpsburg, leaving scarcely room for Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Petersburg, and other immortal names that are to follow.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION AT LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *March 8, 1883.*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC:

I beg leave to invite your attention to the Southern Exposition, which will open at Louisville, August 1, 1883, and continue one hundred days.

Your magazine is the depository of reminiscences of the devotion, the courage, and the endurance of the southern people during our unhappy civil war. The gleams you give of the gay humor of the hopeful soldier in the midst of hardship, and the amusing anecdotes you record of situations and events that served to lighten the gloom of the dark years, seem to me to intensify the sorrow and desolation that the close of the war brought to the southern people.

It seems to me that the Atlanta Cotton Exposition and the proposed Southern Exposition are wonderful pictures in the history of the South, and that their coloring is heightened by the pathetic shadows of the reminiscences of the bivouac. As I read the one and

consider the other the South appears to me literally to rise from the ashes, to change despair into energy and hopefulness, and to evolve activity and plenty out of desolation. I have no more pleasing vicissitude of personal experience than to read the BIVOUAC under the influence of the association of events which its reminiscences recall, and then turn to the confident and encouraging letters from the South which it is my daily duty to peruse, and note the quick change of what once seemed to be a hopeless situation, and the evidences of the recuperative powers of the southern people.

To my mind the Southern Exposition is the highest evidence of what the new South is, and I do not think there can be a more instructive page of history than one that presents the project of the Southern Exposition set about with the reminiscences of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

J. M. WRIGHT.

A DISTINGUISHED officer told me that during the battle of Malvern Hill he had occasion to report to General Jackson, and after hunting for some time found him and his staff under one of the heaviest fires he had ever experienced. Soon Jackson directed those about him to dismount and shelter themselves, and Dr. Dabney found a place behind a large and very thick oak gate-post, where he sat bolt upright with his back against the post. Just then there came up Major Hugh Nelson, of Ewell's staff—a gallant gentleman and a devout Churchman, who had heard Dr. Dabney's sermon, and whose theological views did not fully indorse its doctrine—and, taking in the situation at a glance, rode direct for the gate-post of "Stonewall's" chief of staff, and giving him the military salute coolly said, "Dr. Dabney, every shot, and shell, and bullet is directed by the God of battles, and you must pardon me for expressing my surprise that you should want to put a gate-post between you and special Providence." The good doctor at once retorted, "No! major, you misunderstand the doctrine I teach. And the truth is, that I regard this gate-post as a *special Providence*, under present circumstances."

HARRY GILMORE, a cavalry officer of some celebrity in the early part of the war, died recently at his home in Baltimore. He was the author of "Three Years in the Saddle," a spirited little book of personal adventure.

Editorial.

DEATH OF GOVERNOR STEPHENS.

Hon. A. H. Stephens, the Vice-president of the Confederate States, while the war gave the seceding States that title by virtue of a recognized belligerency, died on the morning of the 4th of March, 1883, aged seventy-one years.

He was a remarkable man, a phenomenon of mental strength without the corresponding physical stature, and his "three score and ten years" were full of political honors. Never was there a man more honored by his people than Governor Stephens, and there were but few men more deserving these confidences than he, for he was ever true to his convictions and zealous in the advocacy of such measures as would benefit his native State. He was not popular with the soldiers of the Confederacy, because in the ardor of their enthusiasm they could not understand the *policy* of a believer in the constitutional right of secession, who spoke and urged his opposition to the ordinance of secession, and they could not agree with him that slavery was the corner-stone of the Confederacy. Yet they regarded the attack on that institution as one of the many grievances which led to the war. It may be that Governor Stephens accurately foresaw the result of the unequal contest, when the well appointed armies of a strong government, having credit, a standing army, and a navy, and the emigrant world to recruit from, should contend with the armies of Confederacy hastily thrown together and dependent on victory for the very arms to use against their enemy. When the ordinance of secession was passed Governor Stephens accepted the Vice-presidency and gave his whole soul to the establishment of the Confederate States, as one of the independent nations of earth. He died trusted to the last by his people, their governor. His memory is respected every where and honored by all ex-Confederates.

AMONG the events of the recent past of interest to ex-Confederates are the ovation to General Fitzhugh Lee, in New York City, where himself and staff were guests of the Thirteenth New York Regiment, and the Eighth Annual Reunion of the Louisiana Division, Army Northern Virginia. This affair was a magnificent success, and the speeches of E. Howard McCaleb and Captain J.A. Chavalon were eloquent tributes to the gallantry and devotion of the respective armies of the Confederacy. The occasion was Stonewall Jackson's Memorial Day.

WE are indebted to Comrade Alfred Clarke for the following: Died in Shelbyville, Indiana, on Saturday, January 13, 1883, James Hornbeck, a private in the —th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. With a family consisting of a wife and six daughters, the eldest of about not over thirteen years of age, and himself suffering from that fell-disease consumption, he was for months before his death an object of charity. But he had cast his lot among Samaritans. His last hours were cheered, and the wants of his family attended to by the "Veterans in Blue" of Shelbyville. When "taps" sounded and Private Hornbeck crossed "over the river to rest under the shade of the trees" beyond, forty-two Federal veterans followed the corpse to its last resting place in a grave of their own selection in the beautiful cemetery of that city. All honor to those brave and generous hearts, who answering the call of charity stopped not to inquire whether he wore the blue or gray. One such act will do more to heal the differences between North and South than a hundred battles won or a thousand acts of legislation.

Miscellany

CAPTAIN EDMUNDS is said to be the only ex-Union soldier now in the United States Senate.

THE widow of the Confederate General Ben. Hardin Helm has been appointed postmaster at Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

THE old woman who pulled down the toll-gate pole and demanded pay for Sheridan's whole cavalry is still living in Virginia, though she is too old to attend to the gate any more.

THE original South Carolina ordinance of secession is preserved in the office of the Secretary of State at Columbia. It is written on parchment, is entitled an "Ordinance to dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and other States, united with her under the compact entitled the Constitution of the United States of America," and is very brief, containing besides the title, date, etc., but a little more than one hundred words.

SURGEON-GENERAL BARNES, of the United States Army, reports that the whole number of Confederate prisoners taken by the Union armies was two hundred and twenty thousand, of whom twenty-six thousand died; and the whole number of Union prisoners taken by Confederates two hundred and seventy thousand, of whom twenty-two thousand died. If this statement, which purports to be official, be true, twelve per cent. of the Confederate prisoners died, and nine per cent. of the Union prisoners died. And there is an end of the unjust charges so long made against the inhumanities of the southern people.

Query Box.

W. R., NASHVILLE, TENN.: Is the "SOUTHERN BIVOUAC" on sale at any Nashville bookstore? Have you an agent here?

Answer: We prefer to send books to subscribers only, and Captain C. E. Merrill will take pleasure in forwarding your subscription.

H. S., LEXINGTON, KY., asked what reunions of the survivors of ex-Confederate commands will be held during the coming summer. Who is the agent of the BIVOUAC here?

Answer: 1. The Kentucky Infantry Brigade is called to meet at Blue Lick and Morgan's command at Lexington, but efforts will be made to change the place of meeting to Louisville during the days of the great Exposition. 2. Hand your subscription to our friend Will E. Spencer.

Taps.

FAME.—A few months since the following conversation took place at the Chicago depot, between a prominent citizen of this city and an ex-Confederate: Prom. citizen (pointing to the soldierly form of a passenger just stepping from the train): "Who is that fine-looking man?" Ex-Confed.: "Why, that is General Buckner." Prom. cit.: "Who is General Buckner?" Ex. Confed., with a look of surprise, "General Buckner of the Confederate army, you know, who surrendered Fort Donelson." Prom. cit., slowly and thoughtfully, "O! he surrendered Fort Donelson did he? What did he do *that* for?"

MEETINGS OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—The February meeting was an interesting one. Speeches were made by Major Sanders, Dr. Aiken, Captain Weller, Dr. Edwards, and others. In order to accommodate many business men who desire to attend those meetings, the time of holding them was changed from the last to the second Tuesday of each month. At the March meeting, held on Tuesday the 13th, the election of officers resulted in the selection of the following: President, W. O. Dodd; Vice President, E. H. McDonald; Secretary, E. C. Colgan; Treasurer, John S. Jackman. All ex-Confederates are invited to attend the meetings, which are held on the second Tuesday of each month in the Members' Hall of the Polytechnic Society.

WILD BILL was expatiating on the battle of Shiloh at a very large rate one day as we were marching back to Corinth. He struck a very happy strain and run it on the subject of music. "Yes, boys' it was the largest meeting that was ever held at Shiloh Church. And wasn't the music grand that day? Talk to me about pianos and organs; I never heard such a big organ as was played last Sunday. In the years to come when I am "dangling" grandchildren on my

knee, I will tell them I was there and touched one of the keys to that organ. And every time I touched it, the music rolled out and helped swell the roar and ——” “But Bill,” says Devil Dick, “there is one thing I’ll bet you’ll never tell your grandchildren.” What’s that, Dick? “You’ll never tell them how bad their granddaddy wanted to get away from that church.” “You are mighty right, Dick,” and so said all of us.

AN OFFICER’S WIT.—A gallant soldier and distinguished politician, who commanded one of the regiments, perpetrated an “Irish bull” one day which the other regiments of the brigade never suffered his men to hear the last of. Having halted on the march and the men not falling in with sufficient rapidity when the order to move was given, the gallant colonel exclaimed, “Fall in there, men! Fall in quickly! If you don’t fall in I’ll march the regiment off and leave every man of you!” At the battle of Winchester in June, 1863, this same officer (now a brigadier-general) was very deliberately forming his line of battle when the division commander grew impatient and sent an aid, who came galloping up to the old hero to say, “General, General —— wants to know if you are proposing to have dress-parade down here?” The instant retort was, “Go back and tell him yes; we are going to dress on the enemy.” “Dress on the enemy” at once became a slang phrase among the men.

HUMORS OF THE CAMP.—From Dr. Jones’s Lecture: Let a citizen in the ordinary dress enter the camp or pass a moving column, and he becomes at once a target for all manner of jibes and jests. One fellow will notice his beaver and greet him with, “Come out of that bee-gum! Come out at once! You are certainly in thar, for I see your legs hanging out!” Another asks in plaintive, sympathizing tones, “I say, mister, have your calves all died?” “No. I have lost no calves. What makes you think so?” “Well! I came to that conclusion because I see that you have put your churn in mourning.” Or another will exclaim, “I say, boys, yonder is what has gone with our camp-kettle. That man is wearing it!” Or another will come up and say, in the most supplicating tones, “I say, mister, won’t you rent the upper story for winter quarters to a poor soldier who ain’t had nothing to eat for five days?” Or another will call attention to his “biled shirt,” and the whole regiment yell at him to “come out of it,” amidst peals of laughter, until the poor man seeks safety in precipitate flight.

FRED. JOYCE sends the following :

Breckinridge's division covered the retreat from Shiloh to Corinth, and his famous "Orphan Brigade" occupied the main road leading from the battle-field. After two days of severe fighting and anxious nights of constant wakefulness, our nerves were reduced to such a condition that a skirmish or brush in our front would cause our hearts to leap high toward our mouths, and thump like distant drums against our ribs. We were often formed in line of battle while lying near Mickey's house. The writer, with others, remembers the terrible suspense we underwent on such occasions, for we had suffered beyond all belief a short time before, having lost sixty-eight per cent. of our command at Shiloh. The roads were muddy, the ground in the woods where we slept was soft and wet, the weather was rainy and gloomy. An insecure feeling had taken possession of us those few days. Buell could have slipped over and wiped up the remnant any day if he had tried. Colonel H., Captain R., Lieutenant P., and myself had coiled ourselves up in our tent one night to get a little sleep. What between shivering in the wet and cold, and gloomy forebodings, our rest was far from peaceful. We had lain down with our clothes on, and our swords in our hands, ready at the signal to arise and rush to battle. After worrying through the night, along toward the dark part of day a sepulchral voice sounded at our door: "Is Colonel H. in his tent?" "Yes," answer all of us as we spring to our feet and clutch our swords and grope our way stumblingly toward the door. Colonel H. was quite old, and stern, and of a commanding, deep bass voice, and as we crowded around Major G., who had alarmed us, the colonel trying to assume as much indifference as possible, said, "What is it, Major? What is it?" In the extremely dim light we could see the outline of the intrepid major, whom we knew to be of Colonel Trabue's staff (Colonel T. was our brigade commander at the time). Drawing himself up to his full height he reached far into the bosom of his coat, and drew out the longest black French bottle I ever saw. "Gentlemen, take this with the compliments of Colonel Trabue." The surprise was simply immense. The only words in response were from Colonel H., who said, "Major G., you ought to be killed." The next few moments one with keen eyes to penetrate the gloom might have sketched the picture of the raising of a good-sized derrick, then lowering, and again raising, while the fulsome gurgle, long-drawn breath, the smacking lips, and blowing off of steam, told plainer than all of Webster's Unabridged that the liquor was holding a high picnic with our affections.

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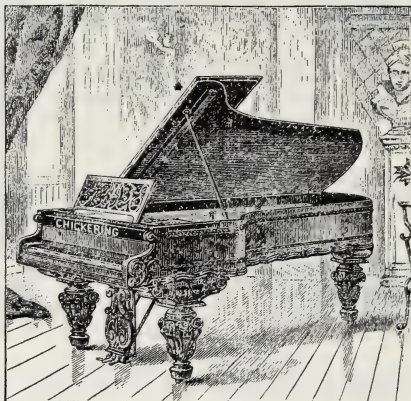
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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

Albert Sidney Johnston was born on the second of February, 1803, in the village of Washington, Mason County, Ky. He was the youngest son of Dr. Johnston, a physician, and one of the early settlers of that town. After the loss of his first wife, Dr. Johnston married Abigail Harris, the daughter of Edward Harris, who was an old citizen and a soldier of the war of the revolution. From this marriage sprang six children—three daughters and three sons—of whom Albert Sidney Johnston, the subject of this article, was the youngest son. General Johnston inherited from his father that solid judgment, powers of self-control, and rare equipoise of mind which so distinguished him in after life, whether in prosperity or adversity. From his mother, who died early in life, and who is described “as a woman of handsome person, fine intellect, and sterling worth,” he may well be supposed to have inherited those softer traits of character which made his hearthstone a happy one, and charmed the home circle and the friends who gathered around it.

At fifteen years of age he was sent to a school in Western Virginia, and afterward to Transylvania, where he conceived the idea of entering the United States navy. But his father discouraged him from this enterprise and sent him in 1819 on a visit to his elder brother, Josiah Stoddard Johnston, who, with his other elder brothers, had moved to Rapides Parish, in the State of Louisiana. His elder brother, Josiah Stoddard Johnston, had already become a distinguished citizen in this State, subsequently its representative in Congress and United States Senator. He became a second father to his young brother, and his sound judgment and affectionate love did much to shape and fashion the future life of the subject of this paper. During the winter passed with his elder brother in Louisiana he was dissuaded from his purpose to enter the navy and prevailed upon to return to Transylvania University, where he prosecuted his

studies with his accustomed vigor and energy, and on leaving the university, in 1822, was appointed by his elder brother, Josiah S. Johnston, then a member of Congress from Louisiana, a cadet in the United States Military Academy at West Point. He won the respect and love of professors and class-mates at West Point. Mr. Jefferson Davis says of him at this period of his life, "He was sergeant-major, and afterward was selected by the commandant for the adjutantcy, then the most esteemed office in the corps. He was not a hard student, though a fair one. His quickness supplied the defect. He did not have an enemy in the corps or an unkind feeling to any one, though he was select in his associates." He graduated at the Military Academy in June, 1826, and was assigned to the Second Infantry with the rank of brevet second lieutenant, to take date from July 1, 1826, and furloughed until November 1. He had as his companions and friends at the academy such men as Leonidas Polk, of Tennessee, subsequently Bishop of Louisiana and a lieutenant-general in the Confederate service, who was his room-mate and intimate friend. Robert Anderson, afterward famous for his defense of Fort Sumpter; William Bickley, his fellow-townsmen; Daniel S. Donelson, of Tennessee, a distinguished brigadier-general in the Confederate army; Berrien, of Georgia; the veteran Maynadier Bradford, a grandson of the first printer in Kentucky; Lucien Bibb, son of the Hon. George M. Bibb, and Mr. Jefferson Davis. Speaking of this brilliant coterie of young men, who became his fast friends for life, his biographer remarks, "It was a society of young, ardent, and generous spirits, in which prevailed general good feeling and little bitterness—a generation of brave spirits, steadfast and reflective, but beyond comparison ardent and generous.

Lieutenant Johnston was subsequently assigned to duty at Jefferson Barracks, a short distance above St. Louis, on the Mississippi River, having been commissioned by John Quincy Adams, then President, as second lieutenant of the Sixth Regiment of Infantry, then regarded as the "crack" regiment of the army, under the command of Brigadier-General Henry Atkinson. He reported for duty on the first of June.

Lieutenant Johnston's first military service was performed in the expedition sent from Prairie du Chien, on the twenty-ninth of August, to compel the Winnebagoes to make reparation for outrages committed on the whites.

He came for the first time in conflict with the red man of the forest, and saw the best specimen in the large and well-built Winne-

bagoes, then comparatively savage, but now the most peaceable and thriving of the semi-civilized tribes. Red Bird, Le Soleil, and the son and son-in-law of Red Bird were surrendered as the guilty parties, to make reparation for their people. General Johnston was greatly impressed with the magnificent physique and splendid bearing of Red Bird, and in a letter to his friend Bickley, describing the movement of troops to preserve peace on the northwestern frontier, he says of him, "I must confess that I consider Red Bird one of the noblest and most dignified men I ever saw. When he gave himself up he was dressed after the manner of the sons of the Missouri, in a perfectly white hunting shirt of deer-skin, and leggins and moccasins of the same, with an elegant head-dress of feathers. He held a white flag in his right hand and a beautifully ornamented pipe in the other. He said, 'I have offended. I sacrifice myself to save my country.'"

In 1828 Lieutenant Johnston was selected as adjutant of his regiment by Brigadier-General Henry Atkinson, the colonel commanding. Colonel T. L. Alexander, who joined the regiment in 1830, says of him at this time, "Possessing in an extraordinary degree the confidence, esteem, and admiration of the whole regiment, he was the very beau-ideal of a soldier and an officer." Peace prevailed until the breaking out of the Black Hawk war in 1832. In this war the Sixth Regiment took an active part, and the careful memoranda or journal kept daily by Lieutenant Johnston forms the data mainly from which the history of this Indian war has been written. After a series of skirmishes and engagements, the Black Hawk war was terminated by a decisive engagement at the battle of Beras, so-called from a stream near by, by which the power of the British band under Black Hawk was broken and the band dispersed, the remnant seeking refuge beyond the Mississippi.

General Johnston was married on January 20, 1829, to Miss Henrietta Preston, the daughter and eldest child of Major Wm. Preston, a member of the Virginia family of that name and an officer of Wayne's army, who had resigned and settled in Louisville, Ky.

General Johnston remained at Jefferson Barracks until the breaking out of the Black Hawk war, and at its close he returned to Louisville, and thence to New Orleans for the benefit of his wife's health. While in New Orleans he took with great reluctance the step which he thought duty demanded (and he was ever governed by duty) to the loved companion of his life; and on the twenty-fourth of April, 1834, sent in his resignation of his commission as second lieu-

tenant in the United States Army. Returning from New Orleans after his resignation from the army, he devoted himself to the care of his invalid wife, making with her the tour of the Virginia Springs, thence to Baltimore and Philadelphia, consulting the highest medical skill with the hope to save the life of the noble woman who had been to him the light of his life and the joy of his household; but all his love and care was in vain. She died on the twelfth of August, 1835, at the house of Mrs. Hancock, the daughter of Dr. Davidson. In a letter written in after years by this good lady to his son and biographer, among other interesting incidents and characteristics, she narrates one incident which gives the keynote to the life and character of General Johnston. She says of him, "In the smallest as in the greatest affairs of his life he took time to deliberate before acting. I was struck with an observation of his (which goes to prove this) when I remarked that he took a long while to write a letter; he said 'yes;' said he, 'I do, for I never put on paper what I am not willing to answer for with my life.'" After the death of his wife, Mr. Johnston remained quietly on his farm, interrupted by an occasional visit to his family connections in Louisville, Ky., until the breaking out of the Texas revolution. When by joint resolution the Congress of the United States acknowledged the independence of Texas, he offered his heart and his sword to her cause. A brief description of his personnel at this period of life, taken from his faithful and loving biographer, may not be uninteresting. He pictures him "with brown hair clustering over a noble forehead, and from under heavy brows his deep-set but clear, steady eyes looked straight at you with a regard kind and sincere, yet penetrating. With those eyes upon him any man would have scrupled to tell a lie. In repose his eyes were as blue as the sky, but in excitement they flashed to a steel gray and exerted a wonderful power over men. He was six feet and an inch in height, weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, straight as an arrow, with broad, square shoulders and a massive chest. He was strong and active, but his endurance and vital power seemed the result rather of nervous than of muscular energy, and drew their exhaustless resources from the mind rather than the body. His bearing was essentially military and dignified rather than graceful; his movements were prompt, but easy and firm. He was, indeed, in appearance a model for the soldier." Leaving Louisville Mr. Johnston proceeded to New Orleans and thence to Alexandria, La. After tarrying a few days with his brother, Judge Johnston, who resided at Alexandria, he proceeded on horseback in

company with Leonard Givee and brother and Major Bynum, of Rapides, La., to the camp of the defenders. Here he found an army of men composed of every character, without discipline or order, and whom Santa Anna had characterized as the "Tumultuario" of the Mississippi Valley. When Mr. Johnston reached the Texan army, then under the command of General Thomas J. Rusk, though he bore letters of introduction from his old commander, General Atkinson, of the Fifth Infantry, and other distinguished persons in the States, he, with his instinctive dread of being an "office-seeker," quietly volunteered in the little squadron of horse, from seventy to a hundred strong. General Rusk's attention was drawn to him, says Mr. Davis, "by his bearing as a soldier and the way he sat his horse; and calling on him, after a brief interview, tendered him the position of adjutant of the army. On the same day (fifth of August) on which General Rusk appointed him adjutant of the army, with the rank of colonel, President Burnet appointed him a colonel in the regular army and assigned him to the post of adjutant general of the republic. President Sam. Houston about the same time sent him a commission as aid-de-camp, with the rank of major. He at once entered on the task of organizing and disciplining the army. This was partially accomplished, when, on the seventeenth of September, 1836, he was summoned by the Hon. John A. Wharton, then Secretary of War, to the capital, to discharge the duties of his office there. Proceeding to New Orleans, in the interest of the Texan government, he was notified by President Sam. Houston that he was placed in nomination as brigadier-general of the army, and he proceeded to Texas and took command of her army.

When General Johnston assumed command of the army, a hostile meeting was forced upon him by his second in command, General Felix Houston, who claimed that he had been unjustly and unfairly overslaughed by his appointment as general in command. General Johnston was seriously (and it was at first thought mortally) wounded at the fifth fire. Though suffering great physical pain, he continued in command of the army, effecting the organization of the army and its thorough discipline, until worn down with fatigue and suffering he was warned by his physicians that rest alone could restore him to his accustomed vigorous health, and on the seventh of May he turned over the command of the army to Colonel Rogers. General Johnston repaired to New Orleans and consulting eminent physicians, who insisted on absolute rest as the only remedy, and on the twenty-seventh of June he wrote to the Secretary of War tendering his

resignation, which was declined. In December, his health having sufficiently improved, he returned to Texas. In 1838, Mirabeau B. Lamar was elected President, and David G. Burnet Vice-president, and on the twenty-second of December, after their installation, General Johnston was appointed Secretary of War, a position which he filled with distinguished ability until 1840, when he resigned. After his resignation he repaired to his plantation in Brazoria County, Texas, and was made happy by the admission of Texas, in 1845, to a place as one of the independent and sovereign States of the American Union.

On the admission of Texas into the Union, General Z. Taylor was ordered to the Rio Grande to protect our western frontier from the threatened invasion of the Mexicans. The Mexicans began the contest by an attack on Fort Brown, where Major Brown was killed. But the fort held out until succor came. On May 8th the forces under General Taylor, returning from Point Isabel, encountered the Mexicans, led by General Ampudia, on the plain of Palo Alto and defeated them with a loss of nine killed and forty-four wounded. The loss of the Mexicans was six hundred men. On the next day (the 9th) was fought the battle of Resaca de la Palma, when six thousand Mexicans were defeated with a loss of one thousand men. American loss one hundred and ten. Under the call for volunteers General Johnston was made, by election, colonel commanding the First Regiment of Texans, and repaired at once on horseback, there being no other mode of conveyance, and arrived at Point Isabel too late to participate in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. General Johnston had taken great pride and pleasure in the drill and discipline of his regiment, and General Taylor gave him the advance position in the march on Monterey. General Johnston was destined to see his hard labor of months thrown away, for on leaving it to a vote as to whether they would re-enlist, a majority decided against re-enlistment. This disbandment was under the construction of the War Department. General Taylor, after the disbandment of General Johnston's regiment, appointed him inspector-general of the field division of volunteers under Major-General Butler, which he accepted, desirous as he was to participate in the campaign then opening. General Johnston, in describing the attack made by Generals Worth and Twiggs, and the gallant charge made by the Tennesseans and Mississippians, proceeds to speak of that portion of the field occupied by the Ohio regiment under Colonel Mitchell. He says, "Colonel Mitchell's Ohio regiment entered the town more

to the right, and attacked the works with great courage and spirit. But here was concentrated the fire of all the enemy's works. From this point, or a little in the rear, the regulars had been forced back with great loss of officers and men. Having been ordered to retire, the Ohio regiment did so in tolerably good order. As it debouched from the streets of the city, believing that it was routed the lancers of the enemy charged the Ohio regiment; but it had none of the vim of an American charge, and was easily repulsed with some loss to them." This was a letter written to his son and biographer, but not even here, in the intimacy of his correspondence with one so near and close to him, does he say one word of his own share in this memorable part of the battle, in reforming the Ohio regiment in the cornfield, and sheltering it in good order behind the wall of the chapparal (like a stone fence), and gallantly and successfully repelling the charge of the lancers. It was left for one afterward his foe and opponent on a wider arena of battle to do justice to his coolness and bravery, and the testimony is all the more grateful because it is the tribute of one great and large-hearted soldier to another. General (then captain) Joe Hooker, afterward distinguished as the fighting general of the Federal army in the civil war, thus describes the action of General Johnston, and his coolness and power of control in arresting the rapid withdrawal of the Ohio regiment across the cornfield, in full range of the enemy's guns, and reforming it under the chapparal wall and successfully repulsing the charge of the Mexican lancers. In a letter addressed to his son, since the close of the civil war, General Hooker says, "It was all the work of a few moments, but was long enough to satisfy me of the character of your father. It was through his agency mainly that our division was saved from a cruel slaughter, and the effect on the part of the army serving on that side of the town would have been almost, if not quite, irreparable. The coolness and magnificent presence your father displayed on the field, brief as it was, left an impression on my mind that I have never forgotten. They prepared me for the stirring accounts related by his companions on the Utah campaign, and for his almost god-like deeds on the field on which he fell, at Shiloh." Thus without a command, his cool, clear head and brave heart and single arm, ever seeking the post of danger and the point of duty, did more perhaps than any other one single man to secure the triumph of the American arms. During the assault General Johnston was attached to Hamer's brigade of Butler's division. Remaining with Colonel Mitchell's First Ohio Regiment, he was near that officer when he fell wounded in the

streets of Monterey. General Butler was wounded at the same point. General Johnston's horse was thrice wounded; but though he was a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharpshooters, he would not dismount when all the officers around him were dismounted or disabled. Generals Taylor and Butler passed the highest encomiums on the efficiency and gallantry of General Johnston at the battle of Monterey and on the march, and united in recommending him for the position of brigadier-general. Such appointment was not made, and General Johnston retired to his farm in Brazoria County, Texas. When General Taylor was elected President of the United States he appointed General Johnston, in December, 1849, paymaster in the army of the United States, with the rank of colonel. Although he would have preferred an appointment in the line, he did not decline, as it was in the line of his profession and for which he had been educated. He was assigned to duty in the Department of Texas and the West.

One who knew him well while in command of the Department of Texas, as colonel of cavalry, says of him, and of his future great commander, then occupying the place of second in rank, "In the course of an eventful life and extensive travel, I have come in contact with many of the historic personages of the day; and yet, I scruple not to say, that of them all, but *three*, to my thinking, would stand the test of the most rigid scrutiny. Of these, by a singular coincidence, the colonel and lieutenant-colonel of a cavalry regiment in the United States army—afterward respectively the ranking officers of a hostile army—Albert Sidney Johnston and Robert E. Lee, were two. The third was Mr. Calhoun. No time-serving or self-seeking entered into their calculations. Self-abnegation, at the bidding of duty, was the rule of their lives. Could our much-maligned section lay no further claim to the consideration of mankind, the fact that it produced, almost in the same generation, such a triumvirate, typical of their people, is enough to place it among the foremost nations of the earth in the realm of thought, patriotism, and knightly grace."

By the treaty of 1848 the Territory of Utah was ceded to the United States. Some of the Federal judges sent to the territory were murdered, and others were driven from the territory. General Johnston was put in command of the troops sent to restore order in the territory. He arrived at Fort Leavenworth on the 11th of September, and by the 17th of the same month was on the road to Salt Lake City, his command acting as an escort to the civil officers sent to said

territory. His march was through ice and snow; the severity of the climate was such that nearly all of his animals perished. But he proceeded on through every obstacle, and marching on foot at the head of his troops, by firmness and a proper display of his force he restored peace and order to the territory. This was his last military duty until the breaking out of the civil war, which found him in command in California. When Texas, his adopted State, cast her fortunes with the Confederacy, General Johnston resigned his command intact and with good faith to the government he served, and set out on horseback to Richmond, Virginia, and offered his services to the Confederacy. General Johnston's services were eagerly accepted by President Davis, his companion in his academic career and his comrade in arms, who knew his full worth. He was made a brigadier-general by order bearing date September 10, 1861, and assigned to Department No. 2, embracing the States of Tennessee and Arkansas and that part of Mississippi west of the New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern and Central Railroads; also the military operations in Kentucky, Kansas, and the Indian Territory—a command imperial in its extent, and with unlimited military discretion. His biographer well remarks, "He lacked nothing except men and munitions of war, and the means of obtaining them. His army had to be enlisted before it could be led."

General Johnston arrived at Nashville on September 14, 1861, and, acting with his accustomed promptitude of action, notified the President by letter on the 16th of the same month, "I design, tomorrow, to take possession of Bowling Green with five thousand troops." These troops were under command of General S. B. Buckner, who had at his instance been made brigadier-general. General Zollikoffer was ordered with four thousand troops to advance and take up his position at the Cumberland Gap. General Leonidas Polk was already in command of the left wing of the army at Columbus, Kentucky. General Johnston made his headquarters at Bowling Green, the center of his extended command, stretching from Cumberland Gap, along the Barren River, to the Mississippi on the left.

General Johnston had an available force to defend this entire line of only about nineteen thousand men. There was opposed to him, under the ablest leaders of the Union, General Anderson, his early friend at West Point; General Grant, who had seized Paducah, Kentucky; General W. T. Sherman, General Thomas, and General Wm. Nelson, aggregating a force of thirty-four thousand volunteers.

General Johnston, by exaggerating his force, and a skillful disposition of it, held against fearful odds this extended line for months, until the fall of Forts Donelson and Henry necessitated the removal of his army further south to protect the valley of the Mississippi. Bowling Green had to be evacuated, and Nashville left unprotected; Nashville and the State of Tennessee. It was at this time that General Johnston was subjected to that which wounded his sensitive nature to the quick. The public, uninformed as to his real force, thinking it as large as he had been glad to impress the enemy it was, ignorant of the fearful want of arms and ammunition, they blamed him for leaving Nashville and Tennessee unguarded, and the Confederate delegation in Congress, save one man, marched in a body to the President, led by Gustavus A. Henry, and demanded his removal, and that a *general* should be appointed to defend their homes and firesides. Mr. Davis listened to the appeal with downcast eyes and saddened heart, knowing well the worth and soldierly qualities of him of whom they spoke. He raised his eyes and replied to them, "If Albert Sidney Johnston is not a general, the Confederacy has none to give you." By forced marches, his numbers diminished by disease, he effected a junction with General Beauregard at Corinth, Mississippi, and on the 6th day of April, 1862, twenty-one years ago, fought the last and greatest battle of his life, and laid down that life for the cause to which he had given his heart and his sword. I will not attempt to go into the details of this great battle. General Beauregard says in his report, "The remnant of the enemy's army had been driven into utter disorder to the immediate vicinity of Pittsburgh Landing, under the heavy guns of the iron-clad gunboats. Like an Alpine avalanche our troops moved forward despite the determined resistance of the enemy, and at six P.M. we were in possession of all his encampments between Owl and Lick Creeks but one, nearly all of his field artillery, thirty flags, colors, and standards, over three thousand prisoners, including a division commander (General Prentiss), several brigade commanders, thousands of small arms, an immense supply of subsistence, forage, and munitions of war—all the substantial fruits of a complete victory." The last great charge was finally made. Says his biographer, "General Johnston had passed through the ordeal seemingly unhurt. His noble horse was shot in four places. His clothes were pierced by missiles. His boot soles were cut and torn by a minie-ball. At this moment Governor Harris (of Tennessee, now United States Senator) rode up elated with his own success and the vindication of his Tennesseans. In

the meantime the retreating Federal soldiers kept up a fierce discharge of firearms, and delivered volley after volley as they retreated on their last line and to the shelter of the gunboats. By the chance of war a minie-ball from one of these did the work. As General Johnston sat there on horseback, knowing that he had crushed in the arch which had so long resisted the pressure of his forces, and waiting until they could collect sufficiently to give the final stroke, he received a mortal wound. It came flying in the moment of victory and triumph from a foe. It smote him at the very instant he felt the full conviction that the day was won."

Thus fell Albert Sidney Johnston. The records of the war show no more knightly warrior. He combined science, skill, daring, coolness, resolution, experience, and all other characteristics and elements which go to make up a great leader. It was said of him by his great civic chieftain, when he saw him on the field of Monterey, "In combat he had the most inspiring presence I ever saw." Well may his great leader and captain, who led the Confederates as military chieftain, have said, "When Albert Sidney Johnston fell at Shiloh *the right arm of the Confederacy perished.*" I will not close this brief eulogy of the life and character of Albert Sidney Johnston, which it is temerity to attempt to embody in an address of ordinary length, without putting on record the eloquent and touching tribute paid to his memory by my friend General Wharton J. Green, of North Carolina, himself a distinguished officer in the Confederate service, and Congressman-elect from the Fayetteville District of North Carolina:

"Portray him as he was—great, single-minded, and simple. He was the devotee of duty, but softened its asperities to others. His was a character with but few counterparts in ancient or modern story.

"Talleyrand's saying, 'No man is a hero to his valet,' is true in the main. Johnston would have been a hero to his very shadow. Those who knew him best admired him most. His peerless, blameless life was long enough for glory, and but one brief day too short for liberty. One hour more for him in the saddle and the Confederate States would (in all probability) have taken their place at the council board of the nations of the earth."

It has been determined that the equestrian statue of General Albert Sidney Johnston shall surmount and ornament the tomb erected to the Confederate dead. You thus transmit his image to coming generations as he loved best to be in life—a warrior who sat his noble steed so firmly and yet so gracefully as to make it part and

parcel of himself. With his death this brief and imperfect eulogy of a typical Confederate soldier and officer ends, and, laying manuscript aside, I turn to pay brief but heartfelt homage to the boys who wore the ragged gray jacket of the Confederacy, and whose steadfast and stubborn bravery forged the epaulets that graced the shoulders and marked the rank of their great leaders.

STANDING PICKET IN A GEORGIA SWAMP.

Toward the close of the year 1864, the main body of Lewis's Kentucky Brigade had fallen back before Sherman's advance from Atlanta, and at last took position in the defenses around Savannah.

Meanwhile Colonel Hiram Hawkins of the Fifth Kentucky, who had command of about one hundred unmounted men employed in protecting the citizens from the enemy's foragers east of Stone Mountain, was cut off from the brigade by Sherman's army, and left to shift for himself. He followed the middle column as far as Monticello, and then turning southwest proceeded to Macon, near which city had been established a camp of dismounted men and disabled horses. In a few days he succeeded in collecting together about a hundred men with horses fit for duty, and with these started toward Savannah, with the view of rejoining the brigade if possible. A ride of four or five days brought us to the Ogeechee River, and in close proximity to the Federal army then besieging Savannah.

Finding it impossible to reach the brigade, we turned southward to Taylor's Creek, a village situated in the angle formed by the creek of the same name with the Little Cannuchee River. From this point Colonel Hawkins with the main body proceeded still further south to the Altamaha River, leaving seven or eight of us with Lieutenant Dickey to watch the Federal operations in that quarter. Our nearness to the enemy rendered a collision with some of their numerous foraging parties imminent; and scarcely had Colonel Hawkins departed when a party of about thirty marauders entered the village and were soon loaded with booty. We were too few to attack them openly, but we decided not to let them get away scot free, and accordingly posted ourselves in bushes on the roadside near the bridge across the Little Cannuchee, over which they must pass on their return. In a little while the whole troop came galloping down the

road toward the bridge, loaded with plunder, and when they arrived opposite our ambush we poured a volley into them, killing one outright, wounding several, and scaring the rest half to death. The survivors hurried across the bridge, and, dismounting, tore the plank from the floor of the bridge, and prepared to fight. Not having the force to cope with them, we kept under cover, until they, not knowing our force, and fearful perhaps of an attack in the rear, remounted and hurried off.

We remained concealed near the bridge the remainder of the day, fully expecting them to return with a sufficient force to avenge the death of their comrade. The day wore away, however, without an alarm, and we decided to hold our position through the night. Of course it was necessary to place pickets at the bridge crossing.

The Cannuchee, like nearly all rivers of its class in the South, is little else than a long swamp. Through this had been constructed a road of logs and dirt with occasional openings for the sluggish streams to pass, over which wooden bridges were built. The bridge nearest our side of the swamp, from which the Federals had torn the flooring, spanned the principal stream, and was some thirty feet long. The first half of the night-watch fell to my share, and posting myself at the south end of this bridge, I commenced as lonely a vigil as my courage would bear. The night was intensely dark, the gloom being absolutely impenetrable beneath the cypress-trees standing thick in the swamp. The fearful stillness was broken only by the occasional splash of some amphibious animal in the water at my feet, and the unearthly hootings of a brigade of huge owls in the trees above my head. They flew so near sometimes as almost to fan me with their wings; and more than once a thrill of terror nearly chilled my blood as a wild, weird scream reached my ears from a perch almost within reach of my gun-barrel. All the superstition of my nature was awakened by the hideous chatter and mocking laughter of these birds of ill omen; the crack of Federal guns, the screams of Federal shells were as music upon the water compared with them. Yet, I bravely held my ground until far into the night, when, during a short interval of silence I thought I heard a footfall on the other side of the bridge. The blood stood still in my veins, the hair on my head lifted the little military cap I wore from his resting place as I peered through the solid darkness and listened as if my sense of hearing had absorbed all the others. There it was again, a stealthy step nearer than at first; there could be no mistake, some one was approaching the bridge. I brought my gun to a ready just as the intruder stepped

upon the timbers at the far end of the bridge, and demanded with a fierce energy, "Who comes there?" "Nigger Jim, sir, nigger Jim," he answered, in the familiar lingo of the southern darkey, and frightened almost out of his wits. "Who is nigger Jim?" I demanded. "I belongs to Massa Crawford over thar at Taylor's Creek, and jes coming from my wife's house at the Widder Bird's." Having become acquainted with these parties during our stay there, I had no difficulty in believing Jim's story, and ordered him to come across, a matter of some difficulty in the dark, and keeping him well under cover of my gun, marched him back to our camp-fire, a prisoner. Jim soon convinced Lieutenant Dickey of his peaceable intentions and was allowed to depart about his business. The ludicrous ending of this serio-comedy dispelled the midnight phantoms my imagination had conjured up; and the garrulous owls afforded me thenceforth only amusement until my relief arrived.

EDMUND AND EVA.

A BALLAD WRITTEN DURING THE WAR FOR SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE.

PART I.

When Virginia's clarion war-note
To the Northern foe declared
Stern resistance, to the death-grip;
When her gleaming blade she bared;
When her tocsin, from the seaboard,
Sounded to Ohio's wave,
Calling sons of noble fathers
On to freedom or the grave;

When, from every hill and valley,
Valiant patriots, with their arms,
Hastened to the place of gathering—
Rallied to the wild alarms;
There came one of gallant bearing—
With his dark eyes all a-fire,
Whose proud form of manly beauty
Critic—sculptor, would admire.

On the morning of his marriage
He had left his beauteous bride;
Parted from her 'neath the willow
Growing on the brooklet's side.

When he vaulted to his saddle,
On his champing charger bold,
Ne'er was seen a knightlier figure
In the chivalric days of old.

O'er his brow a black plume floated
Lightly in the balmy air,
Then an instant is entangled
In the young bride's sunny hair.
Ah! their hearts were nearly broken,
Just united!—thus to part!
And their pulses wildly leaping
When the bugle bade him start.

He rides on to meet the Northman
In the battle's stern array;
And with him, her smiles departed,
She remains, to mourn and pray.
Those fair hands, that had just girded
On her lover's saber belt,
Now, were trembling on her forehead,
As in tearful prayer she knelt.

When Virginia's graceful horsemen
Swept upon the boastful foe,
Edmund bared his gleaming saber,
Thickly struck the telling blow.
Not the charge of Balaklava,
Not the charge of fierce Murat,
E'er excelled in dauntless daring
This wild dash, with loud hurrah.

Yes, thy story, proud Manassas,
Shall float down the stream of Time,
Guided by the pen of History,
Wafted by the poet's rhyme.
For 'twas here that half armed Southrons,
Battling in the cause of Right,
Though outnumbered, all so largely,
Crushed the Northman's vaunted might.

In the dreamy summer twilight,
When the gentle winds were low,
And the distant fading cloudlets,
Yet were warm with rosy glow;
When the moon with tender glances
Looked down on Manassas plains,

Was our youthful hero lying,
Life-blood bubbling from his veins.

Close beside him, standing faintly,
Was his faithful, wounded steed,
Comrade of his early rambles,
Partner of his knightly deed,
Who had often borne his Eva,
In the morning of their love,
When they galloped down the streamlet,
Through the sunshine—through the grove.

Dying steed, and dying rider,
On that crimson field of blood,
Dead and wounded all around them,
In the moonlight's yellow flood,
Showed a noble, pure affection,
All undimmed by hand of death,
Which, not for an instant faltered,
Even with their latest breath.

"Ferraunt,"—gasped the dying hero,
Fondling his bold charger's head,
"Gallant fellow!—metaled warrior!
How the foeman from thee fled.
Poor, poor Ferraunt! would thy master
Could bind up thy bleeding side;
Thou art thirsty—could I drag me
To yon brooklet's dabbled tide."

At these words, so hoarsely whispered,
Ferraunt's small ears quickly move;
And his bright eyes, large and lustrous,
Softly beam with tender love.
Then, he gently bent his arched neck,
Took his master by the sleeve;
But in vain;—he can not raise him,
And his hold he must, now, leave.

For a weakness comes upon him,
And no longer can he stand;
Yet, in that last painful moment
Still he seeks his master's hand.
"Farew-e-l-l, Fer-ra-u-n-t! D-e-a-r-e-s-t E-v-a"—
Then a hoarse and gurgling sound.
Steed and rider close together
Were by sorrowing comrades found.

PART II.

Dainty Eva, while she sleepeth,
Is disturbed by frightful dreams ;
From her couch she quickly springeth ;
On the floor the moonshine streams.
Was it that, which brightly glistened
When she opened first her eyes ?
Surely she was not mistaken—
Surely heard she gentle sighs.

Could it be the night-wind stealing
Softly through the dewy leaves ?
Could it be the summer swallows
Nestled 'neath the hanging eaves ?
Could it be the murmuring music,
As the wavelets rose and fell ?
Gentle sighs had floated by her—
Whence they came she could not tell.

Then, she wended to the window ;
Look'd out on the glorious night,
All the scene was truly lovely,
Bathed in soft voluptuous light.
In the distance, brightly rolling,
Flashed the lordly, moonlit James,
In the quiet, midnight heavens
Faintly gleamed the boreal flames.

'Tis in sooth a beauteous picture,
Wreathed around with running flowers,
That is seen within that casement,
Which the moonlight richly dowers.
Fleecy garments lightly falling ;
Loosely, silken tresses flowing
O'er a neck of stainless marble ;
Classic features softly glowing.

Silent, there she sat and listened
To the lonely whippoorwill ;
Watched the shadows of the forest
Trembling on the neighboring hill ;
Watched, while tender, dreamy memories
Came upon the scented wind ;
Wreathing smiles around her red lips,
Calling up the pearls that blind.

There, beneath yon clustering jasmines,
Had she drank sweet draughts of bliss,

And beneath that weeping willow
Edmund took his parting kiss—
Hark! just then the horned owl hooted,
And a tremor o'er her ran,
For she fancied in the shadow
Were the forms of horse and man.

Then, she turned her from the window
To her pillow, seeking rest;
Balmy sleep still fled her eyelids,
Nervous dreading thrilled her breast.
How distinctly! O, how startling
Beat the old clock in the hall,
And she heard the death-watch ticking
Close beside her, in the wall!

Presently—could it be fancy?
Pattering horse-feet swept the lawn,
And a strange light filled her chamber;
'Twas too early for the dawn;
Then a solemn stillness followed,
Seizing every flying sound,
Till 'twas conquered by a clattering
Saber, rattling on the ground.

Then the hall-door seemed to open;
Did she hear a lightsome tread,
Onward, onward, up the staircase,
Through her doorway, to her bed?
Did she hear a gentle breathing?
Did she hear a stifled sigh?
Tremblingly she raised her eyelids—
Was it Edmund standing by?

Paler was his brow than marble;
White as snow his youthful cheek;
And his eyes were fixed and stony;
Greeting word he did not speak.
And the dark blood still was welling
From his breast—a ghastly sight—
When he raised his hand to touch her
Eva fainted with affright.

Need I tell you how young Eva
Wilted from that fatal night?
Tell you of the strange, sad calmness
That did on her features light?

Of her flushed face, of the brightness
Of her eyes when fever came?
Of her wild, yet tender raving,
When she called her lover's name?

No, 'tis useless! but, fair ladies,
Your soft cheeks are growing pale,
Therefore, will I hasten onward;
Bring to end this woeful tale—
Ere the breath of early autumn
Raised upon the James a billow,
Gentle Eva, with brave Edmund,
Slept beneath "their weeping willow."

ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER VI.

The hardihood of the Indians as evidenced by their conduct that night and morning, had put Captain Ross to serious thinking. They showed greater boldness than he had previously been disposed to give them credit for. Their energy and unflagging efforts taught him respect for his foes. He felt satisfied from all that he had seen and learned concerning them that his own force was the more numerous of the two, and he believed from their conduct that if the inequality in numbers had not existed, a serious contest would ere now have been the result. The Indians appeared not to desire any longer to retreat. Plainly there must be some motive, thought the captain, for this conduct on their part. They have had the whole night in which to have made their departure, but they were still in the neighborhood. Seemingly they were sleepless. Ross was a young man, fresh from college, unused to war, wholly unacquainted so far as experience or personal observation went, with warfare, whether with whites or savages, but his was a high order of intellect. He was well versed in the history of wars, and for some period back his time had been devoted to the study of military science and tactics, and he had studied it too with the energy and perseverance of a devotee. He was ambitious and proud, and he had burned to distinguish himself in the great contests which his reason taught him would be likely to follow in the wake of the great rebellion. He had been raised on the Florida frontiers, in the woods as it were, and had learned all the arts and wiles of the hunter in pursuit of game. He looked

upon war as only a trial of the hunter's skill upon a grander scale—a game in which readiness of wit, boldness of conception, and action would be sure to win in the long run. And he was bold even to rashness in his personal bearing. The truth was that he hardly knew the meaning of the word fear. Men of such qualities as he possessed generally lead their fellows in all matters of adventurous enterprise. By uniting hardness of temper with common sense, a cool judgment and indomitable vigor of mind and purpose, the Napoleons, Washingtons, and Lees of history are produced for the admiration and emulation of the after ages.

Captain Ross was thus far sadly disappointed in the results he had achieved, but nothing daunted or disheartened he was determined to continue the pursuit, let the end be what it might. He was greatly pleased with the conduct of his troop. Not a man of them had flinched in the scrimmages so far had with the Indians. Not one had shown the least disposition to back out from the task undertaken, and he felt that he was surrounded by men who could be depended on in an emergency of danger. Yet, while he was particularly well satisfied with the coolness and *sang froid* of Tom Herness, he felt somewhat angered with him for not calling him as he had directed that night. He thought if he had been called some advantage might have been obtained over the savages that was now lost forever. He gave Tom a sharp lecture in rebuke of his forgetfulness, and directed him to take ten of the men and skirmish through the swamp until he developed the presence of the Indians, while he, the captain, would with the residue of the command follow on the south side, ready at a moment's notice to dismount and engage the enemy whenever Tom should flush them. "Their steadiness in remaining close to us convinces me, Tom," said he, "of one of two things—either their families are near in some sequestered spot, from which they do not wish to remove, or they are expecting reinforcements and intend holding us at bay until their expected assistance arrives. It is evident from their actions that they do not intend to leave this neighborhood until forced to go. Therefore, Tom, you must watch closely. Let your men keep a sharp lookout in all directions. Keep a couple of them on the far side of the swamp, but not exposed so as to be cut off from your main body. The swamp, although it appears to be several miles in length, does not any where seem to be over three hundred yards in width."

Tom promised exact obedience, and having selected from the troop those whom he deemed best suited to the end proposed, he,

after giving them full instructions, entered with them the swamp, while the captain with the remainder followed as he had proposed. Communication was kept up with the skirmishers, but the entire length of the swamp was traversed without obstruction. When the end was reached and all mounted their horses, one of the men reported the sight of a body of Indians to the north. On looking that way sure enough a band of savages could be seen moving leisurely along as though wholly undisturbed by the presence of enemies. It was impossible to count them, but Tom said they would not exceed twenty, if indeed they numbered so many. Certainly the entire number of Indians heretofore engaged with them were not in this band now in sight. "They don't seem to be in much of a hurry," said Dolly Golding, pointing at the savages who had now halted and were facing the troops, shaking their guns and leaping wildly about as though in bravado, daring our men to an engagement. "This must be looked into;" spoke the captain, "they must have some security for such conduct. Ah, I see," said he, "they are near the edge of that saw-grass glade into which they can escape before we have ridden a hundred yards." The saw-grass glade to which the captain alluded was to the west of the position of both the whites and Indians, and was a sea of tall, stiff grass some five or six feet in height, and from the indentations of the blades had received the name of saw-grass. It was as thick as it well could be and extended to the northwest-west and southwest as far as the eye could reach. It is a species of grass that grows in low, marshy lands, and it is exceedingly tough and hard. Scratching and tearing the clothes and flesh like briers and is just such a cover for Indians as a brier patch would be for rabbits. The everglades of Florida are covered with this grass and this particular glade bordered the Istopoga Lakes, and could not have been more than forty or fifty miles from the main everglades southwest of the Okechober Lake. An occasional island could be seen here and there in it, similar to those heretofore spoken of as dotting the surface of the prairie. One especially, between a quarter and a half mile from the edge adjacent to the troops, rose up beautifully from the surrounding grass, like a real island from the bosom of the ocean, seemed much larger than the others, containing about two or three hundred acres covered with a lovely grove of green trees and looked exceedingly attractive to the eye. The Rangers stood grouped around their captain apparently undecided what to do. Whether to pursue the Indians they saw into the everglade, or adopt some course which would lead the Indians further into the

open prairie so as to cut them off, Captain Ross hardly knew what to do. In this state of indecision they stood discussing the situation and probabilities eagerly, when Leipka (that was the name some of the boys had given to the Indian dog who had joined them the day they started on the scout) put in an appearance. He had lagged behind from some unknown cause, and now just emerged from the swamp. He sniffed around a little and turning off shortly he struck out southwardly down the glade in the direction opposite to the Indians, in a swinging gallop, and pretty soon was out of sight around a point of the saw-grass, which extended somewhat into the prairie. Tom Hernest, who had been watching the dog, rode after him apiece, dismounted and examined the ground closely. His examination showed him plainly that a body of savages had gone in that direction. He called the captain and informed him of that fact and suggested that probably the Indians in sight were decoys and placed there to entice pursuit from the true course. Captain Ross thought the observation a good one and determined to follow the new-found trail.

They had not gone far before they met Leipka returning. As soon however as he saw them approaching he wheeled about and returned upon his tracks. They followed the dog who shortly turned into the glade. Where he went in the Rangers found a small trail which, after a few rods, became almost a road, and led directly toward the large island which they had been admiring. It was impossible to continue the trail upon horseback as the ground was miry and boggy. All these glades are impassible to horses. The troop had therefore to dismount. This was speedily done and a detail of ten men, who with three negro servants made thirteen, were left in charge of the horses, with instructions to keep out in the open prairie, alike distant from the everglade and the swamp, and beyond reach of the guns of the Indians. The residue, forty-five in number, were divided into four sections of ten men each, and placed in command of Lieutenant Weeks, Corporal Golding, Tom Hernest, and Sergeant Rawls. The other five men were thrown about a hundred yards in advance to act as skirmishers, and all hands were directed to act with the utmost caution and circumspection. In this order the command was given to move forward. Quietly and in order the Rangers went along the trail, every eye watchful and strained to discover the first evidence of danger. The trail was a well-beaten one nearly as broad as an ordinary cart-way, and looked as though it had been regularly traveled for a long period of time, except as stated,

for a few rods, just as it entered the prairie, at which point it was almost a blind trail. The saw-grass rose on either side as tall as a man's head, leaving the way between as though it had been cut out with a mowing machine, while the top of the grass, moved to and fro by the passing breezes, resembled the waves of the ocean. About half way from the edge of the glade to the island the troop came to a creek, which flowed darkly away southward. It was not more than thirty feet wide and three or four palmetto logs thrown across it from bank to bank formed a bridge for passers. Over this our Rangers safely crossed. And having crossed the captain detailed a guard of five men under a non-commissioned officer to remain at the bridge and protect this, apparently their only mode of egress, in case they were forced from any cause to retreat, being assured that men always felt better when going into a strange place with such objects in view, to have their way out again made certain and open.

Onward they moved, the grass on either side of the trail appearing like two solid green walls without a break into their thickness any where. The utmost caution was observed by the skirmishers in the lead, every thing in the least suspicious was examined with the greatest minuteness. Footprints in the way were numerous and fresh and indicated beyond doubt the near vicinity of the savages. At length they reached a point but a short distance from the island, when the dog Leipka, who had been caught by one of the boys, was turned loose in the hope that he would develop the presence of his former owners. Nor were the expectations of the boys disappointed, for as soon as he was turned loose he darted off toward the island and soon he could be heard barking as it were in much glee at having found some one whom he recognized. This satisfied the captain that the Indians were as he had supposed, on the island, as the sound of the barking which though of short duration came from that spot. He pushed on without hindrance until his command had partially entered the undergrowth on the edge of the island, when the unearthly warwhoop of the savages made their presence known, followed immediately by the crack of their rifles. Those of the Rangers who had not gotten under cover did so as rapidly as they could, obeying the previously given instructions of their captain. They scattered to the right and left in supporting distance of each other, and availing themselves of every bush and tree that would afford them a shield from the bullets of their enemy. Indians, as is well known, never do battle like white men, hence the military tactics of the whites are wholly inefficient in combat with them, and the officer

who follows Hardee's or Scott's tactics in battling with Indians will have his pains for his trouble. They have to be met after their own fashion in order to be conquered. The pluck, persistence, and skill of the whites seldom fail to win where they use the same means as the Indians.

Our Rangers had learned several lessons already from their contact with the enemy, and Captain Ross, in his various talks, had impressed them with the idea that that caution which availed itself of every protection for the preservation of life which presented itself, was not and could not be regarded as cowardice, but a duty which every man owed to himself and his country. While the opposite course was an exhibition of fool-hardiness and bravado, which was wholly unworthy of a Christian or a gentleman. Fully imbued, therefore, with the proper ideas, every man sought the best cover he could find, at the same time keeping a sharp outlook for their savage foes. But nothing was heard after the first whoop and the firing which had succeeded. This state of quiet suspense lasted for some time, each party apparently afraid to move. But it could not continue. Tom Hernest, with some of his followers, began moving cautiously to the left so as if possible to flank the enemy. His first movement attracted the attention of the enemy and brought down on him their fire. This was the time of advantage the captain had been waiting for. At a given signal the whole command rushed forward, hoping to reach their foe ere they could reload their pieces. The savages realized their error the moment they had made it, and darted back with the speed of the wind to gain fresh covers in their rear which would enable them to reload. But though the movement was rapidly made, it was not sufficiently so to prevent the Rangers from doing some execution while they were in transit. Several were killed and wounded. But they gained a new position with our boys close upon their heels. Tom renewed his attempt to flank them—this time owing to a large mound and some other inequalities in the ground, he met with better success. Throwing themselves flat upon the ground they crawled to the base of the mound and slowly skirted it until they reached the other side, here they struck the everglade, and could have easily made their way through it, but Tom thought the rustling of the dry grass would cause too much noise, he, therefore, followed by his men, again had recourse to crawling until he reached a clump of palmettos, which he thought was sufficiently far to bring him in rear of his foes. To ascertain the truth of this fact he gradually raised himself inch by inch until he was sufficiently

elevated to obtain a good look all around. He found his calculations correct, for here and there in his front and not forty yards distance, he could perceive the dark forms of the savage foe closely hugging the trees, while ever and anon the report of one of their rifles would tell of some Ranger who had probably exposed his person and drawn their fire. While now and then the bullet from a yager would reply, but neither party thus far was doing much damage to the other, although the Rangers up to the present moment had much the advantage.

Tom and his companions were very deliberate in their movements. He did not wish to spoil his success by precipitation, and he wished to survey as far as practicable the ground and get as much information of the enemy's situation as possible before acting. Hence, he made a calm and complete examination of the premises as far as his vision extended. He soon found the reason of the enemy's determined resistance. They had their habitations, such as they were, on this island. A few straggling huts made of the palmetto leaves were seen, and a number of women and children were hurrying in great confusion to and fro as if they knew not what to do. Fires were burning in front of their wigwams or huts, and Tom imagined he saw preparations for cooking which had been interrupted. At last he made up his mind, and calling the attention of his companions to the dusky forms in his front, he directed each of them to select an enemy, so as not to waste their fire. They did so and as he gave the word, a deadly volley was delivered at close range. An enemy fell for every bullet. The surprise to the Indians was complete. They were thrown into the greatest confusion and terror at this unexpected attack upon their rear. Tom and his squad reloaded as fast as possible, but before they had finished the Indians recovered from their surprise and in a body made a rush for them firing as they came. This was their last struggle for the island; if driven from this position it was all over with them. They had not expected this display of cunning in their white foe. Their only chance as they now deemed it, was to overcome this new danger by a sudden onset, and then to regain their former position before the main body of the Rangers could learn of this new circumstance in their favor. But Captain Ross and his troop heard Tom's guns and easily distinguished the difference in sound between them and the sharp detonation caused by the Indian rifles. He was at no loss to determine that some of the boys had flanked the foe and the sudden confusion followed by their rush in the direction from which the

sounds had come, convinced him of the success of the diversion. The rapidity of his thoughts enabled him to conceive the true condition of affairs and his military instinct suggested the proper course of action. But an instant of time was occupied in coming to a conclusion before he gave the signal to charge. The signal was promptly obeyed, and the Rangers followed immediately upon the heels of the Indians. Not a moment too soon. The body of savages who had thus poured down upon Tom and his five companions numbered about twenty men. They came down like an avalanche. Tom was the only one who had succeeded in loading his gun before they reached him. To throw it to his shoulder and aim required but an instant of time. The next minute he fired and the foremost Indian leaped into the air and fell dead within a yard. The next moment they had clubbed their guns and a desperate hand-to-hand encounter took place. Three of the Indians had fallen beneath the well-aimed blows of the Rangers and two of the Rangers were killed by the tomahawks of the savages. Tom seemed to bear a charmed life; twice had he been brought to his knees by the blows received, and as often had he risen and resumed the struggle. Wielding his clubbed yager with the force and precision of a steam engine, with every blow he wounded or disabled an enemy. The savages seeing that this state of things could not long continue renewed their exertions, and a number of them making a united effort finally succeeded in wresting Tom's gun from his hands and throwing him headlong to the earth, his two surviving comrades having previously succumbed to the furious onslaught. The fate of these gallant fellows would then and there have been sealed forever, but the triumph of the Indians was shortened. Before they could dispatch Tom and his comrades, Captain Ross and his men were upon them. His charge was too furious and destructive for the Indians. The majority of them were killed and disabled in less time than it takes to tell it, while the few warriors who survived fled like deer into the adjacent everglade. The pursuit necessarily led the boys through the Indian camp. It was deserted, but the women and children were seen running toward the lower end of the island endeavoring to escape. Three women, four children, and one warrior were captured. All the others except the killed and wounded escaped beyond present reach. Captain Ross was content to let them go. He returned with his forces to the Indian camp, where the men, tired, worn out, and over-heated from their recent exertions, found a good spring of fresh water and preparations for the cooking of a meal.

Some venison, potatoes, and a couple of turtles were on the coals roasting. There were about thirty or forty huts and a small patch of cleared ground on the island in which were found some potatoes arrow-root, corn, and pumpkins growing. An examination was made into the condition of the troop when it was discovered that three of the men were killed outright and seven were slightly wounded, none of the wounded, however, disabled from duty. Eleven of the Indians had been killed and thirteen wounded, several of whom died before the troops left the island.

As materials were handy for a meal the Rangers had a good feed and rest preparatory to returning. Near the principal hut was one of the tallest trees on the island, and from its appearance it seemed to have been used by the savages as a lookout. One of the nimble-footed boys was sent up it by Captain Ross to take a view of what could be seen and report. It was not long before he reached the top. Scanning the horizon in all directions, he turned his eyes in the direction of the place where the horses had been left. What was his consternation to behold the saw-grass on fire up in the direction where they had seen the first band of Indians. The fire was spreading over the vast sea of saw-grass with the velocity of the wind and coming down between the island and the prairie with the speed of a race-horse in an immense wave of flame, whose giant tongues licked out for a hundred feet, scorching and burning all before them. Instantly descending he informed the captain of what he had seen. From the rapidity with which the flames were approaching, little time was left in which to warn the guard at the creek. A swift-footed messenger was dispatched, and in order to know with any degree of certainty the situation, the captain himself climbed the tree. He had not far to go in order to see the whole extent of the danger. He had often beheld the woods on fire, but never before had he seen any thing approaching in magnitude this new and overwhelming danger. The dry leaves of the palmettoes and bushes on the island would burn like tinder, once this grand carnival of flame should reach it. The hissing and roaring of the burning element could be distinctly heard, adding the terrors of sound to those of sight. It appeared like the immense waves of a burning ocean rolling onward to bury them beneath its lurid weight. A sight at once grand and terrible and never to be forgotten. He turned and descended the tree, his heart palpitating with a fear that had been a stranger to it in the battle just ended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HORSE TALK.

If you please, I would like in a brief manner to give the public my history, or at least that eventful portion of it embracing my travels, to ascertain if there is another horse in Kentucky that can beat me. I will be candid and tell it just as I now recollect it. I was born on the Polk plantation on Duck River, Tennessee, and until I was four years of age I spent a very happy life, luxuriating in the rich clover-fields on the banks of that historic stream, but alas, in the summer of 1863 a poor tenant boy, actuated by romance and meanness, took a notion to join "Tinker" Dave Beaty's Union bushwhackers, and he won me between the light of two days to carry him, and for two or three weeks I endured all manner of privations and hardships, scouting over the rugged hills and mountains around Sparta and Carthage, and along the upper Cumberland River, often hearing the sharp rattle from the rifles of Champ Ferguson's mountaineers. Fortunately my boy rider became homesick and received a furlough to return to see his mother. I had been back near my old home but a few days, hid away in a deserted house, when one morning at early cock-crowing, I heard strange voices outside, and soon learned that I was the subject of the conversation, for I was led out and a sharp, quick, positive voice (which I afterward learned always meant business) said, "You take this old horse and your liberty, and I will take the mare." This trade appeared to be satisfactory to both parties, and a heavy cavalry saddle was thrown over my back, and I was ridden away. The last words I heard my bushwhacker say were, "Reb, you have a good one."

I soon learned that my rider was S. G. H., a noted scout from Hancock County, Ky., then a lieutenant in Company G, First Regiment of Kentucky Cavalry, and was the bearer of dispatches for General Wheeler, but had been intercepted by the enemy and cut off from his direct route. He was accompanied by privates Willis Rutledge, of Daviess, and Sid Lucas, of Livingston County. At daylight, I, with the other horses, was concealed in a cedar grove and fed from a cornfield near by. At nightfall I was again put on the road, and traveled till after midnight, when hearing the enemy in front I was turned through the fields and came to the Tennessee River, between two patrols of the enemy, seven miles above Decatur, Ala. I was halted only long enough for the lieutenant to unbuckle two heavy army pistols from his waist and fasten them on the saddle, when I was forced in the river. About the third step I

took I went over my head, and this was the first time in my life that I knew I could swim, but with a great effort I carried my rider safe over the river, which was near a mile wide, and most of the way swimming water.

At ten o'clock we reported to General Wheeler, and then at three o'clock I was sent twelve miles down the river with dispatches to General Forrest, who was in the act of re-crossing to the north side, and with whom, the next morning, I went over and took part in his raid along the Nashville & Decatur Railroad, capturing Athens, and to my horror, one thousand colored troops—men whose duty and ambition I had always thought was to feed and curry, and not to kill. From here we went on and captured Sulphur Trestle and six hundred more colored "friends;" then on to Pulaski, where we fought and whipped Kentuckians. In this battle my rider was wounded in the thigh, and I had the blood cut from my wethers. We then retreated back across the river and I was sent around to my master's old command near Chattanooga, and was kept busy scouting along the Tennessee River until the battle of Missionary Ridge, in which I took an active part. The reports of the heavy guns almost deafened me in covering the retreat of Bragg's army. I was in the engagements at Chickamauga Station and Graysville, and was one of the last horses to pass through Ringgold Gap. During the remainder of the winter I was stationed at Tunnel Hill to watch the enemy, and was one of the first to carry the news to General Johnston that he was again advancing. I was with General Johnston on his long and tedious retreat south, serving under General John S. Williams.

I took part in the battles and regimental engagements of Dalton, Taylor's Ridge, Spring Place, Snake Creek Gap, Resacca, Adairville (where I again felt hot lead), Big Shanty, Pumpkinvine Creek, Burnt Hickory, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Marietta, Kingston, Peach Tree Creek, Buck Head, and Atlanta. I was then transferred to General Iverson, and sent after General Stoneman on his raid to Macon; met and assisted in capturing him and most of his command at Sunshine Church, after which, started that night in pursuit of the three regiments that made their escape. Followed them for two days and nights without rest, and captured most of them near Athens.

Here we rested a few weeks, and then I was sent back under General Wheeler to watch and accompany General Sherman on his march to the sea, ascertaining his whereabouts during the day by the clouds of smoke that were caused by the burning cotton and cotton-

gins, and at night by the lights caused by the burning of some planter's residence. We were daily engaged with his scouting and foraging parties, and often picket fighting at night. I was in the engagements of Macon, Waynesboro, and the funny battle of the Ox Carts. I followed him almost to the corporate limits of the city of Savannah, and then crossed over the river into South Carolina and camped on those immense rice-fields along the eastern bank of the Savannah River, and for two weeks my only food was sheaf rice. The enemy having again struck his tents, we slowly and reluctantly retreated, under General Wade Hampton up through South and North Carolina. I was in the engagement of Barnwell, Winsboro, and little Congaree Bridge. I passed through Columbia in the evening of the same day it was surrendered, and that night stood picket in the light of the burning city, and for a fact I know that the Federal troops did apply the torch.

I was in the engagements at Fayetteville, Black River, Solomon's Grove, and last, in the bloody battle of Bentonville, where I heard the boom of the last hostile cannon. From here I was sent, under Colonel W. P. C. Breckinridge, through Raleigh to Greensboro, to meet Jeff Davis, and escort and guard him and his family, and his cabinet, in their flight west through North and South Carolina, crossing the Savannah River into Georgia above Augusta. And here, on the 4th day May, 1865, a courier from General Joseph E. Johnston overtook us and commanded us to halt and surrender.

So ended my military career. I had been daily under the saddle for nearly two years. I had swam or forded nearly every river in five States, and had crossed Cumberland, Lookout, Sand, Raccoon, Smoky, Black, and other mountains, some of them several times. I had served under "Tinker" Dave Beaty, Generals Forrest, Wheeler, Williams, Iverson, Hampton, Dibrel, and Breckinridge. Beside the battles named I had been in picket and skirmish fights without names and almost without number. Being a favorite scout my duties were particularly onerous. Often at night, when the other horses could rest and feed, I had to travel on, perhaps half the night, sometimes only returning in time of a morning to take my usual place in the line of march.

Two days after my surrender I was paroled by Captain Lot Abraham, of Wilson's command (I think), and then I was ridden to Chattanooga, Tenn., where I was presented by my old master to his friend and messmate, T. D. Ireland, who had often ridden me before,

and who rode me to his home in Hancock County, Ky., and on whose farm I have lived ever since.

I have tried to make as good a citizen as I did a soldier. Until the past summer I have always done my part in the crop. Besides doing all my master's riding, I have been the free hack nag for all friends and visitors. I have carried most of the young ladies and boys of the neighborhood. They always want to borrow Eliza Jane, and their soft words of love and faithful promises have become monotonous to my ears. I am very much attached to my home, for often after having been ridden quite a distance, and turned loose with my bridle tied up, I have invariably reported back home in due time. But I am sorry to confess I am a great rogue and dread of the neighbors, and always have to carry a heavy yoke when at pasture.

I am fifteen hands high, a dark blood bay, trimly made, clean limbs, small head and ears, and a large, full eye. I am now in the twenty-third year of my age, full of life and action, and in perfect health, never having taken a dose of medicine in my life. I am the mother of two daughters, and three sons, all dead except two, the youngest of which, six months old, now trots by my side, and of which my old heart is very proud, for he is a little beauty. Ought not I have a pension?

Yours, to command,

ELIZA JANE.

P. S.—For proof of the above I refer the public to Messrs. Samuel G. Hughes, Allen Estes, John Blackford, Ben F. DeJernett, or any member of the once Company G, First Regiment Kentucky Confederate Cavalry.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

The ceremonies (April 6th) at the Metairie Cemetery, where the Army of Tennessee laid the corner-stone of its monumental tomb, were very impressive. The selected site was surrounded at three o'clock, the appointed hour, with a large crowd, whose serious faces expressed the interest that was taken in the proceedings. The Association of the Army of Tennessee, with its guests, left town on the 2:30 train, and the ceremonies began almost upon its arrival.

After the association had formed itself around the corner-stone and the band had played "Then You'll Remember Me," from the

Bohemian Girl, Rev. Dr. Markham offered an earnest prayer, calling down Heaven's blessing upon the undertaking.

Then comrade W. H. Rogers, Chairman of the Tomb Committee, acting as the Master of Ceremonies, said: "Surviving Comrades of the Army of Tennessee—On this spot, bestowed by sympathetic friends, we will to-day erect the corner-stone of an edifice which will reflect in all time to come the deep feelings which we possess for those of our comrades who have gone before us to that bourne where

"On fame's eternal camping-ground
'Their silent tents are spread,
While glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of our dead.'

"Mr. President of the Association Army of Tennessee, to you is confided the duty of placing in position this corner-stone."

To which remarks Comrade J. A. Chalaron, president of the association, replied as follows: "A long-cherished purpose, a sacred duty, now enters upon its fulfillment, and with emotions solemn and grateful, I hearken to the announcement from the chairman of the Tomb Committee. Their labor of love has been faithfully performed, and may the stone they here bid me place in position prove as firm as our faith in the principles we once fought for, as true as our devotion to a common country to-day, as enduring as the fame of the heroes and deeds of the people of our short-lived Confederacy. Comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia, see you any defects in this corner-stone to the memory of our dead?"

General F. T. Nicholls, president Army of Northern Virginia, replied: "Sir—We have inspected carefully the stone, and find no defects."

The president then asked: "Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic—See you any defects in this corner-stone to the memory of our dead?"

General E. V. Copeland, Commandant Grand Army of the Republic, answered: "Sir—There are no defects, for was it not designed in the hearts of those it commemorates? Is it not of granite, the most lasting of all stones? We, your comrades of a common country, pronounce it perfect."

The president: "Comrades of the Armies of Tennessee—See you any defects in this corner-stone to the memory of our dead?"

Comrade John Augustin, vice-president of the Association, chairman Executive Committee, replied: Sir—it was designed in our hearts,

founded on the memories of the past, and sanctified through our hopes for the future. Indeed, we believe it to be perfect."

The president: "Engineer of the Army of Tennessee, have you given to this corner-stone careful inspection, and can you assure us, your comrades, that it is free from defects?"

Engineer Comrade John W. Glenn answered: "Sir and Comrades—I have applied all the tests of my profession to this corner-stone, and I find it perfect—containing in its center, in a copper casket securely sealed, the following articles: Different issues Confederate notes; issues of Confederate bonds; Treasury notes of the States of the Confederacy; extracts from Confederate newspapers; postage stamps of the Confederate States and of the United States; Certificate of membership, Association Army of Tennessee; roll of the Grand Army of the Republic, and badge; roll of the Army of Northern Virginia, and badge; roll of the Army of Tennessee, and badge; names of executive officers Confederate States of America; names of general officers, Army of Tennessee; names of general officers, Army of Trans-Mississippi; constitution, by-laws, and charter of Association Army of Tennessee; relics from soldiers of Army of Tennessee; medal in memory of General R. E. Lee; daily papers published in New Orleans, April 6, 1883; United States coins; all wrapped in a Confederate flag. And, having examined its foundation, find it not only of everlasting masonry, but greater, resting on the affections of this great people, who recognize valor from whatever source, and whose pride is our pride. To the glory of our dead, to the glory of our entire people, have we dedicated this corner-stone."

The president then said: "Mr. Casse, builder, you have furnished us this corner-stone. Are you satisfied that it is perfect?"

Mr. P. Casse replied: Sir—"I have given it my care—the square and the plumb—and I find no defects. It is indeed worthy to become the corner-stone of your great edifice."

The president thereupon remarked: "Chief of engineers, our association and the witnesses present have declared this corner-stone perfect and worthy of its place. You will therefore direct the master builder to lower it to its final resting place, where may it remain until time has lost its reckoning and man passed to a future and perfect existence."

The engineer, Comrade John W. Glenn, said: "Master Builder—Our comrades have declared that your work is good and deserving of being the corner-stone. You will therefore, with the assistance of

our comrades of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Army of Tennessee, lower the stone to its final resting place, there to remain until time ceases its reckonings and man to exist in this life."

The stone was then lowered, and after it had been carefully leveled, Mr. Casse said: "Chief of engineers—the stone accepted of the builders is lowered to its final resting place. May it never be disturbed."

To which the engineer replied: "Mr. President and comrades—Indeed is the corner erected. Beneath it, our dead; above it, our hopes. May God in His providence protect it and us."

The Rev. Dr. Witherspoon then stepped forward and consecrated the monument in the following words: "The judgment of man has been rendered—this stone is perfect. Now we appeal to Him who gave man not only his existence, but his wisdom. In the sacred consecration of this chief corner-stone, we invoke the blessings of the Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

While the band was playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," those assembled around the corner-stone repaired to a platform erected near by from which President Chalaron introduced the Hon. Chas. E. Hooker.

CITIZEN PRISONERS—ESCAPE FROM CAMP CHASE.

Solicited by your committee to write up my escape from Camp Chase, I prefer to connect this, as an incident, to a short article on political-prisoner life. The bivouac and battle-field did not embrace all the suffering, sacrifice, and daring for the Southern cause. As fully demonstrated by subsequent events, in all the border States the best talent and blood sympathized with the South, and had men, undeterred by personal danger and other considerations, acted out the dictates of true manhood, these States would have acted with the South and the result proved quite different. They not only furnished battle-fields and quotas to both armies, but their citizens were subjected to such indignities that, in comparison, soldier life would seem a paradise.

By the neutrality subterfuge, incubated at Washington and consummated by her own designing citizens, Kentucky was placed com-

pletely *hors de combat* and pliant to Federal dictation early in 1862. The administration at Washington had, early in the conflict, fully realized the fact that the bone and sinew of Kentucky beat with every pulsation in full sympathy with the South. Now, when all things were made ready for the springing of the trap, began that system of intimidation that develops the metal of which men are made. Now the mammon of unrighteousness exercised her potent influence, and government contracts and other emoluments produced a radical change in political optics. And here opened up a wide field for the operations of that despicable class of humanity who can find their highest pleasure in the torment or degradation of a defenseless enemy. These found, in the legion of provost marshals, willing tools and ready adepts as the case might demand, to extort money, banish, and imprison the man who was so unfortunate as to sympathize with the South.

Richmond, Kentucky, of which place the writer was a citizen, and Madison County suffered peculiarly by the animosities and persecutions engendered by the war. This county has long been noted as unsurpassed in the wealth, spirit, and physical manhood of her citizens. At the period referred to some were conscientious, honorable Union men; others, lured by golden bait, could not command words or deeds sufficiently expressive of their gushing patriotism; but a large majority, especially the young men, were earnest and active in their sympathies with the South.

But it was quickly determined, in the councils of the mighty, that Southern sympathy was an intolerable thing where private revenge could be wreaked. Consequently, on the 27th of June, 1862, the streets of Richmond were enlivened by the tread of a Teutonic band of soldiers; and for the first time in her history the homes of Richmond were outraged by a band of ignorant soldiery encouraged and led by her own citizens. Consequently Messrs. Thomas S. Bronston, John Cole, Dr. Baker, Isaac Hutchinson, Smith Collins, and your humble scribe were quartered that night in the negro jail at Lexington; and thence, on the 4th of July, transported to Camp Chase, Ohio.

Here could be seen the saddest consequences of that deplorable civil war. Several thousand citizens, in most cases on trumped-up charges, and often without any charge or real offense against the Federal government, were confined in three large prisons or pens. Here might be seen all ranks and conditions of men; the beardless youth and the octogenarian; the humblest laborer and the proud

aristocrat; the semi-idiot and the ex-governor and congressman. It was evident to any observer of this heterogeneous mass of humanity that many of these men were languishing in prison, not from the apprehension of any danger to the Union cause, but to gratify some personal spite or aim. What intensified the horrors of this prison-life and made the future appear doubly gloomy was the entire absence, on the part of the government, of any provision whatever for trial or release. Hence when any one entered the portals of Camp Chase—whether innocent or guilty—there seemed to be no power in the nation to let the prisoner go free again. Necessarily proud and spirited men, whose families were left unprotected and liable to insult and outrage, whose estates were being plundered and confiscated, would chafe and repine under such forlorn auspices. Numerous cases of ill-health, broken constitutions, and even dementia, in after years, could be clearly traced to Camp Chase prison-life. It may be readily surmised that under such a status of affairs many and devious were the efforts and plans of escape. In prison No. Two was devised and consummated, on the night of the 17th of September, 1862, one of the neatest and easiest plans of escape that in all probability occurred in the time of the war.

ESCAPE.

The prison barrier was what might be termed a stockade, formed by fastening sixteen-foot plank upright to a frame-work. On the east side of this wall was a rectangular offset, about twenty by thirty feet, inclosing the privy. This being a specially dangerous point, a guard moved constantly on a platform constructed on the top and around the three sides of this offset. At the south and just outside the wall of this offset was a large walnut-tree. There happened to be a large store-box in the prison which, by request, the officer in command permitted us to place in the shade of this tree in order that the prisoners might play euchre on it. At first, to avoid any suspicion, for several days the bottom of the box was placed against the wall, then the open side was turned to the wall and a man placed within. He easily cut the plank in two places, sixteen inches apart, making one incision complete and the other so that a slight force would displace the part. At the proper time, just at dark, and before the outside guard was placed, about a hundred prisoners had collected in the privy. Now if the top guard kept on his usual beat immediate detection was certain. To avoid this his attention had to be held at

a point where the privy would interpose between him and the point of egress. For this purpose some fifty veterans, too old to make the attempt, led by Jacob Hosteter and Ben McMurtry, of Lexington, formed a choir at the proper point and sang "The Blue Jay" with a zest and pathos that would have astonished the immortal Orpheus, and so transfixed the guard that he forgot all things terrestrial. So finely did the plan work that all who desired might have escaped had not the distorted vision of Ed. Barnes, the thirty-third man at the place of exit, mistaken the walnut-tree, and "crawfishing," in terrible consternation, related that "a d—d monster Yankee with fixed bayonet stood right over the hole."

WHAT A SOLDIER SAW AND KNOWS.

V.

However little a soldier knows of the movements of his army, however unavailing his surmises of the result of the campaigns in which he follows the wavering fortunes of his flag, yet every soldier of the Confederacy *knew* that the trend of events of 1863 was toward defeat. He saw Murfreesboro won and lost, saw Chickamauga's victory nullified, when the weakened army was swept from the mountain environs of Chattanooga.

He knew that the victory of Chancellorsville was won with the loss of Lee's right arm—the incomparable Jackson—and he felt that Gettysburg was the Southland's Waterloo. He heard that the surrender of Vicksburg added eclat to a Fourth of July celebration, that the gallant army of the defense of that city entered the prison-doors with the garrison of Port Hudson, and that the guns of Fort Wagner were forever silenced. He saw that the lack of wholesome food and comfortable clothing was filling the hospitals with sick; he saw that the losses in battle and the attrition of daily skirmish were depleting the ranks to the degree which the new levies of tottering old men and weak-limbed boys could never recruit, and he knew that the emancipation of slaves would bring to the front garrisons of the interior posts, and that this with liberal bounties, flag waving, and recruiting from every where would throw upon the feeble, war-worn battalions of the Confederacy another of Father Abraham's "five hundred thousand more." These rapidly concurring thoughts bring

Theophilus Brown to the walls of Knoxville and to a confused recollection of what he saw in the period begun at Murfreesboro and ended at Knoxville.

In these reminiscences, now convoked after twenty years, time, place, skirmish, and battle, fleck the tablet of memory like the contending sunbeams and leaf-shadows that erstwhile danced over the bright, green fields and silver-threaded streams of East Tennessee. *Now* Theophilus Brown in imagination is enjoying the march through the fertile valleys; *now* as if in compensation for this rare communion with the beautiful of nature, he is in the skirmish or on the scout; *now* taking a midnight supper of chicken, milk, and honey; and *now* dividing his dozen roasting-ears with his jaded and half-starved steed; *now* he is passing through Knoxville, having a "horse furlough," and is captured not by the "boys in blue," but by a "tar-heel" wearing the stars of a general; *now* he is ordered to command the escort and to follow in the train of the gallant commander who is feeling for a raiding party that has just darted in, burnt a few bridges, and darted out again through "Pound Gap." Now we ride toward Clinton, now urge our horses toward the "Clinch," now toward Greenville, and at last before the fruitless chase is given up Theophilus Brown is released from escort duty and ordered to his regiment, and this is the why: The escort consisted of a few regular soldiers returning from furlough, and this force was so augmented from time to time by the "home guards" that the soldier was scarcely a unit in the number. When General F.'s courier would gallop up with, "Captain Brown, the general wants a courier well mounted," and the General's well-mounted courier was invariably the gangliest old citizen lengthened out with a well-worn bee-gum hat and riding the smallest possible edition of mule, the courier himself being a blended picture of Don Quixote in combination with the Stage Yankee.

This detailing business becoming monotonous, a personal application for release was made to the general, and was received with that peculiarly gracious smile with which a street-car passenger is wont to excuse one who has trod on his liveliest corn. The reply was, "I'm sorry to *lose* you, but as you are within striking distance of your command you are relieved from this duty." Brown soon found his command and with it was marched to Chattanooga. Now this city was to the Confederate soldier one to avoid, and but few at this day remember the villainous fare of the "Crutchfield House" without being in imminent danger of turning themselves inside out. Said a disgusted soldier once, "If I had a furlough to hades with permission

to stop a week at Chattanooga, I would say to the conductor, 'Go on right *through*.'” However, we didn't have the furlough and we did stop to fool the Yanks by slipping off our horses and filling the trenches, while the web-feet were tramping toward Chickamauga; but soon Theophilus Brown was urging his wearied steed up the mountains and to the fords of the Tennessee toward Harrison, giving the order to march at daybreak. We continued marching, until near Leet's tanyard we engaged Wilder's brigade, with Hart's Sixth Georgia and the Twelfth and Sixteenth Tennessee Battalions, which action the historian disposes of in these words: "With these commands Pegram maintained for several hours a hand-to-hand conflict of notable obstinacy and gallantry." The march was kept up until the battle-field of Chickamauga was reached and Forrest was ordered to develop the enemy on the extreme Confederate right. On this day Pegram was ordered to the command of the division, and General H. B. Davidson placed in command of his old Brigade. He selected Captain Harry Clay, now of Rogersville, Tenn., and the writer as an impromptu staff. While serving here, Theophilus Brown was frequently brought into the presence of General Forrest, and was by his side when Rucker with his Twelfth and Sixteenth Tennessee battalions charged through the picket line of the enemy's infantry upon the lines behind, and was forced to give back, returning with a number of empty saddles but with some prisoners. Immediately after this a vigorous fire was poured into our flank, and General Forrest himself gave the order to dismount and move forward toward the fire, and thus the terrible battle was fully inaugurated, the cavalry fighting as dismounted infantry in the way that always provoked cheers from Longstreet's soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia.

I remember being the bearer of a message from General Davidson to General Forrest, reaching the latter at a moment when the firing was spirited and the men having more than they could conveniently handle. The general received the message and ordered me to ride over behind the hills where the horses were held and tell each horseholder to hold ten or fifteen horses and the others to come to him at once. The order was given, communicated from one to another, and almost as soon as my horse could recross the distance, the much needed reinforcement were, in obedience to a pointed finger, trotting into the thickest of the fray, and pretty soon the increased rattle of musketry told me that the "horse-holders" were getting in their work in true Forrestonian style.

Our command was detached from Forrest, ordered to Wheeler,

and sent to picket the Tennessee, near Harrison, with constant duty in skirmish and on the march through the valleys of East Tennessee. The command precedes the corps of Longstreet to Knoxville, when that city is passed around and we are kept on duty above that city doing little until we are marched to Wytheville, Va., to take a farewell of our horses and also take the train to be whirled on the rail to Staunton, and ultimately to plod the dry and dusty pikes of the Shenandoah Valley, then across the Potomac and up to the outer defenses of Washington. If there was any thing that a Confederate cavalryman loved better than buttermilk, that something was his horse; and even now, when retrospectively I see my gallant sorrel led away by another, the old thoughts that filled my mind eighteen years ago at the *actual* sight rise up, and though my pen will not trace them *here*, I throw down this mightier engine than the sword and do as I did then, say *little* but think a—good deal.

GENERAL FORREST IN THE MANUAL OF ARMS.—The following beautiful lie, going the rounds as a war incident, will amuse the survivors of Forrest's command: In the spring of '64, when General N. B. Forrest had his command near Memphis, a couple of soldiers from the Union army were taken prisoners; and on account of the shortness of rations, and the difficulty of making exchanges, orders had been issued to take no prisoners, but execute them on the spot. The captors had brought the prisoners, however, to General Forrest, who ordered them to be confined until next morning, when they were to be shot. The captives were of Teutonic origin and belonged to a Wisconsin regiment. They were led into a field near by a log barn in which they had been confined, and a file of Confederate soldiers were facing them with loaded rifles. The brave Germans lighted their pipes and stood conversing with each other. The general himself assumed command, and gave the word, "Ready! Aim!" The captives blanched not nor quailed, but kept on smoking, when suddenly the general shouted, "Recover arms!" Then again, "Ready! Aim!—Recover arms! Right about! Face!" Then turning to the prisoners, he shouted, "*Git up and git!*" To the by-standers he remarked, "Brave men are too scarce to be shot down like dogs."

EX-PRESIDENT DAVIS has declined an invitation to address the Tennessee Historical Association May 26th.

Editorial.

IN a certain city of Pennsylvania recently a man was called a traitor because he praised General Lee. If the frequent expressions of admiration for the character of General Lee were a test of loyalty, then the States North of the Ohio are eminently disloyal. We are glad to record that the Pennsylvania incident is an exceptional one.

WE present to our readers the address of Colonel Charles Edward Hooker, of Jackson, Mississippi, delivered at Metairie, on the 6th day of April, 1883. Colonel Hooker who lost an arm in Vicksburg, 1863, is a brilliant and accomplished orator, and one of the foremost men in public life in the Southern States.

WE acknowledge the reception of Nos. 1, 2 and 3, of our namesake *The Bivouac*, of Boston, Mass. It is an independent military magazine, furnished at \$1.50 per year, and is a good one.

HOOKE'S "Battle above the Clouds" was effectually denuded of its poetic phase by General U. S. Grant; and now comes Joaquin Miller to the front to clip the silver lining out of "Sheridan's Ride."

The truth of history seems to be that the Confederate army at Lookout Mountain, knowing that Longstreet's corps had been sent to Knoxville, seeing the whole face of the earth before them covered with bluecoats, and being flanked, "stood not on the order of their going, but went at once" in the twice-approved "Bull Run" style.

The writer having been a member of Early's command at one time, knowing its "make up," and its necessities, expresses his opinion that the general with an organized *battalion*, who could not whip that conglomeration of dismounted cavalry, home-guards, and fragments of disorganized commands, when the men were plundering an abandoned camp for shoes to cover their bared feet, and food to appease their hunger, would n't be much of a "ginal" after all.

Below will be found the views of the two Federal authorities, and we reprint them simply for the purpose of emphasizing our opinion "that if war had an appreciable amount of poetry, we remember no sensation of its enjoyment."

Joaquin Miller writes: "The truth is that Thomas Buchanan Reid got the poem out of his marvelous brain. There never was any real "Sheridan's Ride" in fact. At least, so many officers and soldiers who were there have assured me that the whole thing was a myth that I am not willing to assist in handing such a fiction down to posterity, since the hero of Five Forks has been sent to his grave broken-hearted. But enough of this now. Yet the question naturally occurs to the inquiring mind—to coin a new phrase—if Sheridan did take that ride what on earth was he doing twenty miles from the front when the fight began? It is safe to say, however, that he no more made that ride than did ten thousand other troopers of the time, and on either side.

General Grant said the so-called Battle above the Clouds was all poetry and no battle.

WE are pleased to welcome in this number Judge Owens of Carlisle, and Professor Peppert of Richmond to our list of contributors.

Miscellany.

THE ex-Confederates of Mason County have formed a permanent association at Maysville.

AT New Orleans the corner-stone of the monumental tomb and equestrian statute of General Albert Sidney Johnston was laid April 6th.

THE Hon. Jefferson Davis has been invited to speak at the reunion of Morgan's men, at Lexington, in July. Mr. Davis attended school in Lexington in 1823.

THE RIGHT THING.—The Tennessee Legislature has passed an act pensioning every ex-Confederate soldier who lost an eye or eyes during the war between the States.

THE survivors of the Confederate Kentucky Brigade of Infantry will re-unite at Lexington, Ky., and not at Blue Lick Springs as stated in answer to query in March number.

THE first company of Southern soldiers that reported for duty during the war between the States was from DeKalb County, Alabama, and commanded by Captain George W. Lee.

GENERAL LEE's monument at Lexington, Va., will be unveiled on June 5th. Jefferson Davis will preside, General Joseph E. Johnston will be chief marshal, and Major John W. Daniel, orator.

TEXAS has donated 1,280 acres of land each to disabled Confederates, and at the same time she gave the Texas Veterans the same amount and has now supplemented this last named donation by a yearly pension of \$150.

Query Box.

PLEASE give me the name of a good southern military school.

PRINCETON, KY.

R. H. G.

Answer: We suppose you desire to know our opinion as to the best military college in a Southern State. So far as our knowledge goes on this subject, we unhesitatingly recommend the "Kentucky Military Institute," Farmdale, Ky. It has turned out a great many good men, is in a very flourishing condition, and is in the healthiest part of this healthy Commonwealth. Address Colonel R. D. Allen, K. M. I., Farmdale, Ky. For your information, as well as for others who read this, we still state that the corps of cadets publish the most instructive little weekly that issues from any college. You will learn something valuable from it every week. Terms, \$1.00 per year. Address Editors K. M. I. News as above.

WHAT rank did the Confederate color-bearer have during the war?

WACO, TEXAS.

LONE STAR.

Answer: Ensign, with the rank of first lieutenant.

ARE you not mistaken about the meeting of the First Kentucky Brigade, when you say Louisville? Should it not be Lexington?

FLAT ROCK, KY.

Answer: Yes, and badly mistaken. The next annual reunion of the First Kentucky Brigade of Infantry, takes place in Lexington, September 5th, 1883. The Query editor was out when the box was opened in March. Comrade Jake Sandusky, Lexington, also sends the following: "The second annual reunion of Hanson's First Kentucky Brigade, Confederate States Volunteers, will be held in this city on Wednesday, September 5th, 1883, and continue in session one day only. The members of "the Orphan Brigade" (as it was called by General John C. Breckinridge after the death of its gallant commander, General Roger Hanson) organized themselves into a Reunion Association at Blue Lick Springs last year, with ninety of the veterans present. A much larger attendance will be present at the meeting in this city in September."

EDITORS OF THE BIVOAC: Please give us the origin of "Johnny Reb," "Dixie," "Flicker," and "Yellow Hammer." JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Answer: We can not give origin of the first, the others are ascribed to that beautiful tint of Confederate gray, resembling the plumage of the birds named above.

Taps.

ANECDOTE OF OLD JUBE.—When Jackson's corps was on the march from the valley to Fredericksburg we passed through a certain village where lived one of the intensest "original secessionists" in the State. General J. A. Early (who had been one of the leaders of the "Union" party in the Virginia convention, who had been firm to the last in trying to avert the war, but when it came drew his sword for his native State and "threw away the scabbard") rode up to a group of citizens and inquired, "Where is Mr. ——?" Being informed that the gentleman was absent, the grim old soldier replied, "I am very sorry; I should like very much to see him. He is the gentleman who used to denounce me as a 'submissionist,' and say that he did not want a peaceable settlement; that he wanted to show the Yankees what southern valor would accomplish, and that he meant to wade through seas of blood, and all that sort of stuff. I am anxious to see him. I want to see how much blood he has on his breeches. I understand that he holds high office in the grand army of speculators, who have been fighting us in the rear, while we have been at the front trying to protect his precious carcass."

I'LL TRY AND NOT KILL NO YANKEE.—Little Charley Harris, of Carroll County, Miss., private in Colonel G. F. Neill's "Old Thirtieth," was a fifteen-year-old of rare genius when enlisted. He was shot through the heart at Murfreesborough, twenty paces in advance of the regiment, his last words, as he sprang forward, "Charge, charge, my brave Mississippians." His body was found resting on knees and face, musket undischarged in hand, with right fore-finger on the trigger. The first time Charley ever "heard a bullet whistle" was during the spring of 1862 at Corinth, after the battle of Shiloh. Charley's place was in the rear rank of his company, immediately behind Aquilla Ames. The Thirtieth was sent out one evening on the skirmish line and became hotly engaged. I will let Charley give the details in his own words, as he repeated them to me: "I tell you what, Mr. C. M., I was never so frightened in my life." Here he

half assumed, and no doubt half recalled, actual sensations as he had experienced them, though delivered in a serio-comic manner. "I tell you I didn't know them Yankee bullets made such a racket! They are worse'n a spinning-wheel, or treadin' on a cat's tail—'ya-ow-me-ow-ke-ow—zip, zip!' I kept close in behind Quilla Ames, wherever Quilla went, and when Old Bench Leg (a pet name for the colonel) came riding down the lines he shouted, 'Deploy! scatter out.' Just then the balls began to fly around like bees, and I tell you what, I didn't scatter out worth a cent. Old Bench Leg said, 'Charley Harris, get out from behind your file-leader! Deploy, I say!' I said (and here Charley knocked his knees together in a fashion that would have done credit to an actor, his teeth chattering as they must have done during his first fight, and assuming a woe-begoneness and quaintness of tone exquisitely ludicrous), 'Colonel, this is the way I've been drilled! The cap'n always tells me to git right square behind 'Quilla ('Quilla, by the way, was about two and a half feet broad), and if you wont let me fight like I've been taught to fight, what am I to do?' "At this point," continued Charley, "Old Bench Leg made a lunge at me with his sword, and I had to scatter out and shoot. And, for the first time, I prayed!" "What did you pray?" I asked. "Well, you see I never did believe too much in rebellion, no way; and just then I began to fear we were doing wrong. I was afraid to feel *too vigorous* against the old flag and our northern brothers. I thought may be if I felt *too vigorous* the good Lord might git mad and have me shot for my wicked spirit, so when I *had* to step out from behind 'Quilla and shoot, I raised Old Betsy way up over the Yankees' heads, at about an angle of forty-five degrees, so I'd be certain not to kill any of 'em, and I shut both eyes right tight and pulled the trigger, and as I pulled the trigger (fearing to be *too vi-grous*) I prayed and I said, 'O—o—oh Lord! if you won't let no Yankee kill *me*, I'll try and not kill no Yankee.'" I have never heard, even from the most notorious story-teller, an anecdote, mingled with true, and perhaps some assumed sensations, told in the quaint and quizzical style of the narrator, with all the gestures of a born actor thrown in, which more excited my risibilities. There was more truth than poetry in it, and one must have heard it to fully appreciate it.

C. E. M.

O, YOU SWEET DARLING CONFEDERATES.—One day during the war a detachment of General Basil Duke's troops was moving through the northern part of Kentucky. Dick Wintersmith's son

was in the band and its leader. The guerrillas were worn out and hunted down. Their horses were nearly foundered. The men were dirty and ragged. They halted for a rest near a seminary for young ladies, all sympathizers with the Confederacy. Out came the ladies when they saw the gray coats. They brought out food, drink, and armfuls of flowers. They hung flowers around the necks of the hunted men, and sang out in a musical chorus, "O, you darling Confederates." A straggling Confederate, fat, greasy, and ragged, came pounding up at this, flogging a jaded hack along, swearing because he could not keep up with his better mounted associates. He was just in time to hear the invocation of the young ladies. He yelled out, "O, you sweet, darling Confederates, the Yanks are coming!" There was a bolt at this. The laggard pounded on behind, swearing, "O, you — sweet darlings, I hope the Yanks will get you!" The Federals were right at his heels. The flying Confederates wheeled in their saddles, laughing at the certain capture of the slow rider. Suddenly the tired horse stumbled, fell, and threw the fat rider over into the ditch, where he escaped notice, while a detachment of Federal troops headed off the main band and captured every one but one man, who was saved by having the poorest horse. The prisoners never heard the last of "O, you sweet, darling Confederates."

COURAGE 'EM UP.—Early in the war, John Williams, a full negro, fired with southern zeal, besought his master, a Georgian, and obtained permission to accompany a regiment from that State, which was soon placed under the command of General Floyd. The history of that campaign is well known. On the retreat John became homesick, and was allowed to depart. He had become well known to General Floyd and all his command. On his departure, he went to take leave of the general, when the following dialogue was had: "Well, John, you are going to leave us, eh?" "Yes, Mars Floyd; it 'pears like I could do more good at home now dan bein' here; so I thought I'd go home and 'courage up our people to hold on." "That's right, John. But are you going to tell 'em that you left us when running from the Yankees?" "No, sir; no, Mars Floyd, dat I ain't. You may 'pend upon my not tellin' nothin' to 'moralize dem people." "But how will you get around telling them, John?" "Easy 'nough, Mars Floyd. It won't do to 'moralize dem people. I'm goin' to tell 'em dat when I lef' de army it was in firs' rate sperrits, and dat, owin' to de situation of de country, and de way de lan' lay, *we was a-advancin' back'ards, and de Yankees was a-re-treatin' for'ards.*"—*Bivouac, Boston, Mass.*

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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

FROM DALTON TO ATLANTA.

Between nine and ten A.M., May 7, 1864, our cavalry outpost was driven from Tunnel Hill, and soon after we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness for action. At one P.M. we bade farewell to the pleasant quarters in which we had wintered, near Dalton, and moved to the front, taking position in line of battle on a low ridge just beyond Mill Creek Gap, toward Tunnel Hill, the right of our brigade (Lewis's Kentucky) resting on the railroad, and the balance of the division (Bate's) extending around to the left to the base of Buzzard-roost Mountain. Stewart's division (Hood's corps) was on the right of the railroad, and extended around in front of Rocky Face Mountain. We were lying around idle all the afternoon, waiting the approach of the enemy. We only witnessed some light skirmishing between the cavalry in front, and over the distant hills could see the blue lines of Federal infantry slowly advancing. Night set in, however, without any collision between the infantry forces. At midnight we fell in and moved back through the Gap, where we formed as a reserve to Stewart, our left resting on the railroad.

At eleven A.M., the 8th, our brigade was ordered to the right, and we clambered to the top of Rocky Face. The day was hot, and the path was rugged and steep, which made the march very fatiguing; but we finally reached the top, and the brigade was formed in single file along the crest of the ridge, the men being deployed almost as wide apart as skirmishers. The hill, toward the enemy, was long and steep, and near the summit a wall of solid rock rose perpendicular to a height of forty or fifty feet, in places, and extended above the top of the hill in such manner as to form a natural breastwork, giving ample protection from the shells of the enemy. The position was impregnable, and we looked down with complacency on Sherman's seventy-five thousand men, now marshalled on the plain in front of us, not counting McPherson's army of twenty-five thousand then moving

on our left. That afternoon the enemy pressed back our skirmishers all along the line, and before the sun went down his sharpshooters were close enough to send their bullets whizzing over our heads. At night thousands of camp-fires gleamed below us—those of the Federal army, out on the plain in front, and those of our own army in the valleys to our rear. The Federal bands kindly gave us a serenade, and when our soldiers called to them to play “Dixie,” they readily complied, but always made a medley by adding “Yankee Doodle.”

At daylight the next morning, the 9th, our drums rattled reveille, and about the same time the Federals in front commenced drumming and bugling, creating a great noise. Presently the sun rose clear and bright, but a mist was settled over the plain beneath us, so that we could not at first see the movements of the foe in front. It was not long, however, until the fog broke away, and we could plainly observe the blue columns of the enemy marching and countermarching while taking up new positions. Our view was uninterrupted for miles up and down the valley, and to the northwest we could even see as far as Lookout Mountain, nearly forty miles away, which appeared like a bank of clouds rising above the horizon.

At eight o'clock A.M. Maney's brigade, of Cheatham's division, came up and relieved us, and we marched down the mountain by the same rugged path we had come up, our descent being almost as tiresome. We then moved to the left of the railroad, and after a short rest at the base, our regiment (Ninth Kentucky) clambered up Buzzard Roost, just to the left of the gap through which the railroad passes, and formed in line of battle, a wing of the regiment resting on each side of Montgomery's battery of light artillery. How this battery was brought to the top of the mountain was a mystery to us, but nevertheless it was there, and the guns frowning over the rocks at the enemy. The other regiments of our brigade were stationed in reserve along the side of the mountain, near the Gap, to help resist the passage of the enemy, should he so attempt. Our position on Buzzard Roost was naturally fortified, as on Rocky Face. The fields in front of us were blue with Federal soldiers, and a line of battle occupied the low ridge we were on the first day. Sharpshooting soon commenced on both sides, and the pop, pop, popping was kept up all day long, the minies whistling freely over the rocks about us. Our sharpshooters had the advantage, however, of shooting down hill. The Federal batteries would occasionally open on Montgomery, who was shelling the woods below, and sometimes the enemy's

shells would strike the massive rocks in our front, but without even producing a jar. In the afternoon seventeen Federal regiments were massed in the woods at the base of the hill in our immediate front, and we anticipated an assault. As they came marching by the flank across the fields, the sun shining on their bright arms, it was a beautiful sight to behold, and which we fully enjoyed, feeling secure in our position. They would form in line of battle in a wood, just beyond the range of our guns, and as they marched through an open space before reaching the woods at the base of the hill our battery would open on them, and at each discharge a great gap would be made in the lines—sometimes a whole company falling at once—yet we noticed that these soldiers thus apparently placed *hors de combat* invariably gathered themselves up from the ground and resumed their places in the ranks. They were merely dodging from the noise of the shells which passed over their heads, owing to the fact that our guns could not be sufficiently depressed to do execution. The day closed, however, without any assault, and our regiment was so well protected that we only lost one man, mortally wounded, and another had his arm shot off.

The morning of the tenth was clear and bright, but about noon a heavy rain storm passed over, and the afternoon was cloudy and disagreeable. At dark the rain again set in and continued until midnight, rendering sleep impossible. The day had passed without any demonstration on the part of the enemy save the regular sharpshooting and occasional shelling.

There was a dense fog on the morning of the 11th, but it soon lifted and the sharpshooting was resumed as usual. During the day, about eight miles off to our left, we could see Sherman's supply train moving in the direction of Snake Creek Gap, through which his flanking army was passing in the direction of Resaca.* At that distance, the wagons, to the naked eye, were mere white specks moving by the green fields, and the train seemed endless. In the afternoon there was a brisk shelling from both sides through the Gap to our right, and as night was setting in the enemy tried to force back the skirmish-line in front of Stewart, but failed. The firing was quite lively for a while, and from our position we had a good view of the fight.

There was a cold wind from the east the next morning, the 12th, and owing to our elevated position we felt it quite sensibly. Early the enemy commenced moving to the left from our front, which was

*Army of the Tennessee under McPherson.

kept up all day, and though thousands folded their tents and marched away, still there was quite a large army left behind. The supply train we had noticed the day before was still passing a given point. There was the usual sharpshooting and shelling kept up on both sides about the Gap we were guarding, and late in the afternoon the enemy commenced planting additional batteries in front, as though he intended to inaugurate a regular siege. At 9:30 P.M. our regiment fell in quietly and moved down the mountain, joining the balance of the brigade, then marched five miles to the left, near Dug Gap, where we arrived about midnight. After two hours' sleep we again fell in and marched for Resaca, ten miles distant.

At daylight on the morning of the 13th, we came up with Cleburne's division of our corps (Hardee's), which was posted behind temporary breastworks on the side of the road, and keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy then coming through Snake Creek Gap. Our division passed Cleburne, then halted in line of battle until he passed us. We then moved on, but with watchful eyes toward the woods to our right, from whence the enemy was expected to emerge every moment. About noon we halted when within two or three miles of Resaca, and rested until late in the afternoon, and then moved still farther to the left, and our brigade was formed in reserve to the balance of the division. A heavy detail was made from our regiments, which worked on fortifications at the front all night.

Early on the morning of the 14th our brigade was ordered still further to the left and occupied some temporary breastworks that had been thrown up by Tyler's brigade (Tennessee) during the night, and that brigade was moved back in reserve. Our brigade, when formed to receive the enemy, held an angle in the line of defense. The Ninth, Fifth, and Sixth regiments faced west, while the Second and Fourth regiments faced north. The breastworks behind which we formed were composed of a few logs and fence-rails hastily thrown together, and we immediately commenced strengthening them by throwing earth over the frail protection, and soon the works were made to appear quite formidable, but which really availed us nothing as against artillery fire.

About ten o'clock our skirmish line was forced back, and soon after a line of battle burst out of the woods in our front, followed by a second, which moved forward at a brisk pace over the open field toward us as though our works were to be taken at the point of the bayonet. The Federals were large, fine looking fellows, and had their white "dog-tents," strapped over their shoulders and down

across their breasts, making excellent targets for our Enfields. We soon opened fire on the advancing foe, so did Slocum's battery (Louisiana), posted on the left of our brigade, and a few rounds sent the enemy back in confusion. A more vigorous charge was made, however, further to the right, especially in front of the Second and Fourth regiments, where the enemy came up five lines deep and got within seventy-five paces of the works before being repulsed, but he was finally driven back with heavy loss. Hotchkiss's battalion of artillery was posted on the right of our brigade, which did excellent service.

The day passed without the left regiments of our brigade, or Finley's brigade (Florida), on our left, being again assaulted, but several vigorous charges were made in front of the Second and Fourth regiments, and in front of Hindman's division (Hood's corps) with which our brigade connected on the right. At times during the afternoon the roar of musketry over to our right was quite loud, and almost reached the volume of a regular battle.

The Federal artillery, however, gave us no little trouble, there being several batteries posted on a hill in front of the left of our brigade. At first Slocum tried it single-handed against at least three batteries, but as his guns were without protection, the fire got so hot that he had to move his battery over the hill out of range. He soon after ran two of his guns to the front by hand, and occasionally the captain in person, and a single gunner, would leave their covert, quietly load a piece, and discharge it with good effect. This would cause a storm of shot and shell and minie-bullets to come flying from the enemy, and though the little pine trees standing about the guns were literally mown down, yet strange to say, neither of his pieces was touched, or at least seriously injured.

Late in the afternoon a Federal battery to our right opened an enfilading fire on the left of our regiment, which, owing to the nature of the ground, was very much exposed. Company "A," the left company, suffered most, as it was on the skirmish-line in the morning and had no opportunity to strengthen its works. A single cannon shot killed Lieutenant McLean and three men of that company, besides wounding several others. This fire was kept up until darkness set in, and was very annoying. The Second and Fourth regiments were also badly enfiladed by batteries in front of the left regiments of the brigade, and lost heavily. As our works ran through on open field and in easy range of the Federal sharpshooters, concealed in the woods, we were kept close all day under a broiling sun, and not

being able to get back to fill our canteens with water, we suffered much from thirst.

During the night the left companies of our regiment and the Second and Fourth regiments threw up traverses impregnable to shot and shell, so that the morning of the 15th found us in good condition to stand a seige, and feeling secure against the infilading fire from which we had suffered the day before.

Slocum had also constructed strong earthworks for his battery, and early he opened a heavy fire, but the odds were too great against him. It was not long until two of his pieces were disabled by shot passing through the embrasures, besides the Federal sharpshooters sent such a stream of bullets through the openings at his men that he was prevented from working his remaining guns with much effect.

The day passed without any assault being made on the line occupied by our divisior, and there was no firing of consequence to our left, where Cleburne's and Cheatham's division of our corps (Hardy's), and Loring's division of Polk's corps, extended around to the Oostanaula below town, but to the right of our division on the line occupied by Hood's corps, which extended across the railroad to the Connesauga River above town, the roar of musketry grew quite loud at times and indicated pretty hot work.

There was a brisk skirmish kept up between the sharpshooters during the day, on our part of the line, and considerable cannonading. As our brigade held an angle in the line of defense, the shells and minie-bullets seemed to fly in every direction, the most of our loss being caused by missiles dropping in our works from the rear. We were closely confined to the trenches all day in the hot sun, and it was a great relief when night came on so that we could move about without calling forth a swarm of bullets from the woods in front.

At nine P.M., as previously understood, the signal-gun fired, and the Confederate army commenced falling back. Our regiment left the trenches, company at a time, and with the uttermost silence. The moon was shining brightly, and the men were ordered to hold their guns well in front, lest the reflection of the moonbeams on their arms would reveal the movement to the enemy. Our skirmish-line had been advanced a short distance in front of the works, and the men on the line were having a lively skirmish of words with the unsuspecting Federals at the time we marched quietly away. Our brigade accidentally got separated from the rest of the division before we got into town, and we erroneously started to cross the river by the railroad bridge. The consequence was we had to retrace our steps some dis-

tance before getting on the proper road. Just before we reached the bridge over the Oostanaula, on the highway leading to Calhoun, the skirmishers, for some reason, opened a brisk fire while the Federal artillery commenced thundering all around the line, and not knowing but that the enemy had discovered the movements of our army and was advancing, things looked a little "squally" for a few minutes, but the noise soon subsided and we marched on without further halt. The road was so crowded with troops that we did not reach Calhoun, about seven miles distant, until day was breaking.

The manner in which General Johnston handled his army in getting it over the river, away from Resaca, without the least confusion, was regarded as a piece of fine generalship among his soldiers.

The 16th of May our brigade rested in line of battle on the right of the railroad a short distance north of Calhoun, until midday, then fell in and marched south in the direction of Adairsville. We had not proceeded far, however, when our division about-faced and we moved at a double-quick back through town out on a road leading in the direction of Rome. When we came to the crossing of the road from the Oostanaula to Adairsville, the division was formed in reserve to Walker's division of our corps, which was confronting the Federal troops (McPherson's) that had crossed the river below Resaca and caused our army to fall back from that place. General Walker had been sent from Resaca to this point on the night of the 14th, at the first intimation of the flank movement on the part of the Federals. Our corps, now all together, was formed as though to advance on the enemy. General Hardee rode down the line, and we thought we saw a fight beaming in his eye, and this impression was still further confirmed when "Old Pat," as his men called General Cleburne, commenced driving in the Federal skirmishers to our right, and captured quite a number of prisoners. The whole corps was enthusiastic, and in for driving the Federals into the Oostanaula; but it seems we were simply there to hold the enemy in check, and the day closed with only skirmishing in front in which the artillery took part. The head of Sherman's column, from Resaca, came into Calhoun about sundown.

At two A.M. on the 17th, we fell in and marched for Adairsville, ten or twelve miles distant, by what was called the Snake Creek Gap Road, which crosses the river below Resaca, and leads direct to the latter place. About noon we halted just before reaching town, and stacked arms for a rest. At one P.M. the rain poured down in torrents. As the enemy was pressing Cheatham's division, about two

miles back on the road we had just marched over, at two P.M. our division fell in and moved back to his support, and formed on Cleburne's left. There were four or five lines in front of our brigade, and all we had to do was to shift from one point to another and without any fighting to do. Batteries were shelling on both sides, and Maney's brigade of Cheatham's division had a spirited little battle at the "Octagon House," a mansion of very peculiar architecture, standing on the roadside. From the noise that was made, there was certainly not much of the house left when the fight was over. The Confederates held their ground. Night coming on, we kindled fires, and, as Dr. Byrne termed it, had "spiroots" issued, which the soldiers appreciated very much after the soaking rain. Hood's corps and the advance of Polk's corps, which had joined our army from Mississippi, were moving by a different road off to our right, and were not so hard pressed by the Federals; at least we heard no firing in that direction. At ten P.M. fell in and marched southward through Adairsville toward Kingston. The night was dark, the road muddy, and as our wagon-train was in front moving slowly, we were kept standing in the road fully half the time, which was very tiresome. We did not reach Kingston until after daylight the next morning, the 18th, having marched about ten miles.

After a short halt at Kingston, we fell in and marched three or four miles toward Cass Station, on the railroad seven miles below the former place. The day was very hot and right glad were we when the column filed off the road into a pleasant wood where arms were stacked, and we had a good rest until the next day.

About noon, on the 19th, a battle order from General Johnston, commander-in-chief, was read to each of the regiments, in which he stated that the time had come for an aggressive battle with the enemy. The order was couched in stirring language and was received with enthusiastic cheers on the part of the soldiers, who were elated at the prospect of having an open-field fight with Sherman's army, and having full confidence that battle would not be offered unless there was a fair showing for success. Soon after the order was read, we fell in under arms and moved to the front, where we formed line of battle on Cheatham's right, the left of our division resting on the railroad. The timber in front prevented us from observing the enemy, and his presence was only indicated by a few Parrott shells sent over in our direction, which passed to the left of our brigade. Presently artillery opened to the left of the railroad, the guns firing in quick succession, and we thought the battle had opened in earnest

but after the first round the guns were silent. We remained in this position an hour and a half or two hours, when our division moved by the right flank at double-quick to Cassville, a pleasant little town situated about three miles to the right of the railroad. Here we fronted and moved forward in line of battle, our brigade passing through the town, leveling fences and trampling the flower-gardens as it went, which was one of war's necessities. The town was deserted, not a man, woman, or child to be seen, and when we halted, a short distance beyond the suburbs, there was neither friend nor foe in front, so far as our observation extended, and not a gun was heard. Not long, and we moved by the left flank through the open fields in the direction of the railroad, passing in front of Polk's corps, which was in line of battle on a range of hills in rear of Cassville. We halted a short time in front of Cockrell's Missouri brigade, of that corps, and we were struck with the fine appearance of that body of troops. We continued our march across the railroad, where we rejoined our corps (Hardee's) and formed as a reserve to Cleburne's division which occupied some high ground to the left of the railroad, and not far in advance of Cass station. It was now nearly sundown, and soon after reaching that position, General Johnston came riding by, and our soldiers greeted him with loud cheers, which seemed to please him very much as indicating the *morale* of the troops on the eve of the expected battle. Presently General Cleburne, who was a great favorite throughout the corps, came along and the soldiers commenced cheering him also. He reined up his horse and told them that he was glad to see them in good spirits, but not to yell so loud, that it would attract the shells, which was a sufficient argument to stop the noise. The day closed with some artillery and musketry firing to our right.

When night set in the line in our front (Cleburne's) was still kept busy constructing temporary defenses, and a heavy detail was sent from our brigade to some point on the extreme left to throw up works for artillery. Our army was formed in two lines, Hood's corps on the right, Polk's in the center (French's division of that corps having arrived from Mississippi the day before), and Hardee's on the left—Hood, Polk, and half of Hardee's corps, in the order named, occupying the range of hills to the right of the railroad, and in rear of Cassville, while Cleburne's and our division (Bate's) occupied the undulating ground to the left of the railroad.

After making disposition of the "hardtack" issued, the soldiers of our brigade, except those on detail, commenced rolling themselves

up in their blankets seeking repose, believing that the morning would usher in a great battle.

At two o'clock A.M., on the 20th, we were aroused from our slumbers with an order to fall in. We at first thought our division was simply moving to some other part of the line, but the head of column was turned down the railroad track to the rear, and seven miles brought us to the Etowah, having passed through Cartersville, near the river, about daylight. This retrograde movement was wholly unexpected to us, and various rumors floated about as to the cause.

Our division was halted in a large field near the pontoon bridge, while other troops marched by and crossed over the river by both the railroad bridge and the pontoon. The soldiers marched very leisurely, without any indication of being pressed by the enemy, and we were kept waiting in the broiling sun until noon, when we crossed over on the bridge of boats. Two miles from the river we filed off the road to the right, and bivouacked on a high hill, at the base of which, on the railroad, were the Etowah Iron Works. Here we came up with our baggage-train for the first time since the opening of the campaign, and a good bath, together with a change of clothing, was quite refreshing. During the day it was stated in army circles that the reason General Johnston did not give battle at Cassville, was owing to the fact that Generals Hood and Polk declared their inability to hold the positions assigned them, because they would be subjected to an enfilading fire of the Federal artillery.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER VII.

Like the weaver at his loom who has lost a stitch, we will return now to Oak Grove to pick up the thread of our narrative, and detail the sayings and doings of those of our friends whom we left behind, and whom we have apparently so long neglected. If the surroundings of a person could compensate for the loss of a friend or lover certainly Irene DeBoin would have been a happy and contented girl, Her home was as near a paradise as the divine assistance of art and nature could make it. The dwelling was situated in the center of a large park of the most symmetrically shaped tropical trees of every variety and description, from the beautiful orange to the superb mag-

nolia, arranged with all that artful grace of a thorough landscape gardener, which so tends to beautify and adorn the lands of the wealthy and to give an additional charm to the splendors of nature.

It had been placed upon the top of a gentle eminence, so as to command an ample view of the lovely lake which glistened in the sun a few hundred yards to the south and east, and the trees and shrubbery of the park had been so planted as not to intercept either the views or delightful breezes, which during the hot summer days rendered the place such a cool and delicious residence to its inmates. A tall and stately edifice, it towered above the trees and showed to great advantage amid its agreeable surroundings. It was a large building of two stories and contained fifteen or more rooms, varying in size from the cozy little boudoir of Irene, to the large and ample dining and reception-rooms. The whole encircled by a broad veranda, one of the most prominent features usually of Southern homes, and more than any other object about their plantations, typical of the open-handed, generous hospitality which so highly distinguished them in the *ante-bellum* days. The house was richly and elegantly furnished, every thing which could add to the ease, the comfort, and the happiness of the dwellers within its walls, that money could buy, was there to be found.

To the north the abundant fields of Col. DeBoin spread away for miles, while the single-story cottages inhabited by his slaves formed a picturesque village some half mile distance, near the edge of the fields and to the right of the road leading from Ocala, by the plantation and on to the St. John's River, through Leesburg, the county-seat of Orange County. The cottages of the slaves were arranged in two long rows, the space between forming a broad street, and each cottage had a garden plat attached, while at the head of the street nearest the road stood a large single-story house of six rooms, the top ornamented with a belfry containing a large bell. In this edifice dwelt the colonel's overseer.

A winding carriage way passed through and around the entire park, forming a sinuous and pleasant drive of a summer's eve, while a more direct way ran from the front of the colonel's dwelling to the lakeshore. Some hundred yards out in the lake was a very picturesque bathing-house, connected with the shore by a wooden platform, laid upon palmetto piles. Immediately adjoining the bathing-house the platform widened into a wharf, with steps descending to the level of the water, at which point a number of small boats for fishing and other purposes, were fastened, while out in the lake was

anchored a pretty little sail-boat, sloop rigged, used for pleasure by the colonel's family. It was as graceful as a swan, and made a beautiful addition to the lovely picture formed by the surrounding scenery.

It was in the month of May, and nature was clothed in her richest and loveliest attire. The hammock trees were covered with the sweet-scented woodbines, and the yellow jasmines in full bloom, their pink and yellow blossoms trailing in profuse clusters were brought into rich contrast with the dark-green foliage of the supporting trees. The great magnolias were white with big flowers, redolent with their exquisite perfume; the dogwood and sweet bay and numberless other blossoming forest-trees, added both beauty and fragrance to the delightful grounds of Oak Grove.

Immediately adjoining and encircling half the house an elaborate flower-garden gave an increased luxuriance to the sensuous loveliness of the scene, while in the rear a kitchen-garden assured the epicure of many a table delight in the way of vegetables and fruits, calculated not only to please but to satisfy the appetite of the gourmand, as well as the rustic laborer.

Irene was the only child and the heiress of this luxurious home, this magnificent plantation, where not less than a hundred and fifty slaves daily toiled for her comfort and pleasure. There were but three members of the family—her father, mother and herself. Her mother was one of those quiet, good, loving women, who add so much always to the substantial happiness of home-life; never irascible or nervous, she moved along the tenor of her way with a smile or a kind word for all, the object of her husband's and daughter's never-varying love and the adoration of her servants. She was about forty-one or two years of age, of medium height and of slender build. Her once glossy black hair was slightly tintured with gray, and her face, though not handsome, was at times irradiated with a singularly sweet smile. Her disposition was naturally of a social turn, but the reserve and severity of that of her husband had gradually affected her, until now she seldom indulged herself in any of the usual social events which enlivened the neighborhood and seasoned country life with certain spice of pleasure. Her principal enjoyment seemed to be that of attention to home duties, and adding to the happiness of her child and husband. At the same time she loved her husband devotedly, with her yielding and plastic nature she stood somewhat in awe of his stately manner and severity of temper. She had none of that vivacious spirit which so highly distinguished

Irene, and to whom she as often bent her own will, and yielded her own wishes as she did to that of her husband. But she was any thing else than an unhappy woman.

The confidence subsisting between herself and her daughter was full and unlimited—more like that existing between sisters than between mother and child; for Irene, as open-hearted and as impulsive a creature as ever lived, had not nor could have any secrets from her mother. Often of an evening they could be seen pacing the piazza or the winding walks of the park, their arms entwined around each other, exchanging loving confidences, utterly oblivious of the world and its troubles. Hence, her mother was fully acquainted with the loves of Irene and Willie Ross—knew of all that had passed between them. She sympathized deeply with them over the interruption which its placid current was likely to suffer from the displeasure of her husband. She herself had formed a strong attachment for Captain Ross. She admired his handsome looks, his manly appearance, his polite address, and his respectful and loving disposition. She had, too, a great regard for his family, notwithstanding the fact of the differences which had arisen between his father and the colonel. She was unacquainted with the causes thereof, but she was one of those women whose friendships are steady and long enduring—a very admirable trait of character in many women who otherwise are as yielding as a weather-cock to every breeze which passes. Mrs. DeBoin, too, was a notable house-wife, and the large corps of servants under her control about the house and grounds, were well disciplined in all the domestic arts which render a country life one of unalloyed contentment and comfort. She had in her youth received an excellent education, which in later life had been greatly improved by observation and travel. Fond of music, she could play with exquisite skill upon both the piano and the guitar, and the tones of her voice were rich and mellow. In these respects Irene much resembled her mother, and Mrs. DeBoin had taken infinite pains to cultivate her daughter's talent for music. In Irene's voice there was a richer and more spirited tone, and its silvery cadences, when poured forth in song, had the blythe, gladsome intonation of the red-winged black-bird, whose early morning songs are the sweetest of all the winged choristers whose delightful music gladdens the hearts of man. Even in ordinary conversation, there was a music in her voice, which, varying with the subject, touched the feelings to laughter or to sadness. But when she laughed, there was an infection which none could resist. As the fabled Orpheus could

move the trees with the playing of his harp, so could Irene with the ringing music of her laughter, break the crust of the stoniest-hearted monster, and shiver to atoms the reserve of the veriest anchorite in existence. What is comparable to the happy, soulful laughter of an innocent and spirited girl, whose whole being is overflowing with the animation of a rich, warm, young heart, and a glowing imagination? How many cares and griefs are daily driven from our firesides by the gleesome laughter of our children? How many gaunt specters of trouble and growing misery are thus dissipated? It was this gleeful disposition, this happy temperament, this healthy, frolicsome gayety, united with a charming tenderness of manner which had so forcibly endeared Irene to her parents, more particularly to her father, who looked upon her as the "apple of his eye." Many persons prefer their opposites. It was so with him. He was stern, she was gay; he was full of bitter prejudices, she with tender loves. He, while not openly shunning association with his kind, sought his comfort in a severe reserve and isolation. She loved her playmates, loved society, loved the merry jest, the innocent vivacity of the *convezione*, the joyous ramble, the delightful picnic or fishing party; but while fond of company, and as happy as a lark amid her mates, she was always ready at a moment's notice to yield her wishes or her intentions as a sacrifice to the desire of her father, and while so doing to feel that she was the obliged rather than the obliging party. If he loved her as the "apple of his eye," she worshiped him as her divinity upon earth. Thus the father, the daughter, and the mother had regarded each other, until young Ross had come within the boundaries of Irene's life, shedding a new and more subtle light upon her heart, revealing another and stranger existence, giving to the dreams of her daily life, to the objects of her daily vision, a novel, unexpected, unknown, but more exquisite view than had ever before been realized by her. She began to perceive that life had labyrinths of happiness, caverns of enjoyment, far more brilliant and grand than any of those ever lighted by Aladdin's lamp or the genii of the Arabians.

But while a new and lovely phase of existence had been opened to Irene, her father did not look upon the attentions of Willie Ross through the same glasses used by his daughter. Although he had nothing personally against young Ross, his intense hatred of the father transferred itself to the son and colored all his acts and feelings in the premises. He, therefore, viewed the young man's visits with a jealous and gloomy eye, and as soon as he perceived that these visits meant something more than mere courtesy, he sought to put a

period to their recurrence, and as Willie told Irene at their parting interview, had gone so far as to prohibit his coming to Oak Grove. The colonel did not believe that Irene's feelings had become in any way involved, his observation, of their association had not been so acute or extended so far, nor could he imagine how any member of his family could respect or conceive an affection for the offspring of a man whom he hated so bitterly as he did Dr. Ross.

Irene, who though the most candid girl in the world, had never made a confidant of her father. Though she was devoted to him—though her filial affection was unbounded in its depth and extent, their intercourse had never been of that nature; nor their feelings for each other, at least on the colonel's side, of that kind which creates an unreserved exchange of thoughts, feelings, and sympathies. It was wholly unlike that existing between the mother and daughter. While Irene worshiped her father and felt that she could cheerfully lay down her life to save his, she looked upon him as too exalted a character—too far removed from her in disposition, habit, and nature, for her to approach with the ready confidences and the unreserved utterings which she so naturally and readily poured into the ear of her mother. She had noticed with feelings of pain her father's demeanor toward Willie, and had endeavored on all occasions to shield his conduct from her lover's eye, and with the delicate tenderness of a woman's nature and her instinctive quickness to turn aside as much as possible the shafts of her father's prejudice. While as she said she had for a long time seen the expression of a difference between the two families, yet her attention was only casually directed to it, and it had made no deep or lasting impression until she learned that her heart had gone out irrevocably to young Ross, that her quickened perception realized the strength, depth, and extent of her father's hatred for Dr. Ross, and the disposition on his part to extend that hatred to all connected with him. Then when it was too late for her to own peace of mind and happiness she found that the affection for father and lover had raised an irrepressible conflict, which might eventually if not overcome, lead to an existence of pain and misery ending only with death. It was a grievous and sad awakening for her young heart. A struggle impossible for any one to appreciate who has never felt its stinging pain and biting misery. But she was of a hopeful, sanguine nature, and although the conflict seemed of a desperate character, the knowledge was too recent to destroy all hope. She could not help believing that time, aided by the efforts of herself and mother, would yet

smooth away all difficulties and the unutterable desire of her soul be accomplished.

Had she known that in addition to the fact of his opposition to Willie Ross, her father had other and different views with regard to her marriage—views which had been long cherished, and for the revelation of which the time was rapidly approaching, she would have been plunged much deeper in the slough of despondency, but happily for the time being she was wholly unaware of this. Her mother even had never had a hint of the colonel's intentions in this regard. She had early learned of the growing inclination of Irene and Willie Ross for each other and had quietly encouraged their loves. She had, as heretofore stated, a high regard for Dr. Ross and much friendship for his wife, and she believed that a marriage between the young people would heal the wounds and assuage the roughnesses existing between them and the colonel. Harmony would once more be restored and the old habitudes of friendly association again assume their former standing. She knew not the strength of the colonel's prejudices until she learned that he had forbidden the house to young Ross. When, knowing the unyielding character of her husband, she abandoned the idea of herself effecting what she still hoped his love for Irene might eventually accomplish.

The next two or three days after the departure of Captain Ross, Irene was inconsolable. She kept her room, totally incapable of attending to the usual routine of every-day life, such as had for years occupied her attention and supplied her happiness. She could think of little else than the absent loved one and the probable dangers to which he might be exposed. She could with difficulty bear any interruption to her thoughts. It made her fretful and irritable. But after a while the kindly sympathy of her mother prevailed and she sought to overcome her depressed condition of mind. She fought strongly against it, and by and by the intensity of her depression ceased and was replaced by a gentle but plainly perceptible melancholy—a melancholy which seemed likely to continue as long as the absence of her lover, unless something out of the ordinary should happen and drive out by force the memory of her loss. In pursuance of her purpose to conquer the feelings of grief which had seized upon her heart and wrapped her apparently in a mantle of selfishness, she again resumed her duties and appeared once more among the household, but how different from her former self; pale and stricken, the lines of trouble could already be traced upon her delicate brow, and the happy, winsome-hearted girl, whose musical

laughter and cheery voice made the light and joy of Oak Grove, now moved about listlessly, moping in strange places, avoiding company, seeking solitude, and seeming impervious to the loving assiduities of her mother and the affectionate attentions of the servants, who sought in every possible manner to cheer and encourage her to a better and more agreeable frame of mind. Although her father was entirely ignorant that his daughter was suffering from any other than an ordinary attack of sickness, the house servants were wiser; their affectionate sympathies were quick to discern the ailment of their lovely young mistress and their kind hearts were anxious to minister to her diseased mind and to do all that lay in their power to distract her thoughts and restore her to that peace and light-heartedness which had previously made her the object of their devotion. The devotion of southern negroes to the children of their owners was a notable fact, and this devotion was engendered by the mutual acts of kindness and exercise of sympathies between the master and servant, which while cementing the bond uniting the two, rendered its burdens less loathsome to the one and less onerous to the other.

One evening Irene and her mother were promenading the piazza conversing in low and tender voice of the absent one. Irene had that morning received a letter from her lover and its encouraging words had greatly cheered her drooping spirits. Her step was elastic; there was a brighter expression in her eyes; the color had returned to her cheeks. Her movements were more like those of former days. Her mother had read the letter, and they were discussing its contents with full and loving hearts. When they came to the southwest corner of the house, instead of turning back in their walk as they had been doing for the previous half hour, they continued around toward the front steps, on the west side of the mansion. On reaching the steps they met a little negro boy of ten years old, who was kept about the house by Mrs. De Boin as a sort of errand-boy. His name was Joe; stout for his age, he was as active as a squirrel, and one of the worst boys on the plantation. He had a very singularly-shaped head, it being nearly twice as long—ranging from the back to the forehead—as it was broad, and gave him a curious look. But he was extra intelligent, and as old aunt Patsey said, “Joe didn’t have dat ar’ long head fur nuthin.” Joe came up the steps, and as his mistress observed him she noticed that his face, head, and hands presented a badly-swollen appearance. He could hardly see out of his eyes, they were almost closed. “What’s the matter with you, Joe; and what have you there?” said his mistress. “Ise been

fightin' waspses," said Joe; "dese here (holding out his hand), is some letters for marster," and he gave the letters to Mrs. DeBoin. "Irene, take Joe to the kitchen, and have aunt Patsey dress his wounds. Poor boy! he looks as though he were greatly suffering, and yet, see how manfully he stands it. You must let the wasps alone, Joe, or some day they will kill you!"

Irene went with Joe to the kitchen, and Mrs. DeBoin took the letters into the library to her husband. Little did either dream of the marked change in their lives, which was heralded by one of those common looking documents which was handed to his mistress by the dirty hands of long-headed Joe—by such simple instruments does Fate sometimes work her mightiest results. When his wife came in, the colonel was busy pouring over a volume, in the contents of which he was exceedingly interested, so much so that he did not immediately examine the letters, but laid them aside, upon the table, intending to read them when through with his task. At supper he handed one of the letters to his wife, remarking, "Read that, Nancy; the son of our old friend, Tom Harkins, is coming to visit us; will, in fact, be here next Wednesday. We must give him a hearty welcome!"

Mrs. DeBoin remembered the Harkinses, of Boston, whose hospitality had on several occasions rendered her visits to that city very agreeable. The young man whose letter announced his coming was an only child, of wealthy parents, who had badly spoiled a naturally mean and crafty disposition by their unlimited indulgences. They had given way to his caprices so much that he had grown to man's stature as full of whims, and prejudices, and petty passions and of a feeling of his own importance as an ordinary man well can be. He was not ungainly, for he was well formed and graceful. He dressed elegantly—always in the height of fashion—and displayed considerable taste both in the color and the material of his garments. He was of the medium size, and his face was not unhandsome, but he had little "squinch eyes," as old aunt Patsey called them, which betokened an irremediable smallness of spirit, and when accompanied by a long, sharp nose, such as he had, a narrowness of mind which can see nothing good or great outside of its own limited bounds. The shape of his large, animal lips told of a sensual nature and passionate disposition, and there was a cruel expression at times about his face which jarred the firmest nerves. He looked like what he was—a man who could be revengeful, cruel, and mean, without the courage openly to execute the promptings of a depraved heart.

But he had received a fair education and could act the gentleman with some degree of affability. He had mingled with the best society and was acquainted with all its minutiae of form and ceremony, and had all of the small talk of the day at his tongue's end. He could deceive the casual observer, and blind the ordinary run of people as to his real nature, and had, up to this moment, so far as was known to the social world, attained to manhood without any *ecclairsissement* sufficiently public to stamp the rascal upon his name. His father was entirely the opposite of the son in all things; a good, clever, kind-hearted man, and pleasant acquaintance. He had been a schoolmate and sworn friend of Colonel DeBoin, and they had, years before, agreed that their children should marry as soon as Ebenezer—which was the euphonious name of young Harkins—should attain his majority. Both men were heartily wrapped up in this scheme, and had planned out the whole programme of the young people's lives. Ebenezer had arrived of age about the commencement of the war. His father, like the great majority of the New England people, was intensely "Union," and was one of those men who, too aged himself to join the army, was enthusiastic in the cause and willing to sacrifice, if necessary, his fortune in its behalf. Ebenezer was too intensely selfish to be willing to go to the same extent, but had sufficient policy to affect all the enthusiasm of the people and the times. To all outward seeming he was an ardent patriot, but like Artemus Ward he was at heart only willing to sacrifice his relations for his country's good. However, he sought to be a soldier, and through the influence of his family obtained a commission in the volunteer service as a captain, and having been warmly recommended to the authorities by his family as a shrewd and capable man, was deemed fitting for an employment, the nature of which will hereafter transpire—the scene of his service was to be the Land of Flowers, and his father seized the chance to forward his matrimonial scheme, and at once wrote Colonel DeBoin telling of the visit of his son, and requesting that all the necessary preparations be made to carry out their long-projected scheme. To his son he made known fully the agreement between the colonel and himself; and Ebenezer, who was thoroughly acquainted with Irene's beauty and wealth, willingly and gladly lent himself to the intended purpose. Armed with his credentials and instructions he left Boston, and as advised by the letter received by Colonel De Boin, he expected to reach Oak Grove on the Wednesday referred to.

In the meanwhile the colonel made every preparation for the

comfort and welcome of his guest; and contrary to the usual observances of his daily life, he caused invitations to be issued to several of the neighboring families whom he knew to be favorably inclined to the Union cause, to meet young Harkins on the night of his arrival, but without letting it be known that Harkins was a Northern officer or from Boston. These points of information he bade his wife and daughter to keep secret, as such knowledge would prove dangerous both to guest and host. The blockade of the Southern ports had not at this time been strictly established, nor had regular communication between the two sections entirely ceased. The passing back and forth between the two countries was a matter of easy accomplishment, so that coming as a private citizen, and acting in a quiet, orderly, and conservative manner, Ebenezer had little to fear. So long as his nationality and objects of travel were kept secret he stood in no danger. The colonel was fully posted as to that object, and proposed to advance it by all the means which lay at his command. And so strongly was he interested in its success that the proposed marriage engagement between Irene and Ebenezer was a matter in his thoughts of but secondary consideration, though he had determined that this, too, should take place.

When he had fully prepared to receive his guest he retired to his library and there seriously debated the question in his own mind whether or not to impart his intentions to his daughter, or to wait until the lover was on the ground, and had begun the siege. Either course had its advantages. If Irene was told of the purpose of young Harkins's visit, she would be prepared to receive him as her lover; on the other hand if the young man were left to make his own declaration he would have the benefit of his personal influence, which need not be supplemented by the influence of her father unless Irene should become too coy and reject his advances. After much thought the colonel decided to let matters take their course until the lover arrived upon the field, and had a chance to try the case upon his own merits.

Time rolled around rapidly for the colonel as it always does to those past the meridian of life, and Wednesday came, and with it the expected arrivals. Some half dozen neighbors, young and old, were present to do honor to the colonel's guest. Mr. and Mrs. Mayfair, with their son and daughter, aged respectively nineteen and seventeen years; Mr. Abner Montholon and his brother John, tall, stout, and intellectual-looking young men, both of them ardent lovers of the Union, and anxiously disposed to be lovers of the fair Irene, would

she but give them the coveted opportunity, but unhappily they had never obtained that notice from her beautiful eyes which they felt their good looks and position in society entitled them to receive. The moment they beheld Ebenezer Harkins they set him down as a possible lover, and probably a successful one, and as the thought passed like lightning through their minds, a twinge of jealousy, sharp, keen, and full of pain wrung their heart-strings with no light or delicate hand. Both at once conceived a prejudice against the newcomer; both immediately pronounced him a conceited puppy, and longed to kick him. And Abner, the elder, determined to keep a close watch upon young Harkins's movements, resolved to outwit him if practicable, and not to allow so much purity and loveliness to be sacrificed to so much selfish ugliness.

Harkins was received with much hospitable *empressement*, and introduced to the visitors present. He was already acquainted with Mrs. DeBoin and Irene, whom he shook warmly by the hand. He made his *debut* with considerable address, essaying the manners of a man of the world with some gracefulness and ease. After a short and desultory conversation he was escorted to his room, whither his baggage had preceded him, to dress for dinner.

"Devilish fine quarters, these!" said he to himself, when left alone. He looked from the window of his room upon the beautiful prospect of park and lake, which extended like a picture before his satisfied gaze. "Devilish fine quarters! The old colonel must be immensely wealthy, and Irene, I guess, will be worth a bank! Deuced lovely girl, too! And such an air! She'd shine in Boston society, an empress among queens! I'll have to make quick work of it, for if these hot-headed, hot-blooded Southerners get an inkling of what I'm up to I'll have but a short time to splice the rope of matrimony and make myself scarce! I didn't like too well the looks of those youngers down-stairs! I hope the road is not blocked; but no matter, what Ebenezer Harkins can't accomplish it is hardly worth any one else's trouble to attempt! I have come for this gay bird, and I'll cage it or know the reason why!"

Turning from the window he began to dress for dinner, and barely completed his toilet when the bell rang for that meal.

The dinner passed off pleasantly, for to do young Harkins justice he had received a fair education; had seen a good deal of the world, and had that ready facility of small talk which is possessed by those used to mingling with fashionable society. He was an adept at handling the means at his command. Irene also, not knowing the relation

that Harkins bore to her by the appointment of her father, but regarding him only as a pleasant acquaintance of former days, exerted herself to please her father's guests, and so successful was she in her efforts that a much more difficult set of people to please would have been delighted with her flow of good humor and spirits. As it was, each and all enjoyed the dinner and accompanying conversation in a more than ordinary degree. And when the ladies adjourned to the parlor, leaving the gentlemen over their wine, the youngsters of the party thought they had never passed a more agreeable day, and that Irene was certainly the handsomest and wittiest woman they had ever met. Music, cards, and conversation followed the dinner, and later in the evening a sailing party by moonlight was organized, and a delicious ride over the silvery waves of the moon-lit lake closed the pleasures of the day. And as Ebenezer unrobed and lay down on his comfortable bed he hugged the delusive hope to his heart that some day in the near future all these vast possessions would be his. And falling asleep his dreams took shape, spreading away into a kingly palace filled with the forms engendered by his salacious imagination, and in fancy he saw himself revelling in all the splendid enjoyments of a monarch whose sole aim was the pursuit of sensuous pleasures.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WE HAVE COVERED THEM OVER.

ANSWER TO WILL. CARLETON'S "COVER THEM OVER."

I.

We have covered them over, those brothers of ours,
We have covered them over with beautiful flowers,
Fair garlands besprinkled with dewdrops of tears
Have woven as links the long chain of the years.
The decades roll by, and the echoing tread
Of hurrying throngs pass the graves of the dead.
The traces of conflicts have faded from sight,
Grown rusty, the sabers that gleamed in the light,
Like a legend of old do we hear of their fame,
As we pause here and there over heralded name,
Like a dream of the past on our every-day world,
Comes the sweep of the phalanx with banners unfurled,
Away and away floats the vision in air;
In its stead, but these dust heaps lie moldering there,
And we love them for sake of sweet memories of ours,
And have covered them over with beautiful flowers.

II.

We have covered the faces, the faces low hid
' Neath the buds, and the sod, and the rude coffin-lid.
There are faces of manhood, and faces of age,
Written over and over in many a page ;
There are faces of youth that were tender and fair,
Unscarred by life's conflicts, unclouded by care ;
Side by side in the line, side by side in the grave,
Kissing the dust for the cause they would save.
We have covered the faces of age and of youth
With the beautiful emblems of love and of truth,
Faces that come by the dream-spirit's spell,
And linger in silence their sad tale to tell ;
Faces, whose image fond hearts will keep,
Faces we woo and then turn from to weep ;
We have gathered from woodlands. and gardens, and bowers,
To cover these faces, spring's loveliest flowers.

III.

We have covered the hands, the still hands that have done
With the duties of life. Who may tell, one by one,
The records they left ? Who, the story may read
Of valor untold, and unchronicled deed ?
All honor to hands that were hardened and brown ;
All honor to hands reaching not for renown,
That bravely and firmly our loved banner bore
To the front of the battle, baptized in their gore.
The scroll they have written through time shall be read
By light that the honor of manhood has shed.
The banner they bore shall its heroes enfold,
While in story and song shall its legend be told.
They are silent in rest, yet they beckon us on
To the scenes of the past, to its memories gone ;
And we bring for the hands of these warriors of ours,
Not banners, but clusters of beautiful flowers.

IV.

We have covered the feet, the poor feet that were worn
And scarred through the marches, and cruelly torn.
Though still in the grave comes their echoing tread,
And we follow and track them along where they bled ;
Over battle-swept plain, over hill and morass,
Through swift, swollen streams or through wild mountain-pass,
Over light sod of spring, over cold winter snow,
Heroic endurance the blood-tracks will show.
The marching is done ; never more shall the beat
Of drum rouse to action these poor, weary feet.

Let them peacefully rest from their travels and toil,
In the blossom-deck'd beds 'neath their loved, native soil.
Ah, the homes that have waited in vain for the sound
Of the coming of feet buried low in the ground!
From those desolate homes hasten loved ones with flowers
To cover the feet of those heroes of ours.

V.

We have covered the hearts that are claimed by the grave;
Hearts that were noble, and loving, and brave;
Hearts that were gentle, and tender, and true;
Hearts that shrank not from a duty to do.
They are pulseless and still. Was their throbbing in vain?
Were their sufferings mockery, their bright hopes but pain?
They were hearts of humanity; hearts that could love,
And loving, could suffer, and suffering prove
Their truth and devotion, as throe upon throe
Told agony only their equals can know.
They were hearts that were buoyant with hopes that were fair;
They were hearts that were stifled and numbed by despair.
Chord after chord of their music was hushed,
As hope after hope of their being was crushed.
We have wept o'er the graves of these brothers of ours,
And covered their still hearts with fairest of flowers.

VI.

We have covered them over "who lie where they fell,
In valley, and mountain, and hillside, and dell."
We know of the heartaches, and anguish, and fears,
The lingering suspense, and the unrestrained tears;
Of the homes that were broken, of burdens grown old,
And weightier far that their weight was untold.
Whose loved one may sleep where the forest-leaves surge,
And the chill autumn winds chant the warrior's dirge?
Whose grave lying far in some lost nook alone,
Is decked but by blossoms that Nature has strewn?
Unmarked by a stone, they are nameless, but live
In the homage the hearts of their countrymen give.
We have called them *our own*, and their memories enshrined,
And o'er our heart's tablets their chaplets entwined.
Unknown, and yet loved, unreclaimed, and yet ours,
We cover them over with beautiful flowers.

VII.

We have covered them all, there is love for each one,
Father, and husband, and brother, and son;
There are tears for the mother, the maid, and the wife,
The orphan unshielded, bequeathed from the strife.

We have scattered sweet roses until the dark tomb
Seems radiant and lovely beneath the rich bloom.
Roses for hopes that were glowing and bright ;
Roses for warriors strong in their might ;
Roses and laurels our heroes to crown,
And tell of their glory time's vistas adown.
And thick with the roses the lilies are spread,
Pale, beautiful lilies for hopes that are dead.
Lilies for ashes, and ruins, and tears,
Lilies for griefs of those desolate years.
Roses and lilies, those beautiful flowers
This Southland has brought for these comrades of ours.

VIII.

Immortelles we have brought for these heroes of ours,
Their fadeless blooms strewn with the sweet, fragile flowers.
They have lived, they have suffered and died, and the world
Saw the banner they followed dust-trampled and furled.
Yet carved on the tablets of honor each name,
And yielded by strangers and foemen their fame.
Though dismal and dark was their blood-written page,
As the decades are told, and the white frosts of age
Crown the heads that were sunny and bright in that time,
The record we read is a record sublime,
Winning from friends, and commanding from foe
The homage that courage and truth will bestow
On manliest virtues. The land of their birth
Will treasure their legend, hold sacred their worth.
Immortelles we have brought for defenders of ours,
And have woven their blossoms with beautiful flowers.

IX.

We have covered them over. In peace let them rest.
One ruleth all things, and with Him it is best.
Best, that our hearts should bear furrows and seams ;
Best, that we wake from our beautiful dreams ;
Best, that the crimsoned and battle-swept plain
Should prove that the suffering and woe was in vain ;
Best, that the swords that led us should rust ;
Best, that our banner lie trailed in the dust ;
Best, that each heart feel its desolate need ;
Best, that our land from its vitals should bleed ;
Best, though we struggle with terrible cost,
Best, that the cause that we loved should be lost.
Some time—when, we know not, some time He will prove
Omnipotent wisdom, omnipotent love ;
And waiting, we cherish these loved ones of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

FORT DONELSON.

Fort Donelson is on the Cumberland River, forty miles below Clarksville, Tenn., and three quarters of a mile below Dover. The fort had thirteen guns, one of 128 lbs., six 64 lbs, four 32 lbs., and two 10-inch Howitzers.

On Thursday morning the 15th February, 1862 gunboats hove in sight and in line of battle engaged the fort. The position of the field forces I will now give; immediately back of the fort is a row of hills, five hundred yards back is another row; in the first row our army (Confederate) had rifle-pits dug, troops stationed, batteries planted, etc.

On the extreme right the Second Kentucky was stationed, next was Tenth Tennessee; then the Third Mississippi; Forty-first Tennessee; Fourteenth Mississippi; Twenty-fourth Tennessee, First Tennessee, and Colonel Brown's Brigade and Porter's, Graves's and Jackson's batteries, all under the command of General S. B. Buckner; then came General Floyd's brigade, consisting of the Fourth Virginia Regiment and First Mississippi with two batteries. On the extreme left was General Johnston's brigade of five regiments and two batteries. In the rear of Floyd was Forrest's cavalry; our whole force numbered fourteen thousand men.

In front of our rifle-pits was an open space about one hundred yards wide, and immediately back of this space were woods and hills occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters who annoyed us more than any thing else.

Early on Thursday morning, simultaneously with the gun-boats the attack was made, three regiments marching up and attacking the Second Kentucky. They were charged by the Second and repulsed with considerable loss. The enemy then charged the Tenth Tennessee (Irish) and was again repulsed, receiving a cross fire from Porter's and Jackson's batteries. The next charge was made by eight regiments on Floyd's brigade and this was driven back with great slaughter. After this, the artillery fight began, throwing shot, shell, grape and canister. Great heavens! what a roar was kept up for an hour.

Our gunners proved to be far superior to the enemy's and disabled several of his guns, compelling him to retreat, and about twelve o'clock the firing ceased. In the evening, however, the sharpshooters had kept up a continual fire.

Our loss was about twenty killed and thirty wounded, and that

of the enemy was not ascertained but supposed to be heavy, and the battle of the first day was ended.

During the cannonading between the gunboats and the fort, we lost one man killed (Captain Dixon), two wounded, and had one gun dismounted; two gunboats were disabled, and had to return to Cairo; on these several men were killed.

The second day's battle, Friday. Considerable firing was kept up between the sharpshooters and the pickets, and occasionally the roar of a cannon was heard. Toward evening the enemy was reinforced. Our loss on the second day was about ten killed and wounded.

The third day's fight, Saturday. Early in the morning the Federal divisions of Generals Smith and McClernand attempted to storm the breastworks held by Johnston's and Floyd's brigades, and then was fought one of the bloodiest battles recorded in history; brigade after brigade was brought up against our works, and as often hurled back during the four hours' incessant firing, until the enemy rallied for one more desperate charge, and as they came our men leaped over the pits and met them partly in open field and partly in the woods and the severest fighting of the day was done, but the Federals fell back before our bayonet-charge, while our batteries played on them with wonderful effect, mowing them down like grain before the scythe, using both grape and canister. After the enemy had fallen back about three fourths of a mile, Forrest made one of his beautiful charges and captured a battery of eight pieces. Never in the annals of history was there a more successful cavalry charge than that of Colonel Forrest on this day.

Our men had advanced about one and a half miles when they were ordered back to the intrenchments, and at about four o'clock, when the Second Kentucky was returning to theirs, the Federals were found to be in possession. The Second charged, and drove the enemy out of the works, but only to the other side of the pits where he used the dirt thrown up as a breastwork, and the Second was forced to fall back; three times did the Second Kentucky charge and was as many times repulsed, when darkness put a stop to the fighting of the day. Our total loss was about four hundred killed, six hundred wounded. The loss of the enemy is estimated at two thousand killed and three thousand wounded; I have since learned that the enemy had three regiments annihilated, besides other regiments badly cut up.

During the night the Second Kentucky threw up new breastworks,

and the entire army remained in line of battle. Such was the position of the army when the painful news reached us that we were *unconditionally surrendered*, and after such a brilliant victory of the day before. To whom should blame be attached, if to any one? Our forces were commanded by Generals Pillow, Floyd, Buckner, and Johnston; General Pillow being chief in command. On Saturday evening after we had driven the enemy out of our way, General Buckner advocated a retreat, setting forth his reasons, which were as follows :

The enemy had received reinforcements, making his force about seventy thousand men against our thirteen thousand, who were cut off from all communication, and from all hope of reinforcement; that our men had fought bravely for three days and nights, lying in ditches without sleep or fire, that he knew by the fifth day we either had to surrender or be slaughtered in Fort Donelson.

General Floyd said he never would surrender, and General Pillow who was considerably excited over the victory achieved by his forces up to that time, determined to make a stand; but on that night when he considered his position more coolly he saw that further resistance was useless, and he ran up the "white flag." General Floyd took four hundred of his regiment and made his escape; General Pillow gave his commission to General Buckner and left; and General Johnston fled in disguise, but the brave and noble Buckner determined to stay with his men, and unconditionally surrendered to General Grant, commanding the Federal army, about nine thousand five hundred men.

THE FOURTH KENTUCKY.

The Fourth Kentucky Regiment of Infantry, Confederate States Army, was organized about the 1st of September, 1861, at Camp Burnett, Tennessee. Prior to that time Colonel R. P. Trabue had received authority from the War Department in Richmond to raise a regiment, and had been in correspondence with parties in Kentucky who were recruiting men for the Southern service. Quite a number of small companies had reported with full complement of officers, while the following only brought enough men with them to muster into service and take rank as companies: A, B, C, F, G, H, and K. The parts, or smaller companies were commanded about as follows: Captain Willis S. Roberts, of Scott County; Captain Frank Scott, of

McLean County; Captain Ben. J. Monroe, of Frankfort; Captain Thomas Steele, of Woodford; Captain Thomas W. Thompson, of Louisville, and Captain Wm. Blanchard, of Mason County. I think it probable that Company H was also made up of two or three parts of companies, commanded respectively by William P. Bramlette, of Nicholas; Joe L. Robertson, of Montgomery; and Captain Hugh Henry, of Bourbon. It seemed for a time that it would be a difficult matter to organize the "pieces" into regular companies, because those who had enlisted in Kentucky were naturally desirous of serving under the officers who had brought them out, and after the expense and danger incident to the recruiting and transportation of the men, these officers wished to retain their rank and titles, besides, when bidding adieu to their friends at home they had pledged themselves to see to the comfort and interests of their sons. Some talked of going to Virginia, others of joining Morgan, while a few declared they would return to Kentucky rather than be consolidated with other companies. Colonel Trabue was entirely too shrewd a man to allow these objections to disturb him. Once get enough men into camp and he would very soon organize his regiment. He was possessed of the very tact which was needful on that occasion.

You would see him going quietly about among the officers, suggesting the manner in which the cause would be best served, and making places for disappointed ones, and on the whole fixing every thing to his entire satisfaction. When the regiment was fully organized it stood thus: R. P. Trabue, formerly of Adair County, Colonel; Andrew R. Hynes, formerly of Bardstown, Lieutenant-colonel (these two were engaged in practicing law in Vicksburg and the South when the war commenced); Thomas B. Monroe, jr., of Frankfort, Major Joseph L. Robertson, of Montgomery County, Adjutant; Griff. P. Theobald, of Owen County, A. Q. M.; George T. Shaw, of Louisville, A. C. S.; Dr. B. T. Marshall, of Green County, Surgeon; Dr. B. B. Scott, of Greenburg, Assistant Surgeon—Company A, Captain Joseph P. Nuckols, of Glasgow; Company B, Captain James Ingram, of Henderson; Company C, Captain James M. Fitzhenry, of Uniontown; Company D, Captain Willis S. Roberts, of Scott County, which had blended with Captain Scott, of McLean, Scott being made First Lieutenant; Company E, Captain Ben. J. Monroe, of Frankfort, which blended with Captain Steele, of Woodford, Steele being made First Lieutenant; Company F, Captain John A. Adair, of Green County; Company G, Captain Tandy L. Trice, of Trigg County; Company H, Captain William P. Bramlette, of Nicholas;

Company I, Captain Thomas W. Thompson, of Louisville, which blended with Blanchard, of Mason (Blanchard sought other service, and Samuel T. Forman, of Mason, was made First Lieutenant); Company K, Captain Joseph H. Millet, of Owensboro. When we were called to the color-line we numbered about one thousand men.

It will be noticed that the regiment was collected from widely divergent portions of the State, and it was true that probably no command in the Confederate service represented so many different types of the true Kentuckian. Bluegrass and hemp-lands had met with tobacco and corn, and they were not slow in speaking of their leading products either. Each section had some staple production of which it was proud. And they had their peculiar characteristics which they clung to as they did to the cause which they had espoused. And while it is a fact that each section maintained its distinct originality under all circumstances, whether in battle or quiet camp, on the toilsome march or competing for prizes on the parade-ground, the men were secretly proud of being associated each section with the other. They perfectly exemplified the phrase, "Distinct as the billows, but one as the ocean." For instance, if one of our number visited the families in the neighborhood of our encampments in the South, he would claim the whole of Kentucky as his own, and talk about how "we raised fine stock, barley, hemp, tobacco, corn, hogs, etc." In camp, however, they were disposed to claim that each represented the garden spot of Kentucky.

The Fourth was one of the best drilled regiments in the army. This was due to the efforts of Major Monroe, who acted as instructor. He formed his officers into a school, assigned them regular lessons, and had regular recitations; besides which we had constant daily squad, company, and battalion drill and guard-mounting. He was very patient and persevering, so much so that before the first battle came off he had us under complete discipline.

Colonel Trabue was not a very thorough tactician, but as a provider for his men, and a never-ceasing thoughtfulness for their comfort and general welfare he never had an equal. He was quick to see his rights and brave to enforce them. While he lived his men had the very best of every thing. We would often be in the enjoyment of plenty to eat and wear while those around us would be suffering. Lieutenant-colonel Hynes was rather old to be in the war, but he filled his place nobly, all the same. He was beloved by us as boys love their fathers; indeed he exercised the part of father to many lads who were almost too young to venture so far from home. It was

thus the old Fourth started on a career that was to make it immortal. Promotion was slow. Officers above you had either to die, resign, or be killed or permanently disabled before an advancement would be made. There was no such thing as general officers saying on the field of battle or elsewhere, "Lieutenant, you are hereafter a captain, or, captain, you are now a major," etc. etc. You got your promotion as "next" when a vacancy occurred above you, always provided you passed the "board of examiners," which was no easy matter, you may be sure.

Nevertheless, by bullets and disease our field-officers changed thus: Trabue, Colonel; Hynes resigned, and Monroe killed at Shiloh made Nuckols Lieutenant-colonel; and Ingram, of Company B, transferred to the artillery, and Fitzhenry, of Company C, resigned, made Roberts, of Company D, Major; and then Roberts was killed at Murfreesboro. Monroe, of Company E, being killed at Shiloh at the time Major Monroe (his brother) was killed, made Adair, of Company F, Major. Trabue died after receiving promotion to Brigadier-general, in Richmond, which made Nuckols Colonel, and Adair Lieutenant-colonel. Trice, of Company C, losing his sight, resigned. Bramlette, of Company H, being killed at Murfreesboro made Thompson, of Company I, Major.

Lieutenant-colonel Adair, still suffering from a severe wound received at Shiloh, was compelled to resign on account of it, making Thompson lieutenant-colonel, and Millett, of Company K, major.

Nuckols, who was wounded in every battle, and by continuous suffering from fearful wounds, was retired, making Thompson colonel. Millett, of Company K, was killed while major. Bird Rogers, First Lieutenant of Company A (in the beginning), was killed while major, leaving, when the war closed, Steele and Weller, two junior First Lieutenants (in the beginning), waiting for their commissions as Lieutenant Colonel and Major.

By the time we were fully organized, disease incident to recruits in camp commenced to attack our men. From one fourth to a third, and even a half, would be on the sick-list at once. A great many of our boys died without having fired a gun at the enemy. Thus, when the battle of Shiloh took place, we did not have quite half the regiment in line, and we lost half of that half in that terrible struggle.

From the very outset, Colonel Trabue had endeavored to excite in the men a desire for action, which, added to the pride that they all felt for the cause in which we had enlisted, made every man eager for battle.

When one of our number died in hospital, about the greatest sympathy that could be expressed for him was, "Poor fellow, he has gone before getting a fire at the Yanks." A large majority of our command was fearful the war would close before we had a battle. I have heard Colonel Trabue often threaten the men who were guilty of irregularities on the march from Burnsville to Shiloh, that they should not go in the fight if they did not behave, and it was effective language used in exactly the right place.

Soldiers who, by their "crooked ways," were unfortunate enough to be in the "guard-house," or "under guard" on the march, which is the same thing, begged their captains to have them released, so they could participate in the coming action. I know one man of the Fourth, who was teamster to General Breckinridge's headquarters, but was in duress at this time, who prevailed on the general to the extent of being released only for the battle. His splendid conduct on those two days of blood served to secure his permanent release, and he was never tried for his offense. Our regiment envied the Second for having been at Donelson, and thought General Buckner displayed a great deal of partiality in selecting it to go there; in fact, there was nothing like forgiveness in our natures until after Shiloh. We never turned green with envy after that when we saw other regiments selected for dangerous work. While the Fourth Kentucky behaved equally well on the battle-field in subsequent engagements, I am inclined to think that, in view of surrounding circumstances, it deserves more credit for its conduct at Shiloh than any where else. We started for the scene of action about sunrise on the 6th of April, 1862.

Here are young boys—beardless, rosy-cheeked, and smiling—who in a very few minutes will make the noblest sacrifice that can be made on earth. Their young, bounding blood will color the brooklets before us, and their lithsome forms and cherished faces will soon be lying in forgotten graves. Anxious mothers in Kentucky to-day, yearning countrymen at home waiting to hear from the promising band, it will be some time before you hear the news, and ere that time it will have gone out over all the South, echoed and re-echoed, that the gallant sons you have given to its service have struck a blow that will resound through time, and pierced far beyond the already boasted name of Kentuckians. The contemplation of that morning fires one's soul with a never-ceasing poem. If the Fourth Regiment had never advanced a hundred yards after crushing the two lines of troops in front of it, its name would still have been immortal.

It was about nine o'clock, when by slow maneuvering (for we were in the reserve corps), we passed through a field in a small valley in which Morgan's squadron was drawn up in line. Captain John Churchill and his men sang "Cheer, boys, cheer," and our boys responded by affectionate salutation or pleasant repartee. They had just distinguished themselves, and we felt sure we would soon be flushed with victory. We then filed down the valley into a woody swamp, where we faced toward the enemy, and threw out skirmishers. The first platoon of Company A and the second platoon of Company D (being from the right and left of regiment) advance, the regiment follows, through the camp from which the enemy were driven early in the morning, and then meeting a regiment of southerners in full retreat, perfectly demoralized, their colonel trying to rally them. They would sooner die than turn toward the front. In vain our officers and men pleaded with them and threatened to shoot them. Leaving them, and the skirmishers being recalled, we were moved by the left flank into a dense wood, halted, and faced to the front.

In a short time the Federals are discovered by Captain (acting major) Nuckols forming on our left, a little in front. To conform to their line we had to change front obliquely to the rear on first company, which we did barely in time to receive a volley from the enemy. We were armed with new Enfield rifles and used greased cartridges. In a much shorter time than you are reading this the ground in front of us was heaped up with dead men. Our people were also falling fast. But the regiment in our front gave way and was quickly succeeded by another, which was immediately charged, so that when we reached the edge of a field in front of us only a few of the enemy were discernible, flying "helter-skelter" toward the river. I should have said that we had no time to throw out skirmishers when the attack commenced. The Federals had but a few, for a group of fours undeployed were lying dead in front of Company D, and not more than thirty yards distant. This is the only instance I can recall where the main lines engaged in pitched battle without skirmishers in front at first.

But probably the most trying ordeal to which we were ever subjected was the passage of that retreating command through our lines before we became engaged. Few fresh troops ever withstand it. The regiment was highly complimented at the time and often afterward by experienced soldiers.

We advance across the field just spoken of and halt, while the right wing of the army came swinging around toward the river,

thundering heavily as it drove the enemy into the river. At this point Governor George W. Johnson, our provisional governor of Kentucky, joined Company E and shouldered a musket. He was killed the next day at his post, like a true patriot and soldier as he was.

We were then moved by the left flank, meeting as we marched Prentiss's fine brigade coming out as prisoners, almost, if not quite, intact. On again, until we formed a line facing the river. But our victories on that field had ceased. Disaster was to be our fortune the next day. It was now late in the evening and, after remaining under the fire of the gunboats for a while, we went into the Forty-sixth Ohio's camp and sought rest.

The next morning, after supporting the artillery for a time, General Bragg ordered the Fourth Kentucky and a small part of the Thirty-first Alabama to the right and front to intercept the enemy, who were advancing in force, promising us the support of a brigade or two from some other part of the line. We moved as directed and found the Federals had stopped behind bags of corn, watching us move on to our position. We marched toward them a short distance when we lay down and commenced firing. We were fighting Bull Nelson's division, and we numbered about two hundred and fifty men all told. I think the troops set apart for our support tried to reach us, but it was suicidal to attempt an advance in the face of such a deadly storm of bullets.

This unequal contest was carried on for about twenty minutes, when we fell back, leaving a larger number of dead and dying in the line than we retreated with.

We retired from the field about sundown, weary and sick at heart. If the life of General Albert Sidney Johnston had been spared the result might have been different. At this late day, however, we should not censure the conduct of our commanders, who did the best they could for us. All were alike interested in the result, and I have no doubt he who commanded us in defeat held the cause as sacred as the illustrious chief who fell the day before.

I have unintentionally omitted the staff-officers. They were in the following order: Joe. L. Robertson, of Montgomery County, Adjutant; John L. Marshall, of Bourbon County, Sergeant Major; Robt. H. Williams, of Marshall, Texas (a cadet of the K. M. I. when the war commenced), Ensign. Adj. Robertson promoted to A. A. G., and Ensign Williams was his successor; he being mortally wounded the 22d of July at Atlanta, Joe C. Bailey, of Woodford County, was

his successor. Robt. H. Lindsay, of Scott County, succeeded Williams as Ensign, and was killed at Jonesboro, Ga. Lewis Vanden, of Maysville, Ky., became the color-bearer, and bore the colors till the close of the war.

The surgeons were, Dr. B. T. Marshall, of Green County, transferred to cavalry, and succeeded by Dr. Preston B. Scott (then of Franklin County), of Louisville, who was soon promoted to Brigade Surgeon, then to Assistant Medical Director, Army of Mississippi, and then to Medical Director for the Department of Mississippi and Alabama, occupying that position when the war closed.

Dr. Alfred Smith, of Bardstown, was the next surgeon, and remained with the regiment to the end.

The assistant surgeons were Dr. B. B. Scott, of Green County, who was transferred to cavalry. Dr. Stanhope P. Breckinridge, of Louisville, and Dr. Joseph W. Eckford, of Mississippi, served each a portion of the time, when Dr. Thaddeus L. Dodge, of Hickman County, was appointed and served the balance of the time.

Our quartermasters were in the order named as follows: Col. E. S. Worthington, Louisville, Major Grif. P. Theobald, Louisville, Capt. W. S. Phillips, Union County, Capt. R. A. Thompson, Frankfort. The Commissary Officers were Capt. Geo. T. Shaw, A. C. S., Louisville, Capt. David C. Hughes, A. C. S., Owensboro.

The regiment participated in all the heavy and light engagements that occupied the attention of the army of Tennessee, Shiloh, Vicksburg (1862), Baton Rouge, Murfreesboro, Jackson, Chicamauga, Mission Ridge, the *Four Months' Battle* from Rocky-face Gap (Dalton), to Lovejoy Station, Ga., being under fire almost incessantly from May 7, to September -. In addition to the continuous skirmishing during that time, it was in the battles of Rocky-face Gap, Resaca, Dallas, from thence to Atlanta, Peach-tree Creek, Intrenchment Creek, Utoy Creek, Jonesboro (on the left), and Jonesboro right center.

The last six or eight months the regiment was mounted, and had a great many skirmishes with the enemy, and were the last in battle in South Carolina, the left wing skirmishing with the enemy when news of the surrender came to us. After withdrawing on the receipt of the information we went into bivouac for the night, and next morning started back toward the Federals, but had to pursue them nearly all day before overtaking them, to let them know also that we had been surrendered. They were ignorant of the fact, and ambushed our advance guard, fortunately not hurting any one.

Space forbids any thing further as history, else I might mention by name and rank every lieutenant and non-commissioned officer, and the private soldiers, all of whom I knew intimately. I refer the readers of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC to Capt. Edwin Porter Thompson's history of the First Kentucky Brigade, where can be found a complete list of the members of the brigade, with a separate history of each man's actions during the war.

It is a source of great comfort to know that one fought with these patriots, and whether dead or living there seems to be an eternal bond between us. It is hard to separate the living and the dead when contemplating the stirring scenes through which we passed; a halo of glory seems to encircle the resting places of our dead, while a no less brilliant accompaniment of honor is clothed upon the living.

So great is the number of our loved ones who have "crossed over the river," that I expect as they "rest in the shade of trees," they are watching for the remnant to "fall in."

BURY THE HATCHET.

At Appomattox the Southern Cause went down;
"Lee has surrendered!" how sad and deep struck the sound.
Swift as the wind it spread over our land;
It brought grief to each heart, it palsied each hand.

No bugle-note now, nor drum's stirring sound;
No flags floating high over brave battle-ground.
Alas! dear republic, farewell! farewell!
Of the deeds of thy people we blush not to tell.

Where point to sterner valor on land or on sea,
Than shown by the troops of our Confederacy?
And when, at last, Lee's remnant stood grimly at bay,
Where nobler heroes than those veterans in gray?

The loved South, they'll give their hearts' blood to defend her;
Their lives on her altar, they'll freely surrender.
More eager to grapple, even now, than retire,
Though from ranks all around pour the foe's deadly fire.

They think of past glories, of kindred, of home;
Great events are impending; more dense grows the gloom.
With thrilling devotion, this band, though not large,
Unappalled, can yet hurl one more fearful charge.

Close to torn banners stood these resolute men ;
One word will awaken their wild shout again ;
But Lee spoke it not, for swift sped his thought,
His bright genius, all, into action now brought.

Clearly, he reviews the whole situation—
Will one charge more bring a hope of salvation ?
By new fields of slain can his country be saved ?
By this, can the way to freedom be paved ?

Our armies diminished, and none are now strong ;
Overwhelmed by numbers, they can not stand long ;
Enveloped all round by that hostile dark blue,
And the South, he knows, pierced by columns all through.

Though dismal the prospect, his soul did not cower,
But facts spoke clear, with unequivocal power ;
Hopes, in dim procession, are hasting from sight,
Through portending clouds not one ray of light.

Our armies must yield, and be captives to the foe ;
For Southern independence they've struck their last blow.
Fearless, but still, after war's dreadful clamor,
How deeply solemn, this scene in the drama !

Our standards and arms are given up to the North,
Her brave men speak gently, disarmed of their wrath,
Like scenes were enacted by true men of old,
And proud may they be, of whom such can be told.

The brave to the brave, where'er they're found,
Are by mysterious sympathies bound ;
And when parts of our Union now rail at each other,
Because lately in arms they opposed one another,

It blots our escutcheon, stains the American name,
And brave men, the world over, will see it with shame.
Let the Past be entombed ; we'll look to coming years,
Banish all bitterness, and away with all fears.

Then this republic, of a hundred years' growth,
Will stand a model Union, of grandeur and worth.
Let nobility of heart, in each breast hold the reign,
And we'll exalt, with new luster, America's fame.

CONFEDERATE WAR HISTORY.

TISHIMINGO CREEK, OR GUNTOWN, WHERE STURGIS AND GRIERSON WERE
BADLY WORSTED. INTERESTING DETAILS BY A CITIZEN WHO
LIVED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, TAKEN FROM
HIS PRIVATE DIARY.

The following letter will explain why these letters are published:

GUNTOWN, LEE CO., MISS., *February 5, 1883.*

CAPT. JNO. W. MORTON, *Nashville, Tenn.:*

DEAR SIR—I herewith send you, according to promise, extracts from my daily journal from June 8, 1864, to June 17, 1864, inclusive. I should state that in making this note of events at the time, I had no thought of submitting them to the public eye, and even now I do not think the public will attach any value to this private record of home experiences in an eventful period. I only send it to you in deference to your urgent request, for I do not seek publicity for these scribbings, which were made when the "alarms of war" excited the land. I will also say that they contain a very imperfect record of that stirring time, for I remember many circumstances not noted down in my journal—a complete record of every trivial occurrence of that day would have made a much more voluminous record. It is a faithful account, however, of the events and impressions and rumors of that time written at the very moment, and if they possess any value at all, it arises from that fact.

I send you with this a map of the battle-field drawn on a scale of two inches to the mile, which is more complete than the one I made when you were here.

I have looked up the address of General Chalmers on "Forrest and his Campaigns," delivered before the Southern Historical Society at White Sulphur Springs, Va., August 15, 1879. He speaks in complimentary terms of yourself. He says, "One peculiarity of Forrest's fighting was his almost reckless use of artillery, and on this occasion he had eight pieces of artillery that were boldly handled by Captain Morton, a beardless youth, with the face of a woman and the courage of a lion."

Chalmers erred in describing the location of the battle-ground. He says, "Forrest moved before day to take position at Brier's Cross-roads, on a dividing ridge where the waters of the Hatchie rise and run north, and of the Tallahatchie rise and run south." A glance at my map shows his error. Hatchie is eight miles away, and there are

no waters of the Hatchie nearer than five miles, and the Tallahatchie is farther away. The battle-field was on the head-waters of the Tombigbee, and the ridge on which the cross-roads is situated divides the Tishimingo Creek from those of Campbelltown Creek, which is a tributary of Twenty-mile Creek.

I hope that you may be able to gather up sufficient data to enable you to prepare a complete sketch of the battle of Tishimingo Creek, for I feel sure that an accurate and full sketch of that battle will greatly interest many in Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Alabama. Those of you who were participants in that battle may well be proud of it, for you won a great and glorious victory, and when you would think of daring deeds and resolute bravery you need not be ashamed to recall to mind that summer day in north Mississippi.

Whenever your sketch is published with the official report of General Sturgis, I hope to receive a copy.

I remain, very respectfully,

SAMUEL A. AGNEW.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DAILY JOURNAL OF REV. SAMUEL A. AGNEW,
A.D. 1864.

June 8th. This morning is dark and lowering, and before breakfast it commenced raining, and has rained continuously until now, 6:40 A.M. It bids fair to be a very rainy day. For two or three hours it rained incessantly, then it faired up. To-night it commenced raining about dark and when I lie down it is still raining. There has been some excitement to-day growing out of the Yankee raid. Forrest has gone up the country. He passed up yesterday evening, and I learn to-day is repairing the bridge across Twenty-mile Creek near Burres. Trains brought up his artillery to Baldwyn last night, and this morning he evidently is striking toward Corinth as the point of danger. Our intelligence is that the Yankees are at Ripley. Yesterday evening Rucker's brigade, Duckworth's (Tennessee) and Duff's and Chalmers's (Mississippi) regiments had a fight four miles south of Ripley. Our men retreated to Kelly's Mill, and from thence they went to-day to Baldwyn. It is said that a scout of Yankees were at Kelly's Mill to-day. I can not learn certainly which way the Yankees are going, some think they are moving toward New Albany, others toward Rienzi or Corinth. Their force is said to be seven regiments infantry on Muddy Creek, four of which are negroes, twenty-five hundred cavalry, two hundred and fifty wagons, one hundred and

fifty ambulances, and large quantities of artillery. It is thought they design reinforcing Sherman. I rode over to Brice's this evening. Mrs. B. will not start to S. C. until things grow quiet. Lee's victory in Virginia is confirmed; the fight was on the 3d, 4th, and 5th insts. and was fought in ten miles of Richmond. The Federal loss in killed, wounded, and captured is fifteen thousand.

Johnston is about New Hope, which is above Marietta eight or ten miles. He has made a stand but the decisive battle has not yet been fought. They are, however, skirmishing every day. Four men of the Seventh Tennessee are here to-night.

June 9th. During the forenoon, assisted Uncle Joseph Agnew in making some rope on our rope works. The news we had was that Rucker had gone from Baldwyn with his brigade toward Rienzi; General Forrest with his entire command has gone to Rienzi. The Yankees were reported to have gone in the same direction. We hence felt very easy thinking that for the present we would not be troubled with the Yankees. Late this evening Thompson Phillips came over telling us that Oliver Nelson had sent word down that the Yankees were coming down the Ripley road this evening, and it was not known whether they would go toward Baldwyn or Guntown. Sent the mules off to the woods-lot. Went over and told Uncle Joe the fact we had heard. Brought the mules in at dark. We discredited the news of the approach of the Yankees. The day was pleasant.

June 10th. The morning was cloudy. At breakfast learned that the Yankees camped at Stubbs's last night, although we did not suppose they would travel this road. Went out early with the mules into the woods back of Watson's field. Went over to Uncle Joe's to notify him of the report; got lost on the way. While at Uncle Joe's heard a roaring toward Lyons's Gin, which I did not understand; came on back, stopped at the end of the lane to take observations; while there heard two horsemen approaching down through the thicket back of the farm, await until I could hear them conversing, then put my horse to the run and escaped to the thicket. I have reason now to think that the approaching horsemen were Yankees. Got back to camp, lolled about and read Harris's Highlands of Ethiopia. About ten o'clock heard the report of a cannon toward Baldwyn. Suppose that the enemy had gone down the Baldwyn road and had met Forrest there. Walked over to the western fence of the Watson field to note the direction of the cannonading; concluded it was about the cross-roads. The cannonading continued with brief intermissions for several long hours. While at the Wat-

son field saw Arch (one of my father's negroes) skulking through the woods. He told me that the Yankees were at our house and had taken every thing we had to eat. About fifty wagons were in the road in front of the house, and the yard was full of thousands of negroes. This was bad news, but I hoped that Arch being badly frightened had exaggerated. His news caused us to keep quiet and not attempt to communicate with the house. Listen intently and anxiously to the firing. The battle waged long and doubtfully for some time in the direction of the cross-roads. About five o'clock the firing evidently drew nearer, and I was satisfied it was near Holland's. About six o'clock p. m. to my surprise shells began to fall in the woods where I was hid, at the time I was near the Watson field taking observations. Shells coming over rapidly with a whizzing noise, deemed it prudent to get out of the way. Just as we were leaving the back of the field I heard some person talking near us, I supposed it was pa conducting mother and the family to a place of safety, and came very near going to their assistance, but just then a shell came whizzing with a peculiarly unpleasant noise over my head and I betook myself to the mules. The negroes then told me that a shell had fallen near them cutting off a limb from a tree. As speedily as we could we moved southward, the shells passing over us. Saw Uncle Joe in the woods, he told me the Yankees were in our wheat-field in thousands. It was they that I heard just before I left the Watson field. He could give no intelligence from home. I was greatly uneasy. The battle was then evidently raging there. I rode with the mules down near Uncle Young's (Rev. J. L. Young) and stopped north of his home farm. Walked over and got supper, Erskin being with me. They could give me no news from home. The battle was fought principally around the cross-roads. Twelve Yankees had come on a scout to Uncle Young's, they fired on him as he was leaving home. His fine clothing and hat were captured. He was taking them to a place of safety, but in the race lost them. The battle at the cross-roads was very severe. The ground all around the cross-roads is covered with the wounded and the dead. They had heard that a son of General Lee was killed in the battle. The enemy fought desperately, making a stubborn fight, but finally were driven back, and at last accounts the fighting was going on about our house. Forrest was in the front pursuing with vigor.

June 11th. Was in the woods all night; it was showery; by light was up and walked over to Uncle Young's but got no additional information. I was very anxious in reference to the family at home,

and came on up home cautiously; find that the Federals have been driven away. Our once pleasant home was a wreck; my very heart pained me when I saw the desolation wrought. Thanks to a merciful God, the lives of the family were preserved although they were exposed to great danger. The garden and yard fences were torn down. Our yard was full of horses. Soldiers were stalking through the yard and house without any ceremony. Federal wagons lined the road. Before I reached the house I found the road filled with shoes and articles of almost every discription, which had been thrown away by the Federals in the retreat. Dead negroes lay stretched cold in death on the road-side. I saw two before I came to the gate. The road was filled with soldiers passing to and fro. When I saw these things I knew that Forrest had gained a great and complete victory, but my heart sank within me at the prospect of our own losses. I found mother, Nannie, Mary, and Margaret in the back piazza. They were laughing and talking, but under their mirth I thought I could see sadness concealed. They told me that the Federals had taken from us every ear of corn and every pound of meat, leaving nothing to eat; that they had not eaten a bite since the previous morning; that the house had been plundered, etc. I walked through the rooms and found every thing turned upside-down, and nearly every thing we had taken from us. Dead and wounded men were lying in the house. The walls of the house had been perforated by a good many bullets. One, perhaps a shrapnell, struck the guttering on the south side of the dining-room. Negroes and white men both plundered the house and nothing could move their hearts to pity, but with vandal hands they rifled trunks, bureaus, and rooms. They entered every room but the "catch all." I have heard of many things they took away but can not recapitulate. Even the negroes were robbed of their clothing, etc. The expedition was commanded by General Sturgis, a resident of Chicago, Ill. Grierson commanded the cavalry. The negroes were especially insolent; as they passed down the road they shook their fists at the ladies and told them they were going to show Forrest that they were his rulers. As they returned their time was changed. With tears in their eyes some of them came to my mother and asked her what they must do? Would General Forrest kill them? Poor fools, many a simpleton lies rotting along the road this day. I felt sorry when I first saw them lying dead, but when I heard how they did I lost all my sympathy for the black villains.

The Yankees, as they went along, estimated their own force at

fifty thousand ; as they went back they said they had twelve thousand, while Forrest had thirty thousand. They acknowledged on the retreat that they had got the worst whipping they ever had had. On the retreat Sturgis was in front going at a trot. Two Yankees surrendered to mother before the battle here and remained in the house during the fight. While the fighting was going on at the cross-roads there were Yankees on this place all the time. When it was evident there would be a fight here, a Yankee told mother that she had better leave the house as the Rebs. were a going to shell it. They told the negroes that if the whites left the house they would burn it. When the fight commenced mother and the rest of them closed the doors and window-blinds and lay flat on the floor in Margaret's room (the center room of the house), and remained safely until our men drove the Yankees away. The yard was a battle-ground ; the Southerners on the south side, and the Yankees next the crib. The Yankees made a breast-work of the picket fence between the yard and the crib lot. The Yankee battery was in front of our gate. Rice's artillery was just below the garden. The fight here was nearly as stubborn as at the cross-roads. Captain Rice told me that the artillery saved the day here. When he came up the cavalry were retreating. The cavalry say this is the only time the artillery ever did them any good. In front of the house the marks of the bullets are plainly to be seen. These and many other things I heard. Crowds thronged from the whole country. Many came from distant neighborhoods to view the battle-ground. Rode back to Uncle Young's to bring home our mules. My heart was so full because of our situation that I could hardly talk. Came back and found that pa is still absent since yesterday morning ; mother and Mary were crying and I must acknowledge I myself was uneasy about him. Rode over to Uncle Joe's and with him searched the branch bottom this side of the house for him, but with no success. Then came home via Lyon's Gin-house. See in the public road many wagons filled with ammunition, crackers, and many other things. When pa went off to hide yesterday morning he took his dog, Lincoln, with him. The dog came home this morning. Some fears that pa has been found by the Yankees and killed, others think that he has become faint in the woods and perhaps has lain down unable to go. He was seen yesterday evening back of the Davis Patch by J. H. Hadden. Uncle Joe Martin, Beaty, Hickey Holmes, and myself commenced searching in that direction, and after a brief search found him in the thicket. He had seen the train of wagons in the road, but supposing they were still

held by the Yankees he kept concealed in the bushes. Finding him, a load of anxiety was lifted from my breast.

The neighbors are very kind, Uncle Joe especially. So Forrest to-day is after the Yankees. We have various reports from him.

June 12th. Sabbath a very rainy day, and such crowds have been passing; so many guns have been firing and so many persons have been about the house that it has not seemed like a Sabbath. Pa, Uncle Joe, and John Martin took the negroes and buried the Yankee negroes whose bodies lie near. It rained so much that they had to suspend operations until this afternoon. Some Federal prisoners, four in number, were brought out this evening to assist in burying the dead. They were from Pennsylvania, Minnesota, and Illinois. They are down upon their officers; say that in a fight they are always in the rear and on a retreat in the front. Three white men are buried near us, namely, Rice, of the Seventh Tennessee Regiment, Henry King, of Rice's battery, and A. J. Smith. The Yankees are buried shallow, the negroes especially so. Sat about the house the entire day doing nothing of great moment. Pa had the negroes repairing the fences, deeming it a work of necessity. Some Kentuckians are camped under the shelter at the crib. Parties just from Paducah report the draft progressing in Kentucky. A good many of the drafted men are joining our army. Of four thousand five hundred drafted in Cincinnati only fifty have reported. We have with us a Mr. Carr, of Yallabusha County, who is seriously wounded in the abdomen. Dr. Jackson is waiting on him. The doctor seems to be an intelligent, steady physician and kind man. A Mr. Alex. Bobo and Jesse Andrews, of Panola County, belonging to Chalmers's Eighteenth Regiment (Miss.) are also here. They furnish their own rations. Three other wounded men were here, but they were removed to the hospital on Saturday. The people are riding over the battlefield from some distance; although the day has been rainy I notice many ladies riding over the road.

June 13th. The road has been still the scene of continued traveling by the soldiers. The wagons which were captured are being taken down the road. Forrest has made a rich capture. This morning walked over the ground near us, finding many dead horses and mules, and the stench is great. General Forrest passed back to day. I note nothing special in his appearance; understood he is in a bad humor, having been informed that the citizens have been "stealing" many things from the Yankee wagons. General Buford also passed; he is a large chuffy man. General Lyon also went

down. A good many troops passed down to day. The pursuit of the enemy has been discontinued. They were followed beyond Salem. Pa rode over to Holland's to concert some measures in reference to obtaining supplies from Forrest. His provisions were taken from him and were all captured by Forrest's men and he thinking that perhaps he can have them restored to him. Officers tell him that they think an application will be successful. Holland and Brice will act with him and will go down to see the general as soon as matters get quiet. Eight hundred Yankee prisoners passed down to day under guard. It is impossible to find one who will acknowledge that he ever plundered. One remarked as he came up "Here's the man that caught your turkeys;" another one was heard to say, "Here's the place where we got the wine." Some officers were among them, nice looking men they were. A few negroes brought up the rear; the most of the negroes were shot, so reported. Our men were so much incensed that they shot them wherever they saw them. It is certain that a great many negroes have been killed. The prisoners pointed out their positions here. One was in the yard, one in the road, and another in the woods. One pointed out a tree and said, "I shot at a big fat rebel from behind that tree." Representatives of a good many regiments were along, I don't know all. There were some from the Ninth Minnesota, Second Iowa Cavalry, and One Hundred and Fourteenth Illinois, etc. The day was showery; wrote to Mrs. McKeel to-day in haste to give her an account of the recent battle and assure her of our safety.

June 14th. Affairs are becoming quieter, but there are many still passing. This evening rode over to Holland's to see him about the proposed application to Forrest for provisions; find the roads badly cut up by the wagons and artillery which are passing every hour. The lane of Mrs. Phillips has become impassable and the wagons go in by Mrs. Phillips's house now; see several new-made graves by the road-side, the negroes covered with very little dirt. The stench from dead horses is almost insupportable. It is sickening to pass along the roads. With Holland rode over to Brice's. See the marks of the battle, but not so apparent as I had supposed from the great firing. Brice's house and yard are public property now; sick men occupy the rooms, some poor fellows are mortally wounded. I felt sorry when I looked on the poor fellows dying so far from the dear ones at home. They are lying on pallets. Some Yankees are also there. The church seems to be occupied by sick and wounded prisoners. The principal surgeon was operating on a Yankee while

I was there. He was lying on a table insensible, being under the influence of chloroform; his right foot had been amputated, and his left hand half taken off. As I returned home saw a gentleman from Johnston's army. On the 8th he was still at New Hope in quietness. See a *Prairie News* of this morning, it calls the battle of Friday the battle near Baldwyn. In Virginia, Grant and Lee are very near each other. The battles of the 4th and 5th of May were not decisive. In some places the lines of the two armies are only fifty yards apart. The decisive battle is yet to be fought. In Georgia the armies present about the old appearance, and the decisive battle is yet to be fought there also. The *New York Herald* of the 8th announces that on the 8th the Republican Convention nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency, and Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, for the Vice-presidency; they are a delicious duo.

Mr. Boyd, the gentleman just from Johnston's army, lives near Portersville, Tennessee. A. M. Sargent, of this county, is here to-night; he is just from Richmond, on the 4th of June. Luther Richey and William Agnew were well at that time. He says Lee can not be whipped.

June 15th. This morning was cloudy. Went down to the gin-house and stayed there while Thompson was grinding some corn. Read this morning "Hines's Oregon," a prize, or rather, captured volume. Pa rode over to Brice's this forenoon to see further about his Forrest application. He came back rather discouraged, thinking that his efforts will be unsuccessful. He and Holland, however, design going to Tupelo Friday to see about the matter. This morning we have news that twenty thousand Yankees are coming out from Memphis. This evening we learn they have gone back. Forrest's horses are much jaded and need rest, and if the Yankees would come out now he would not be prepared to meet them. This evening we have the news that General Leonidas Polk was killed by a stray cannon-ball in a skirmish near Marietta yesterday. This news causes a general expression of regret. Thirty or forty more prisoners passed down to-day. They blame their officers; they say the stampede was worse than Bull Run. They say their officers brought in a regiment at a time, and attribute their defeat to this cause. . .

June 16th. To-day has been a very pleasant one. . . . The stench of the dead is very unpleasant. Pa had the carcass of a horse burned a few days ago. I notice down in Phillips's lane the grave of a Yankee with the hand projecting out. I think it is a white man, though the hand looks black. I think the enemy's dead are buried too shal-

low. The graves are not two feet deep, and very little dirt conceals them from the eye. Some apprehend that this stench will produce sickness. Soldiers are still passing. Some of them are rough cases. We have in our army some as vile men as the Yankees can have. To-day a set were here claiming to have authority to examine for stolen property. While looking through our negro cabins one of them stole some tobacco and a looking-glass from Arch.

In the way of news we hear that Grant has disappeared from Lee's front, and our scouts do not know where he has gone. General Polk was killed the day before yesterday. He, Johnston, and Hardee were out viewing an artillery skirmish; they supposed they were at a place of safety, but a stray cannon-ball struck Polk on his breast and tore him to pieces. One hundred and eleven prisoners passed down by Gambrell's this morning. Several passed here to-day, and I hear that more are coming. Mr. Carr, of Yallabusha, came in this evening to see his sick son; he finds him better, though he was seriously wounded. We think he will now recover.

June 17th. This has been a very pretty day. Pa rode down to Guntown to see Forrest. The general has gone to Tupelo. He says Buford promises to send a commission of officers to examine into the damage done the citizens on the battle-field. They will be sent up to-morrow. Buford thinks that if we had deferred the fight until the next morning we would have been whipped just as badly as the Yankees were. Looked through some books which have been picked up on the battle-field. We have several thus gathered up, viz. "Appendix to Congressional Globe for 1855 and '56," "Meek's Romantic Passages in Southwestern History," "Vol. I of Joseph the Second," "Montford, the Roue," by Sue, "Hines's Oregon," "A Descriptive Book of Company G, Eighty-first Illinois Regiment." Some of these volumes are entertaining, but nearly all are in bad condition. They are, I suppose, private property, but whose they are we know not. They may have been stolen from some citizen, or they may have belonged to some soldier, whether Yankee or Confederate we know not. Misses Mollie Henry, Ann Simpson, and Eliza Freeman, from Buncome, came here to-day to view the battle-field. They dined with us, and have gone to Twitchell's to-night. I rode with these ladies as far as Aunt Rilla's. A good many ladies and gentlemen have come from a distance to view the field of strife. Mr. Carr was at Guntown to-day; A. M. Knight came back with him, detailed to wait on his son. Dr. Jackson is ordered back to camp. Their regiment leaves to-morrow for Columbus.

BATTLE OF TISHIMINGO CREEK OR BRICE'S CROSS-ROADS

“GENERAL ORDER NO. 21.

“HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY,

“TUPELO, MISS., May 29, 1864.

“Captain Morton, Chief of Artillery, will hold the batteries ready to move to-morrow morning with five days' rations cooked, and three days' forage prepared. He will see that he is supplied with three hundred rounds of ammunition to the piece.

“By order of Brigadier General Buford.

“THOMAS M. CROWDER, A. A. G.”

General Forrest being temporarily absent, the order just read put Forrest's cavalry on the march for North Alabama, to meet a hostile raid threatening that region. After three days' march, on reaching Russellville, a dispatch from General Stephen D. Lee recalled the force to Tupelo to meet a heavy column moving out from Memphis. We reached Tupelo on the evening of the 5th of June, having marched and countermarched one hundred and fifty miles. This countermarch to Tupelo was one of the most trying of the war. Morton's battery had just traveled the breadth of the State of Mississippi, having marched from Columbus across to West's Station on the M. C. R. R., and returned to Tupelo, a distance of two hundred and twenty-five miles.

It had rained incessantly for more than a week, the sloughs and low grounds were filled with water and mud, and it seemed that the artillery could not possibly pass back over the roads so cut up by the repeated passage of Forrest's cavalry and trains. On reaching Toby-tuby Bottom the water was from one to three feet deep over the road for more than a mile, the rails and polls forming the road were floating in many places. The cavalry passed with great difficulty. General Forrest anticipating trouble in getting the artillery across sent a courier back to Morton to know if it was possible to bring the artillery over. Morton said tell the general we are following him. The cannoneers waded in water and mud waist deep very often, one man on either end of a floating rail to press it down until the gun-carriage could pass over, the cavalry carrying the ammunition in their arms. Late in the night Tupelo was reached, but only to halt and feed, when the march to

BOONVILLE

was ordered, as trusty scouts had reported the enemy some thirteen thousand strong, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, at or near Salem,

and moving in the direction of Baldwyn. The streams brimfull were unfordable, bridges generally swept away, and the roads in this part of the country had not improved on the roads just passed in returning from Alabama. After a most necessarily fatiguing march, to both men and horses, we reached Boonville on the 8th. Boonville was a small station town on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, containing perhaps three or four groceries and as many private residences. Looking in any direction the eye could rest on nothing but dark forests and tangled underbrush, an old dry sedge-field excepted, a short distance west of the railroad, where on the 9th two deserters found in the enemy's ranks, knelt down in front of their newly-made graves and received their reward. A third was pardoned on account of his extreme youth. In the afternoon of the 9th we received orders to draw three days' rations, and hold the artillery ready to move at daylight the next morning. Various were the conjectures as to the probability of an engagement. General Chalmers had been ordered with McCulloch's and Neeley's brigades, and Walton's battery to Monte Vallo, Alabama, to protect the iron works in that region. Johnson's brigade had been ordered from Cherokee, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, a cross to Rienzi, eight miles north of Booneville, where Bell's brigade camped the night of the 9th. Rucker, meanwhile, had been ordered from Oxford, Mississippi, and after striking the Federal cavalry at New Albany, and driving them for some distance, joined Forrest at Boonville on the 9th. Lyon's brigade also bivouacked at Boonville on the night of the 9th, which gave Forrest the following force brought into action the next day :

Bell's brigade (Bartean's, Wilson's, Newsom's, and Russell's regiments), nine hundred and fifty rank and file ; Lyon's brigade (Third, Seventh, Eighth, and Twelveth Kentucky regiments), eight hundred strong ; Rucker's brigade (Eighteenth and Nineteenth Mississippi, and Seventh Tennessee regiments), seven hundred strong ; Johnson's brigade (Fourth Alabama Regiment and Moreland's, Williams's, and Warren's battalions), five hundred strong ; Forrest's escort and Gartrell's company, one hundred strong ; Morton's and Rice's batteries, one hundred and sixty-five strong. Total, three thousand two hundred and fifteen. Reliable scouts had brought information to the Confederate generals at Boonville that the Federals had passed Ripley and were moving on Guntown, a small station twenty-five miles south of Boonville. The Federal force was now estimated at eight thousand infantry, four thousand cavalry, and six batteries. A

conference was held at Boonville on the night of the 9th, at which were present Generals S. D. Lee, Forrest, Rucker, and Lyon, and Captain Morton. After discussing the probable direction of the Federal column and the disparity in numbers of the Confederates concentrated at Boonville, three thousand two hundred and fifteen available troops, and they greatly fatigued from constant marching, it was determined to fall back toward Okalona, and with Chalmers, who had been ordered there, and troops expected from Mobile, Meridian, and other points below, a successful stand could be made at

PRAIRIE MOUND,

a strong point for defense, just on the border of the prairie country, a few miles north of Okalona. General Stephen D. Lee ordered all the supplies and baggage-train with Thrall's and Ferrill's batteries sent southward by rail with all possible haste. He proceeded in a like direction and manner the night of the 9th, while General Forrest was ordered to move, with the available command mentioned, westward of the railroad and pass south between the Federal column and Guntown. No engagement was anticipated by General Lee short of Prairie Mound, but this little band of veteran cavalry well knew that they with Forrest at their head could never pass in close proximity to the enemy without "feeling him a little."

At early dawn on the 10th, Lyon took the advance with Morton's artillery close behind, Rucker and Johnson following.

Meanwhile, Bell, as we have stated at Rienzi, eight miles further north, was ordered to move up at a trot. The roads soaked with water from recent continuous heavy rains, and so much cut up by the previous passage of cavalry and trains, greatly retarding the progress of the artillery so that Rucker and Johnson soon passed us. On reaching Old Carrollville, five miles northeast of

BRICE'S CROSS-ROADS,

heavy firing could be heard just on ahead. Forrest, as was his custom, had passed to the front of the entire column with his escort. He had, however, ordered Lieutenant R. J. Black, a dashing young officer temporarily attached to his staff, to take a detachment of men from the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry and move forward and develop the enemy. Black soon reported that he had met the advance of the Federal cavalry one and a half miles from Brice's Cross-roads, and then was skirmishing with them. General Forrest ordered Lyon to press forward with his brigade. A courier hastened

back to the artillery, said General Forrest says, "Tell Captain Morton to fetch up the artillery at a gallop." Lyon in the meantime had reached the enemy's outposts, dismounted his brigade, and thrown it into line, and had warmly opposed a strong line of infantry, or dismounted cavalry, which, after stubborn resistance, had been driven back to within half a mile of Brice's Cross-roads.

Lyon was now ordered to strengthen his position, which was on the Baldwyn and Pontotoc road, by making fortifications of rails, logs, and such other materials as presented themselves, Johnson being on his right and Rucker on his left. A heavy skirmish was kept up until about twelve o'clock, when General Buford arrived with Bell's brigade. General Buford says that he and General Forrest held a short conference. Forrest asked him, "What do you think of the situation of the two armies, general?" To which Buford replied, "Our troops are nearly all up; the artillery will soon reach us; the enemy is scattered; the only thing for us to do is to fight, and fight d—n quick!" General Forrest directed General Buford to open vigorously when he heard Bell on the left, and, taking with him his escort and Bell's brigade, moved rapidly around southeastward to the Guntown-Ripley road. He formed Wilson's and Russell's regiments on the right of the road, extending to Rucker's left, and placed Newsom's regiment on the left of the road. Duff's regiment of Rucker's brigade was placed on the left of Newsom. Captain H. A. Tyler, commanding Company "A," Twelfth Kentucky, was ordered by Lyon (and subsequently by Forrest) to take his company, with Company "C," Seventh Kentucky, and keep mounted on the extreme left of the line. The escort, under Captain Jackson, moved around the extreme left of the line, and on striking the Baldwyn and Pontotoc road, about two miles south of the cross-roads, had a sharp skirmish and pressed the enemy's cavalry back to where Tishimingo Creek crosses that road. Here it was joined by Captain Gartrell's Georgia company and a Kentucky company. By mutual agreement Captain Jackson of the escort was placed in command of the three companies, and Lieutenant George L. Cowan in command of the escort. Meanwhile General Buford had ordered Barteau's Second Tennessee Cavalry to move across the country and gain the Federal rear, and, if possible, destroy their train, and then strike them in flank.

Bell now opening, a roar was heard along the entire line. This continuous peal of musketry was singularly affecting as we put forward every effort to speed the batteries along over the swollen

streams and rugged roads. Orders were continually arriving to stimulate a gait almost up to the 2:40. Our cannoneers were greatly enthused, and seemed to realize the importance of their presence in the unequal contest now raging with doubtful results in the front. Soon the greeting of the horse-holders, ambulance-drivers, and "Company Q," with an unencumbered road for our passage, clearly showed that we were rapidly approaching the line of battle. Major C. W. Anderson, of Forrest's staff, dashed down toward us, and directed Morton to place his artillery in an open field to the right of the road, just in rear of Lyon's position. This was quickly done, when a concentrated fire was plied with spirit and execution upon the Federal infantry and artillery confronting Rucker and Lyons. This position was reached by the artillery about one P.M. A continuous fire with shell and solid shot was kept up for half an hour.

General Buford says he was often asked by officers and men in passing down his lines if those were our guns they heard; when answered "Yes; don't you hear them?" a wild yell of confidence would go up from the ragged rebs. The entire line was now hotly engaged and pressing forward. Lyon had already taken the offensive, and gallantly drove the enemy for three hundred yards, to the edge of an old field, where they had thrown up temporary works. Johnson's brigade, under the intrepid Colonel W. A. Johnson, had held its position against great odds. Rucker, with his characteristic courage and vigor, led his invincible Tennesseans and Mississippians, breasting the fire of rifles and artillery that swept the bare field over which they advanced, and established his line within half a mile of the cross-roads. Bell, on the left, was sorely pressed, and at one time was flanked and compelled to fall back, but rallying his valiant troopers, with pistol in hand drove back the enemy and held his ground on a line with Rucker. It was at this critical moment an officer of Bell's staff dashed up to General Forrest very much excited and said, "General Forrest, the enemy have flanked us and are now in our rear. What shall be done!" Forrest, turning in his saddle very coolly, replied, "We'll whip these in our front and then turn around, and won't we be in their rear? And then we'll whip them fellows;" pointing in the direction of the force said to be in his rear. Jackson and Tyler charging on the extreme left, drove back two colored regiments of infantry upon their main line at the cross-roads. In this charge the gallant Captain Tyler was severely wounded.

Meanwhile the Federals, with desperation, hurled a double line

of battle, with the four guns, at Brice's house—concentrated upon Rucker and Bell, which, for a moment, seemed to stagger and make them waver. In this terrible onslaught the accomplished adjutant, Lieutenant W. S. Pope, of the Seventh Tennessee, was killed, and a third of his regiment was killed and wounded. Soon another charge was sounded. Lieutenant Tulley Brown was ordered with his section of 3-inch rifles close on the front, at the Porter house, from which position he hurled a thousand pounds of cold iron into their stubborn lines. A section of 12-pounder howitzers, under Lieutenant B. F. Haller, pressed still farther to the front and within a stone's throw almost of the enemy's line. Mayson's section of 3-inch rifles were quickly placed in line with Haller's. Just then Gen. Buford riding up and seeing no support to the artillery called General Forrest's attention to the fact, when Forrest remarked, "Support h—l, let it support itself; all the d—n Yankees in the country can't take it." Now arose the regular, incessant volleys of musketry and artillery. The lines in many places were not over thirty paces apart, and pistols were freely used. The smoke of battle almost hid the combatants. The underbrush and dense blackjack thickets impeded the advance of the dismounted cavalry as the awful musketry fire blazed and gushed in the faces of these gallant men. Every tree and bush was barked or cut to the ground by this torrential hail of deadly missiles. It was here the accomplished and gallant Wm. H. Porter, brother of Major Thomas K. and ex-Governor James D. Porter, fell mortally wounded. This promising young officer had not attained his manhood. He was a cadet in the regular Confederate States Army and had been ordered to report to General Bell, who assigned him to duty as aid-de-camp. Captain J. L. Bell, General Bell's assistant inspector general, had just been killed from his horse, and almost at the same moment young Porter lost his own horse, and just mounted Captain Bell's when he received the fatal shot. Lieutenant Isaac Bell, aid-de-camp of Bell's staff, was severely wounded.

The loss in officers right here was very heavy, sixteen were killed and sixty-one wounded. Captain Ab. Hurt, a mere boy, who commanded Bell's escort, rendered most efficient service at this critical juncture, and Major Tom. Allison, the fighting quartermaster of Bell's brigade, was constantly by the side of his fearless commander, and in this terrible loss in staff-officers his presence was most opportune. Like a prairie on fire the battle raged. The volleying thunder can be likened to nothing else than the fire of Cleburne's division at Chickamauga on that terrible Saturday at dusk. At length the en-

my's lines wavered. Haller and Mayson pressed their guns by hand to within a short distance of Brice's house, firing as they advanced. Bell, Lyon, and Rucker now closed in on the Cross-roads, the Federals gave way in disorder and confusion, abandoning three guns near Brice's house.

General Sturgis in his official report of this fight says, "We had four pieces of artillery at the Cross-roads. . . . Finding our troops were being hotly pressed, I ordered one section to open on the enemy's *reserves*. The enemy's artillery soon replied and with great accuracy, every shell bursting over and in the immediate vicinity of our guns." A shell from one of the Confederate guns struck the table in Brice's porch which was used by General Sturgis, greatly stunning that officer. Lieutenant Brown having refilled his ammunition chests, dashed forward with his section, and as Sergeant Brady caught a glimpse of one of the captured guns, a three-inch rifle Rodman, he ordered his old iron piece unlimbered, limbered up the captured gun and pressed it forward into action. This completed Morton's battery with three-inch steel rifled Rodman guns all captured from the enemy. One was captured at Lexington, in West Tennessee, two at Chickamauga, and this one at the Cross-roads. Lieutenant Briggs's section of six-pounders, Rice's battery, coming up, the eight guns were quickly in position at the Cross-roads and poured a torrent of shell and double-shotted canister upon the fleeing enemy as they huddled infantry, cavalry, wagons, and ambulances in an almost inextricable coil in the valley approaching Tishimingo Creek. Forrest's ignorance of artillery drill and a well-known trait was shown here, he was always greatly displeased at seeing any one turn his back upon the enemy during an engagement. When going into action at the Cross-roads, the command, "action, front," was given, the gun was unlimbered, pointed to the front. The limber was moved rapidly to its position in rear of the gun. When the general saw the limber moving to the rear, he drew his sword and started for the drivers yelling out, "Where in the h—l are you going with that little caisson?" and it was only the prompt facing to the front again that saved their scalps.

Lieutenant Brown, pressing his section down the road by hand some hundred yards, firing as he advanced, soon silenced the Federal battery on the hill at

BRICE'S QUARTER.

Over eight hundred Federal and six hundred and forty Confederates fell dead and wounded within a narrow radius around Brice's house.

Here Corporal C. R. Temple was wounded, and Jimmie Moran, a lead driver of one of Brown's guns, although shot through the arm, and was ordered to the rear, said, "No, captain, I'll stay with you as long as I can sit up," and right nobly did he drive his gun team throughout the fight with one hand in a sling, showing his fortitude and bravery. It affords me pleasure to testify to the uniformly good conduct in the camp and on the march, and heroic bravery on every battle-field, of this gallant young soldier. At Dr. Charlton's, a few miles from Nashville, Jimmie now sleeps his last sleep in a flower-garden with the ivy and jessamine covering his grave. When Hood was investing Nashville, we attacked a block house on Mill Creek, and having several cannoneers wounded, Jimmie, with his accustomed promptness and valor, turning his gun team over to the next driver, came forward to one of the guns, and while standing with lanyard in hand ready to fire the piece, was shot through the heart and instantly killed.

Johnson, pressing his brigade forward upon the enemy's position at Brice's Quarter, with Lyon supporting the artillery in the road below Brice's house, the position was soon captured with many prisoners and three pieces of artillery. Haller's and Mayson's sections were moved up at a gallop and established on the hill at Brice's Quarter and opened a destructive fire with double-shotted canister upon the enemy's fleeing columns and wagon-trains. The bridge over

TISHIMINGO CREEK

still standing, was blocked up with wagons, some of whose teams had been killed. Finding the bridge thus obstructed the enemy rushed wildly into the creek, and as they emerged from the water on the opposite bank in an open field, our artillery played upon them for half a mile, killing and disabling large numbers. Forrest's escort, under the dashing Lieutenant Cowan, having become detached, in the meantime had pressed around to the west side of the creek, and south of the Ripley road, and here made one of its characteristic charges across an open field near the gin-house, upon the enemy's wagon-train, capturing several wagons. Lieutenant Cowan in a letter to me says, "Just at this moment, your battery having gained an elevated point, and mistaking us for the enemy's reinforcements, opened fire on us, and I can assure you that your range was good. One of your shells took off the rear end of one of the wagons in our possession, but General Forrest, recognizing his own colors through his field-glasses, soon changed your fire from us to the enemy. This

was a great relief, as your fire worried us more than that of the enemy."

Meanwhile, Barteau was not idle; he had moved his regiment, as we have stated, across to get in the enemy's rear, and in his own language says, "I took my regiment across the country westward to reach the Ripley road on which the enemy was moving, and being delayed somewhat in passing through a swampy bottom, I did not reach that road"—at Lyon's gin, three miles from Brice's Cross-roads—"until probably one o'clock: I then learned that the last of the Federal regiments with all their train had passed by rapid march, and as there was now a lull in the engagement (for I had been hearing sharp firing in front), I greatly feared that Forrest was defeated and that the Federals were pushing him back, so I moved rapidly down the road till I reached the open field near the bridge." This could not have been the Ripley-Guntown road, as that road was filled with Federal troops, wagons, and artillery from Dr. Agnew's house to the cross-roads, a distance of two miles. "Having placed some sharpshooters, whose sole attention was to be directed to the bridge, I extended my line nearly half a mile and began an attack by scattering shots, at the same time sounding my bugle from various points along the line. Almost immediately a reconnoitering force of the enemy appeared at the bridge, and being fired upon returned; this was followed perhaps by a regiment, and then a whole brigade came down to the creek. My men taking good aim fired upon them coolly and steadily. Soon I saw wagons, artillery, etc., pushing for the bridge. These were shot at by my sharpshooters. I now began to contract my line and collect my regiment, for the Federals came pouring in immense numbers across the creek. Your artillery was doing good work. Even the bullets from the small arms of the Confederates reached my men. I operated upon the flank of the enemy until after dark." The wagons blockading the bridge were soon removed by being thrown into the stream, and a section from each battery was worked across by hand, supported by the escort and brought to bear upon a negro brigade with fearful loss, the other two sections were quickly to the front ahead for the moment of any support, and drove the enemy from the ridge back of Holland's house across Dry Creek. The cavalry in the meantime had halted, re-organized, and soon joined in the pursuit. The road was narrow, with dense woods on each side, so that it was impossible to use more than four pieces at a time, but that number was kept close upon the heels of the retreating enemy and a murderous fire prevented them

from forming to make a stand. The ridge extending southward from the Hadden house offered a strong natural position for defensive operations; upon this ridge the Federals had established a line of battle, but a few well-directed shots from the artillery stationed near the Holland house and a charge by our cavalry across Dry Creek readily put them to flight. A section of each battery was ordered at a gallop to this ridge, which was reached in time to open with a few rounds of double-shotted canister upon their demoralized ranks, as they hastily retreated through the open fields on either side of Phillips's Branch. Our cannoneers were greatly blown and well nigh exhausted from excessive heat and continuous labor at their guns for full five hours. We noticed a number drink with apparent relish the black powder water from the sponge buckets. It was soon evident that another strong line had formed behind the fence in the skirt of woods just westward of Phillips's Branch. General Forrest riding up dismounted and approached our guns which were now plying shell and solid shot, with his field-glasses he took in the situation. The enemy's shot were coming thick and fast, leaden balls were seen to flatten as they would strike the axles and tires of our gun-carriages; trees were barked, and the air was laden with the familiar but unpleasant sound of these death-messengers. Realizing General Forrest's exposure, we involuntarily ventured the suggestion that "You had better get lower down the hill, general." Instantly we apologized, as we expected the general to intimate that it was none of our business where he went. He, however, stepped down the hill out of danger, and seating himself behind a tree seemed for a few moments in deep study, but soon the head of our cavalry column arriving he turned to me and said, "Captain, as soon as you hear me open on the right and flank of the enemy over yonder," pointing to the enemy's position, "charge with your artillery down that lane and cross the branch." The genial and gallant Captain Rice coming up at this time and hearing the order turned to me and said, "Be-God, who ever heard of artillery charging?" Captain Rice's battery had been stationed at Columbus, Mississippi, and other points on local duty, and only a few months previous had been ordered and assigned to our command. He accepted his initiation into the ways and methods of horse artillery with much spirit and good grace. Meanwhile watching Forrest at the head of the cavalry moving through the woods and across the field in the direction of the enemy's right, I directed Lieutenants Tully Brown and H. H. Briggs, whose sections had been held in the road below the Hadden

house for an emergency, to be ready to move into action at a moment's notice. The enemy observing our cavalry passing to their right began to break and retire through the woods. Forrest seeing this dashed upon them in columns of fours. At the same moment Lieutenant Brown pressed his section down the road even in advance of the skirmish line and opened a terrific fire upon the enemy now breaking up and in full retreat. Lieutenant Briggs also took an advanced position and got in a few well-directed shot. Brown's section and a section of Rice's battery were pushed forward across Phillips's Branch and up the hill under a sharp fire, the former taking position on the right of the road and the latter in the road just where the road turns before reaching Dr. Agnew's house. Our skirmishers had driven the enemy's skirmishers upon their main line when we were about to make another artillery charge, but distinctly hearing the Federal officers giving orders to their men to stand steady, and yells, "Remember Fort Pillow." "Charge, charge, charge," rang along their lines and on they came, our right was pressed back on the "negro avengers of Fort Pillow!" They steadily moved upon our guns, and for a moment their loss seemed imminent. Our cannoneers standing firm and taking in the situation drove double shotted canister into this advancing line. The cavalry rallying on our guns sent death volleys into their ranks, which staggered the enemy and drove them back, but only to give place to a new line that now moved down upon us with wild shouts and got almost within hand-shaking distance of our guns. Lyon coming up opportunely at this moment formed his brigade on our right, and springing forward with loud cheers hurled them back with so stormful an onset that their entire line gave way in utter rout and confusion. Lieutenant Brown's horse was shot under him. The gallant young soldier, Henry King, of Rice's battery, fell with his rammer staff in hand, shot mortally wounded; his grave now marks the spot where he fell. Several members of the artillery were wounded and a great many battery horses killed. The reason for this desperate stand was soon discovered. The road was filled with their wagons, ambulances, and many caissons, the dying and wounded, cast away arms, accouterments, baggage, dead animals, and other evidences of a routed army was conspicuous on every side. The sun had set, but the weary and overspent Confederates maintained the pursuit for some five or six miles beyond, and until it became quite too dark to go further. A temporary halt was ordered, when a section from each battery was directed to be equipped with ammunition and the best horses from

their respective batteries, and be ready to continue the pursuit at daylight.

It is just as natural for a soldier to

“PROWL,”

when the chance is offered, as it is fun for him to follow a whipped foe. Weary, exhausted, and hungry as the men were, no sooner had the horses of the artillery been cared for than they made a general break for the captured wagons filling the road near camp. Great quantities of ammunition both for small arms and artillery was found, but this wasn't what the boys wanted just then. Sugar, coffee, tea, savory bacon as it was broiled on the coals was greatly enjoyed, and made us almost forget the dangers and fatigues of the day. One of our gallant lieutenants, who never lost a chance to go into a fight or “take a drink,” remarked as he shook a canteen high above his head, “There's just enough left, boys, for your lieutenant's ‘night-cap.’” A most exemplary soldier, as modest as he was brave, was seen going in at one end of a wagon, duly serene, and in a little while he emerged from the other end with a lady's dress on, a canteen of “fire-water” around his neck singing “The Girl I Left Behind Me.” Long before daylight found us moving rapidly to overtake the flying foe. We had changed positions, the cavalry now being in the advance. Overtook the enemy at Stubbs's farm; a sharp skirmish ensued, when they broke, leaving the remainder of their wagon-train, fourteen pieces of artillery, some twenty-five ambulances with a number of wounded were left in Little Hatchie bottom further on. The discomfited Federals were badly scattered throughout the country. Forrest, therefore, threw out his regiments on either side of the roads to sweep the country. A number were killed, and many prisoners captured before reaching Ripley, twenty-five miles from Brice's Cross-roads. At this point two strong lines were formed across the road. After a spirited onset the Federals broke, leaving one piece of artillery, two caissons, two ambulances; twenty-one killed and seventy wounded were also left on the field. Colonel G. M. McCraig, One Hundred and Twentieth Illinois Infantry, was among the killed, also Captain W. J. Tate, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry. This was accomplished just as the artillery reached the front. Lieutenant Frank Rodgers, of Rucker's staff, the night previous with a small select detachment of men, assisted by Captain Gooch with the remnant of his company, hung constantly

upon the Federal rear with an ardent daring never surpassed. Their series of attacks greatly harassed and annoyed the enemy, numbers of whom were killed and wounded. The artillery followed to Salem twenty-five miles from Ripley, and although moving at a trot most of the way, and killing outright fifteen horses and breaking down many others from the heat and fatigue of the march, was never able to overtake an organized body of the enemy. As Private Moore, of the Seventh Tennessee, was straggling on the flank, a little detached from his command, he suddenly came upon twenty Federals; he threw up his hands to surrender. At the same moment the Federals, to a man, threw up their hands and proposed to surrender. Moore thought they were trying to play some trick off on him, each insisting, however, on the right to surrender, when the officer of the squad directed Moore to conduct them into Ripley and turn them over to the proper authorities. This was done with great pomp and display. Moore says he was the "hero of the hour, the Lyon of the town—one man, all alone, capturing and bringing in twenty prisoners." The joke was too good to keep, and Moore would tell it on all occasions.

Before reaching Salem General Forrest fell from his horse from sheer exhaustion, and for more than an hour lay in a state of stupor by the roadside. On the morning of the 12th the artillery was recalled from the pursuit. General Forrest, in passing our guns on his return from following the scattered Federals—you will please pardon this personal allusion—struck Morton familiarly on the shoulder and said, "Well, John, your artillery won this fight!" Morton replied, "General, you pressed us up pretty close at times." when Forrest remarked, "Yes, artillery is made to be captured, and I wanted to see if they could take yours." General Buford, soon coming along, remarked that "the artillery had saved the day." Generals Bell and Lyon were equally complimentary in speaking of the conduct of the officers and men of the artillery. Ever since Alexander led the Macedonian horse at the battle of Arbela he has been ranked the first of cavalry generals of all times—his tactics outflanking the enemy's wings, dividing the enemy's forces, rallying, attacking the rear, supporting the menaced points, and his wonderful pursuit of seventy-five miles in twenty-four hours had never been approached until this grand battle of Forrest's. Starting from Boonville at five A.M. on the 10th, at five P.M. on the 11th his artillery had marched to Salem, fighting six hours at and around the cross-roads, with seven hours' rest on the night of the 10th, making seventy-three

miles in twenty-nine hours. Probably there is no artillery march on record to surpass this in endurance, efficiency, and distance. Bell's brigade moved from Rienzi on the morning of the 10th, and at seven P.M. on the 11th camped at Davis's Mill, on the LaGrange road, having marched and fought eighty-six miles in thirty-one hours. General Forrest in his official report says, "My available force in the engagement was three thousand five hundred." This has been controverted by a number of his own officers. Three thousand two hundred and fifteen, the number we give, will come nearer the truth. But admitting his force at three thousand five hundred, now take off one fourth for horse-holders, would leave two thousand six hundred and twenty-five actually engaged, with two batteries of eight guns. Forrest further says, "From reports of prisoners captured, corroborated by official documents captured on the field, the enemy had in the engagement ten thousand two hundred and fifty-two." Since the war I have met a number of Federal officers who were in this fight. They unhesitatingly say that the cavalry, under Grierson, numbered four thousand, with eight thousand infantry and twenty-two pieces of artillery, the entire command was especially selected and equipped for this expedition. Thus you will see that the Confederate force was a little more than one fourth of the Federal army. The victory was as decisive as it was brilliant. General Forrest further says, "The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded is not less than two thousand. The whole number captured and in our hands is not less than two thousand." General Sturgis, in his official report, gives his loss in killed at two hundred and twenty-three, wounded three hundred and ninety-four—total killed and wounded six hundred and seventeen; missing, one thousand five hundred and seventy-one. This is far from correct, as we buried four hundred Federals in a trench a short distance north of Bethany Church, and over two hundred in a ditch northeast of Brice's house, where Rucker and Bell waged a hand to hand contest. The dead were buried by the roadside, and in the woods, for sixty miles from Brice's house. General Forrest further says, "We captured two hundred and fifty wagons and ambulances, and eighteen pieces of artillery." In this statement, so far as the artillery is concerned, he is again in error. I had charge of the captured artillery; we secured twenty-one pieces. The one remaining was probably buried or hid in the swamps. General Sturgis places his artillery in his official report at twenty-two guns, and we have never seen from written or published accounts of where a single gun was saved. Forrest further says,

"Five thousand stand of small arms, five hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, and all his baggage and supplies were secured." Chief Surgeon Cowan reported our loss in killed and wounded at four hundred and ninety-three, though it was always believed we lost six hundred and forty in killed and wounded. The Federals claim that after defeating their cavalry at the cross-roads we whipped their infantry in detail. Extract from a letter to me by Colonel Arthur F. Reeve, who commanded the Fifty-fifth colored Infantry in this fight, reads :

The entire Confederate force was brought into action at once ; we kept no reserves ; every movement was quickly planned and executed with the greatest celerity. A potent factor which made the battle far bloodier than it would have been, was it being reported and with some degree of truth, that the negroes had been sworn on their knees in line, before leaving Memphis, to show "no quarter to Forrest's men," and badges were worn upon which were inscribed, "Remember Fort Pillow." General Washburn commanding District of West Tennessee, distinctly admits that the negro troops with Sturgis had gone into this fight with this declared intention to give no quarter to Forrest's men. General Forrest wrote General Washburn on the subject, June 14, as follows : "It has been reported to me that all of your colored troops stationed in Memphis, took, on their knees in the presence of Major-General Hurlburt and other officers of your army, an oath to avenge Fort Pillow, and that they would show my troops no quarter. Again, I have it from indisputable authority, that the troops under Brigadier-General Sturgis, on their recent march from Memphis, publicly, and in many places proclaimed that no quarter would be shown my men. As they were moved into action on the 10th, they were exhorted by their officers to remember Fort Pillow. The prisoners we have captured from that command, or a large majority of them, have voluntarily stated that they expected us to murder them, otherwise they would have surrendered in a body rather than have taken to the bushes after being run down and exhausted."

General Washburn replied to this letter June 19, 1864, as follows : "You say in your letter that it has been reported to you that all the negro troops stationed in Memphis took an oath, on their knees in the presence of Major-General Hurlburt and other officers of our army, to avenge Fort Pillow, and that they would show your troops no quarter. I believe it is true that the colored troops did take such an oath, but not in the presence of General Hurlburt. From what I can learn

this act of theirs was not influenced by any white officer, but was the result of their own sense of what was due to themselves and their fellows who had been mercilessly slaughtered."

Colonel Arthur T. Reeve who commanded the fifty-fifth colored infantry in this fight tells me that no oath was taken by his troops that ever he heard of, but the impression prevailed that the black flag was raised, and on his side was raised to all intents and purposes, he himself fully expected to be killed if captured. Impressed with this notion a double effect was produced—it made the Federals afraid to surrender and greatly exasperated our men, and in the break-up the affair became more like a hunt for wild game than a battle between civilized men. General Forrest says in his official report that "My obligations are hereby returned to Brigadier-General Buford, commanding division. He was prompt in obeying orders, and exhibited great energy both in assaulting and pursuing the enemy. The high praise he bestows upon his brigade commanders, Colonels Bell and Lyon, is truthful and just. They exhibited coolness, skill, and ability." General Forrest also in this report speaks in high terms of the gallant and efficient service of Colonels Rucker and Johnson, and of his staff, which he calls by name, and further says, "Thus did my troops in the hour of need rally to the defense of their country. They deserve well of her gratitude, notwithstanding the great disparity in numbers they repulsed the foe and achieved a victory as imperishable as it is brilliant." General Sturgis in his official report says, "I need hardly add that it is with feelings of the most profound pain and regret that I find myself called upon to record a defeat, and the loss and suffering incident to a reverse at a point so far distant from base of supplies and reinforcements. Yet there is some consolation in knowing that the army fought nobly while it did fight, and only yielded to overwhelming numbers. The strength of the enemy is variously estimated by the most intelligent officers at from fifteen to twenty thousand men. A very intelligent sergeant who was captured and remained five days in the hands of the enemy, reports the number of the enemy actually engaged to have been twelve thousand, and that two divisions of infantry were held in reserve," and General Sturgis further says, "It may appear strange that so large a force of the enemy could be in our vicinity and we be ignorant of the fact." It would have been "strange" indeed. No doubt the Federal commander believed that Forrest's force greatly outnumbered his own, and was consoled at the last when he "only yielded to overwhelming numbers." The greatest commander might sometimes be mistaken, when

forsooth the palliative defensive is resorted to. Savy Smith at West Point, Straight at Rome, and Campbell at Athens are examples.

Where all acted so well as the officers and men of the two batteries, it would be invidious to discriminate. Adjutant Blakemore and Lieutenant S. K. Watkins, ordinance officer of the battalion of artillery, deserve special mention for prompt discharge of duty. Lieutenant J. C. Barlow, and W. J. D. Winston, of Thrall's battery, on learning that their battery would likely not be in the engagement, volunteered their services, and were conspicuous throughout the engagement for gallantry. My presence being with the artillery, I of course know more of its service, and I hope to be understood that it is not my intention to detract in the slightest from the well-earned laurels of any part of the cavalry command. Each regiment and every company if written up would make a chapter of interesting history. These veterans of many fields well knew that on their conduct depended the fate of the army, and each felt

"As if 'twere he
On whose sole arm hung victory."

We take pleasure in giving the roster of the artillery in this fight, as all acted so well.

MORTON'S BATTERY.

Lieutenant T. Saunders Sale, commanding; Lieutenants Tully Brown and Joe M. Mayson; Dr. Jas. P. Hanner, surgeon; Frank T. Reid, orderly sergeant; W. S. Cowan, quarter-master sergeant; W. J. Potter, commissary sergeant.

General Sergeants—J. W. Brown, C. T. Brady, Lemuel Zarring, M. G. Conway.

Corporals—W. H. Mathews, Samuel McKay, W. J. Morris, Samuel Abney, J. K. Golden, John H. Dunlap, Joe T. Bellanfaunt, C. R. Temple, Harry C. Field, hospital steward; George N. Crunk, bugler; Charles Martin, harness-maker, James Caldwell, blacksmith.

Privates—Wm. Allen, Ed. Bradshaw, J. K. P. Brothers, J. M. Burton, James Brigance, H. D. Burchett, Wm. Buchanan, J. Crocker, John H. Carr, W. R. Clowd, J. P. Denney, W. H. Dell, Andrew Dodson, William Dattson, Charles Drawn, George Duffie, William Dean, S. P. Eldridge, Garret Fitzpatrick, M. M. Gaines, J. Gray, George Geice, J. M. Hammel, S. Jackson, Tyler Johnson, W. L. Jobe, Saunders Kennedy, William Lanier, J. Letard, W. Murry, W. McBurnie, Joseph McGuire, G. McKenney, J. B. Morrison, W. R. Miles, John

Moss, James Moran, James Mecham, J. N. Mitchell, H. T. Newton, J. C. Nipper, M. C. Priddy, Josh Prout, Thomas Peel, George Prout, George Powell, R. D. Reed, George Robinson, W. C. Richardson, Pompey Shoa, James L. Saunders, G. H. Scott, J. M. Scott, Charles Seigle, S. M. Smith, Eugene Skeggs, William Southerland, Henry Sutberry, J. Shooter, W. G. Stucker, T. R. Sumner, A. R. Thornton, J. D. Vauter, T. J. Wilson, James Wyatt, Jimmie C. Woods, W. W. Wilson.

RICE'S BATTERY.

Captain T. W. Rice, commanding. Lieutenants B. F. Haller, H. Briggs, and D. C. Jones. Jacob W. Huggins, jr., surgeon. W. L. Jobe, orderly sergeant; J. F. Mauds, quartermaster's sergeant.

General Sergeants—S. Calhoun, W. Grannon, G. W. Davis.

Corporals—F. W. Leesnitzer, N. Vanderford, F. S. Vanhorn, W. J. Davis, William West; C. A. E. Hayne, and V. J. Gaubert, buglers.

Privates—J. N. Anthony, A. W. Blair, N. J. Beams, J. W. Brown, R. G. Boss, J. Carr, J. Coleman, G. W. Canerford, E. J. Comstock, E. L. Couch, McK. Davis, J. E. Donehoe, W. B. Demon, S. D. Freeman, G. A. Foagie, C. W. Gerdon, J. N. Gaston, J. S. Grizzle, R. Grizzle, N. Greer, J. C. Hickman, E. Hanie, R. Hillyard, M. S. Howard, M. C. Jones, J. R. Jones, A. C. Jones, E. Jordan, Henry King, John Lavronie, S. Lewis, W. L. Long, George Marrott, Pat Murphy, H. P. May, H. Maxwell, J. M. McDonald, J. H. Owen, A. F. Owen, L. B. Oden, L. B. Owdem, A. J. Oden, T. Oderon, J. H. Peters, F. J. Riley, J. Roberts, A. H. Sumner, J. Saul, J. G. Taylor, B. F. Thompson, S. J. Vanderford, J. T. Vickory, Joseph Williams, George Williams, A. B. Weaver, J. R. Wells, J. Womdsdorff, J. Weaver, C. M. Williams, and W. Wallace.

We are indebted to the Rev. Samuel A. Agnew, who lives on the battle-field, for courtesies and valuable information. The various positions were recently noted under his supervision, from which the talented young artists, the Calvert Brothers, of Nashville, drew the map accompanying this paper.

AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS.—The Fifth Virginia Confederate Infantry joined the Twenty-eighth New York Volunteers at Niagara Falls on the 22d inst., and presented that regiment with the flag they had captured from it during the late war. The meeting is said to have been a very pleasant one.

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WHAT A SOLDIER SAW AND KNOWS.

VI.

And that thought-gathering reverie brings back the sweeping rush of the scout, the thrilling excitement of the skirmish, and the ordeal of battle, while before me in mental vision the later scenes of the war roll like a panorama; and now and then, a scene dissolves itself, and melts, as it were, into the forms and features of comrades long at rest, and these anon disappear, and we move on the quick-gliding canvas like puppets, urged by the master-showman at Richmond. Now we whirl eastward, now the train rumbles past Lynchburg, now slows up at Charlottesville, now skirts the Blue Ridge, and at last we dismount from our railway steed at Staunton, are infantryed to Piedmont, and thrown into line of battle in support of the pluckiest company of boy artillerists the world ever saw. Many of these lads died beside their guns, though their own shells fell far short of the enemy. Now we fall back, covering the retreat of the remnant of this splendid company, and now we are twice charged by the First New York Veteran Cavalry, and twice enough saddles are emptied to deter further pursuit. And now the race for unprotected Lynchburg begins; now divested of our nether garments we wade the Shenandoah, now hurry through the towns and over the dusty pikes until we reach Lynchburg and find there defiant and sturdy old men and beardless boys making ready to give Hunter another tussle. And well they might, for the embers of the incendiary fires in the valley were yet alive, and this vandal atrocity afterward lived in memory to fully justify the firing of Chambersburg. Now a portion of Lee's army comes to our relief, and the Federal commanders take to their heels across the Alleghenies and hide themselves in West Virginia. Now Early starts down the valley with his own command and his hastily collected force of ill-disciplined home-guards and unhorsed cavalry; and now begins our long, weary march toward the Potomac; on this we are allowed no rest during the day, except in that brief time when the files of the forward commands are drawing themselves out of the wood and into the road to march on toward the Federal capital. Through Lexington, Staunton, Harrisonburg, Woodstock, Strassburg, Winchester, and on, ever on, through this beautiful valley we drag ourselves, ragged, lousy, dusty, tired, thirsty, hungry, and footsore, only resting for an hour or so at night, after we pull ourselves on hand and knee over stubble-fields to some grateful brook to bathe our blistered feet, to resume in the morning the

weary march on the sun-heated limestone pike, our only protection being at times the boughs of cherry-trees; and so, like the army that came like "Birnam wood from Dunsinane," we come to Martinsburg, while our "hump-back Richard" found his horse without the stimulus of the reward of a kingdom, and took himself off, telegraphing that a hundred Richmonds were after him.

Here Theophilus Brown must stop the advance on Washington to refresh his soul by a confession, none the less honest because made nineteen years after the date of the commission of the sin, and with his "peccavi," which compelled the taking off of the old and the putting on of the new, makes this palliatory explanation to any civilian who has had the courage to follow his rambling pen, to wit: The best of all the good things captured by our armies was secured for the special use of quartermasters and the army of assistants, in their bomb-proof departments. At Martinsburg we captured supplies in which coffee, sugar, tobacco, clothing, boots, and hats were abundant, yet but few of us poor infantrymen were permitted to even look at the luxuries, but Captain H., an officer who dressed with the usual tinsel of a staff-officer, passed me by an unwary sentinel just to see what these things looked like, and in looking he saw a hat and tried it on. It fitted, and Brown's wandering eyes were fascinated by a pair of patent-leather "No. 7's;" then at one time and in two motions Brown's travel-scarred and soleless boots lay placid in the sutler's box, and in about the same time and with about the same number of motions, the bright, new things encased a pair of stockingless feet. Two *innocent* soldiers repassed the sentinel, but H. and B. had stolen some goods which, by right of capture, belonged to a general stock company, of whose stock they had or ought to have each a share.

These shoes retained their polished surface until the Potomac was waded at Williamsport and the war again carried into Africa. Through Hagerstown, through Frederick City they went, and rested at Monocacy bridge, where General Gordon gently thrusts Lew Wallace aside, and we again pull along unopposed, and the head of the column turns toward Washington and Baltimore.

Theophilus Brown is near enough to see, for the second time, from the tree-tops, the dome of the Federal capitol, and while the skirmishers in the front are popping away near the outer defenses of Washington we are having wash-day in a pond on the place of the late Chancellor Bibb, once of Kentucky. This exercise was intended as preparatory to our grand entree into the Federal capital, but

the *apples* of gold, were not for us, because we heard that a number of fresh *corps* were awaiting us in the fortifications, and we concluded to defer our call until some other day; so we collect a bountiful supply of cattle, and halter five thousand of the biggest and clumsiest horses, and wend our way back to the Potomac to the unsung music of "The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland, my Maryland." We recross the Potomac to the hospitable Virginia shore, and the patent-leathers come back to Martinsburg with their bright tops turned over like the top of an opened sardine-box, and gave additional grotesqueness to the Confederate war-dress. And now our horses are brought to us and our casualties were almost daily, an almost daily skirmish. *Now* our battalion takes Martinsburg, now it pickets north of the town toward the Potomac where there were no trees and where fences were no more. Thrown out in this waste of fenceless fields and told to keep a sharp lookout, we strained our eyes, for an enemy, who seemed like us to be lost somewhere in the untilled wastes, but who dropped as from the clouds into Martinsburg as we would pass out, until at last the members of the Twelfth Tennessee and First New York (Lincoln) cavalry would leave reciprocal facetious messages. Occasionally we would cross the Potomac at Williamsport, charge over the canal-bridge, and drive the enemy's cavalry before us to Hagerstown, through that city, through our pickets, let General E.'s barrel of Usquebaugh be driven across the Potomac (so the boys would say), and withdraw again into the realms of the Presidents' mother, Virginia. On one occasion our little command was stationed out to the right of that city several miles, to wait until sent for by our commander or called for by the enemy; night was coming on apace; the pickets reported that the enemy's scouts were showing themselves suspiciously, and when despairing of being recalled by order and not finding any Confederates before us, behind us, beside us, or near us, we took up a line of double quick march for the Confederacy, for the truth had dawned upon us that the Twelfth Tennessee was the only Confederate command in the State of Maryland and that the Potomac flowed gently between us and ours. We had been sent to picket in a certain direction and had been forgotten. A long gallop brought us to the Potomac, and at midnight we braved the bullets of the Confederate pickets at the river, finally established an understanding with them, and were allowed to cross, and bivouacked with a regiment of a friendly brigade. Starting at daybreak to find *our* brigade, Theophilus Brown was enjoying what seemed to him the peculiar sensations of a hero

(for had he not saved a battalion), when a voice of authority came from a buggy containing our sick and dyspeptic commander. The voice demanded who we were, where we were going, by whose order, etc., etc., with the volubility of George III in the apple-dumpling story, and without waiting for a full explanation, then and there gave the *pro tempore* hero, the saver of a battalion, only such a tongue-lashing as a buggy-ridden brigadier could give, and did then and there give a subaltern, whose duty 'twas to stay where he was told to stay, be captured or receive the abuse of a cavalry general with a diseased liver. Theophilus Brown's hero feathers drooped and he felt very like a dung-hill rooster *looks* in a rain storm.

Now we fight or skirmish almost every day; *now* near Darkesville, now at Winchester, up and down the Valley every where, and we take part in the defeat of Early at Fisher's Hill. For several days we had skirmished with the enemy and got the best of him, but on the day of the battle our decimated battalion was dismounted and placed in the trenches on the Confederate left, the men being about two feet apart and the Federals upon the rise beyond could see how weak we were. After a little firing a staff-officer rode up and sent us to drive back the enemy reported as flanking us from a mountain path on the left. We went as indicated, but found no enemy, and when we returned the Federals were in the trenches from which we had been taken, and Early's army being flanked was in precipitous retreat, in which we joined just in time to reach our horses, turn to the right up the mountain side, travel along the crest until we reached Imboden's pickets, and are again within the Confederate lines. Our mountain ride was enlivened by the heartiest Yankee cheers; and this was Fisher's Hill fight as I saw it. We continue our retreat up the valley until a stand is made and the welcome order from the department commander sent us on the road to East Tennessee, where our wounded brigadier and by far the major part of the brigade were soldiering in the neighborhood of home.

If the writer were satisfied that the readers of the *BIVOUAC* were as heartily tired of these nondescript sketches as he is, he'd throw down his running pen in the ecstasy of happiness, but being convinced from what he has heard that the intelligent readers always skip "What a Soldier Saw and Knows," he yields to the exacting demands of the printer for copy and proposes to write up the little he yet knows of the great struggle. An order from the Secretary of War ordered Theophilus Brown to be relieved from duty with the Twelfth Tennessee, and to report to the Sixth Confederate, General

Cosby's brigade. The transitu from Mossy Creek to Abingdon, Va., was successfully accomplished by a liberal use of the bummer's art of praising the old woman's newly-woven jeans and dangling the dirty-faced babies on his knee until the delighted housewives and flattered mothers would say, "Well, I reckon, stranger, you may stay and have a bite," and so Theophilus rode on, kissed the babies, praised the housewife's handiwork, and staid and bit with the savageness of a soldier's hunger at these square meals, until at Abingdon he accepted an invitation to stop for the night with Major Crutchfield at the quartermaster's depot. At midnight, on his cot guarded by Morgan's picket, Theophilus lay in slumber sound, when an unmusical voice disturbed the sleeper with "Better get out of there; the Yanks are coming." A run to the stable and leading out his horse, Theophilus Brown essayed to mount his bridleless steed to the music of clattering hoofs, pistol-shots, and demands of surrender, when a slip on the frozen pavement sent Brown on his back to be dragged as a sled until he could hold on no longer, and let go at the gate of a Mr. Trigg's residence, through the opening of which he crawled and closed the latch; and right here on the handle of this gate-latch he hangs the intelligence welcome to the reader—*To be concluded in the next.*

OUR DEAD.

FROM ADDRESS OF JUDGE W. H. ROGERS, NEW ORLEANS.

"Our dead." What thoughts must flow and fill up the sentiments of our life, when we can meet together, and with pride of honest possession speak of "our dead." Not the ordinary solemnities of the shroud and bier to add their mourning presence to a last meeting, for "our dead" had no shrouds save the gray, through which poured out their life; no bier save the field wherein they stood at duty's call and whereon they fell.

The last farewell was spoken years ago. To-day we stand around to give evidence to the world that they are not forgotten.

From every spot of our Southern land, where flashed the saber or "pealed the loud artillery," and where men met to do or die, comes the echo of that requiem chanted so long ago; from up and down the heights of Gettysburg and Chickamauga, and down and about the lowlands of Spanish Fort—that our brothers sleep well.

To-night, therefore, we must repeat the story for them. Silent

listeners must they be, as their spirits hover near, when we reiterate the promise made, to preserve their memory, their honor, and their glory.

Just twenty-one years ago many of them went down with their great captain, who had as he fell victory in his grasp, and the very lightning of heaven flashed the news of their glory and prowess to nerve the arms and hearts of Magruder's men, stretched in slender lines from Yorktown to James River as they checked the march of McClelland to Richmond. Not in sorrow, not in vain regrets do we turn our thoughts to them now, but with pride, aye joy, for they taught us that they knew how to die; not grudgingly did they go, no hesitation marked their march to the front, no shield held they up to guard their precious lives—they fell for liberty's sake, that if they could not have, their survivors should. My comrades, have you ever reflected how much we owe to them, our more than kindred—to those who yet live with them and of them? How every one of us should be ever ready, with well-cooked rations, with well-stocked haversacks and canteens filled to the spout, ever prepared for the march? No reserve must lag; every flank must be covered, and no mistake as to proper supporting distances. Can we as men have a higher duty? Is there any thing that could be a greater incentive to worthy deeds than this duty? I speak to you, my brothers, tried and true—you, the guardians of your brothers' honor; you, the friends and protectors of those they left—see to it that the picket shall always be at his post.

Time is dealing with us all. Mark you the vacant chairs that bring to your minds those who sat with us just one year ago.

No recruits to fill up our ranks; we must stand, until the last man—general and private must he be. Strange hands—no not that, under God's providence, but some one's who will inherit our blood, who will be proud to bear our names or love our history—will bear him to that tomb we have commenced to-day, and then, with Sidney Johnston proudly holding ground, will he be placed to rest—the gates locked—there to wait that “final muster where souls are paid by eternal resurrection.”

A MOVEMENT is on foot to hold a grand reunion of the army of Northern Virginia, on the field of the second battle of Manassas, during the coming summer. All the survivors of that army will be invited, and it is proposed to ask General Fitz Lee to order the Virginia volunteer forces to have their summer encampment there.

Editorial.

THE LESSON OF DECORATION DAY.

Nearly a score of years ago the Southern ladies of Louisville caused to be placed at the grave of each Confederate soldier in Cave Hill Cemetery, a marble head-stone giving the name, the State, and regiment of the soldier buried there; the same gentle, yet heroic women nursed, soothed, and cheered the sick, and with all the tenderness of mother's love, closed the eyes of the dead, and they still keep the rose-trees at the graves well trimmed. Each year, on Decoration Day, they may be seen bearing in their arms a garniture of fresh, bright flowers, and as they kneel to scatter the floral tributes, unspoken prayers are borne with the perfume of spring flowers on the whispering winds that the anguish of Southern mothers, recalled by the recollection of the anniversary day, may find assuage in the knowledge that *our* dead are always held in cherished remembrance by *our* wives and *our* daughters, *their sisters* in the kinship of an undying sentiment.

On Saturday, May 26 last, every Confederate grave was gemmed with floral offerings strewn by a half hundred little girls and boys, children of Confederate soldiers. The fathers looked on with earnest approval, and the mothers and sisters directed the willing little hands. Our boys received a most impressive lesson—that what their fathers fought for was right; that though a rebellion may fail from want of numbers and means, principles, though they may not be successfully asserted, will never die. To our daughters the lesson taught was the silent bequest of the solemn duty of keeping the Confederate graves always brightly green, and to all our children the lesson reads, “Honor the dead who died in the cause which your parents love.”

DR. PRESTON B. SCOTT, surgeon of Breckinridge's brigade, C. S. A., has been elected President of the Medical Society of Louisville.

WE print from the note-book of the late Frank Funk, of this city, the account of the battle of Fort Donelson, as he saw it.

THE survivors of the Hector Fitzhugh and Ross regiments will hold their annual Texas reunion at McKinney on the 7th and 8th of August.

THE ex-Confederates of Maysville will decorate the graves of the Confederate dead, and the Emmett Rifles, of that city, unanimously accepted an invitation to unite in the demonstration.

ON Saturday, May 26, the ladies of the Southern Memorial Association, at Lexington, Ky., decorated the graves of the Confederate dead in the cemetery of that place.

Query Box.

A. M. M., LOUISVILLE: What is the origin of the term "Dixie?" Will you name some of the songs sung in the South during the war?

ANSWER: 1. It is said that the negro slaves bought in Baltimore by a negro-trader named Dixon used to sing "Way down South in *Dixon's Land*, etc.," whence *Dixie's Land*. 2. The only two good war-songs of the South are Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner," and Lamar Fontaine's "All Quiet on the Potomac To-night." The shrieking of Maryland, my Maryland;" the torturing strains of "When this Cruel War is Over;" the harrowing notes of "Mocking Bird;" "Let me Kiss Him for His Mother;" the inevitable "Vacant Chair;" followed by the screeched long second syllable of "Lo-reena," with the interminable ding-dong of antiquated pianos, did more to reconcile the average Confederate soldier to the inclemencies and meager fares of the camp than all other means combined. When Johnnie, searching for a square meal, caught a note of either of the above gems of music he usually "tucked tail" and hied himself to camp, and vowed that should the future make him master of a homestead and a music-box, Loreena and company should be forever proscribed.

AN ex-Federal surgeon, Dr. E. R. C.; New Albany, Ind., whose brother, while a prisoner, received many kindnesses at the hands of General, then Colonel Iverson, of the Fourth Georgia Cavalry, asks after the whereabouts of that gallant officer. Will some one be kind enough to answer?

ANSWER: General Iverson died at Macon, Ga., March 4, 1873.

H. M., LOUISVILLE, KY. If the Confederate armies numbered seven hundred thousand men and the Union armies nearly three millions, how is it, according to my history, that the Federal army was so often outnumbered?

ANSWER: My dear young friend, your confidence in the truth of school-histories proves that you are very young. An army of defense, no matter how small, must be scattered so as to watch every point where there is danger of attack. Figure out how one Confederate could watch four Federals coming from a great number of possible directions, and at the same time outnumber them, and you will hereafter take the statements of your historian with many grains of salt.

Taps.

THE surviving members of Hood's brigade will hold their annual reunion at Crockett, Texas, on the 27th of June.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State for the Confederacy, has retired from the practice of law in England and is spoken of for a judgeship.

A VERMONT man who is applying for a pension says he distinguished himself by staying at home during the war. Every body else in the village went to Canada.

IT is related that at the grave of General R. E. Lee are placed card-receivers, in which reverent Southerners and foreigners leave their cards, some of which have their corners turned up to show that they have called in person, and others have the corners turned down to indicate that Mrs. Lee was included in the call.

A SOLDIERS' ORGANIZATION.—There has been formed in Richmond, Va., an association of ex-Confederate soldiers, which is to be called the "R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans," for the purpose of promoting friendship among those who fought together during the war. The organization is non-partisan, non-sectarian, and non-secret.

A HALF-DOLLAR WORTH \$1,000.—*Meriwether's Weekly*: When Mr. Oscar Taylor was in town, a few weeks ago, he showed me a silver half-dollar, for which he has already been offered \$1,000. It is one of four halves cast by the Southern Confederacy when the mint was seized in New Orleans. On the liberty side the die is the same as the present half-dollar, but on the reverse side was substituted seven bars and seven stars, surmounted by a pole with the cap of liberty. A stalk of sugar cane and a stalk of cotton are shown, around which are the words, "The Confederate States of America." Only four of these coins were issued. Mr. Taylor purchased it from a man in Ozark, who parted with it for the extreme low price of \$100.

THE first official order of the Confederate Government was written on a dry-goods' box, and dated Montgomery, Alabama, February 18, 1861. It read as follows: "The office of the Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederate States of America is established at the corner of Market and Commerce streets, where the Hon. Mr. Meminger, Secretary of the Treasury, or the undersigned can be found from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. to transact the business of that department.

HENRY C. CAPERS."

INFORMATION received in this city announces the sad tidings of the death of Captain Al. M. Hathaway, deputy warden of the penitentiary. His death occurred at his home in Owensboro, April 16, at two o'clock. Captain Hathaway was about forty-two years of age and unmarried. He was the son of Mr. E. A. Hathaway, of the Planters' House, at Owensboro, and a native of Montgomery County, in this State. He received his education in this city at Prof. B. B. Sayre's Institute, and was a captain during the late civil war in the "Orphan Brigade," commanded at various times by General S. B. Buckner, General John C. Breckinridge, General Roger Hanson, General Ben. Hardin Helm, and General Joseph H. Lewis.

CAPTAIN CHARLES B. DAVIS, of Fire Company No. 1, who was killed by a tumbling wall at a fire in Memphis, Tenn., was buried at Elmwood Cemetery, the pall-bearers being four firemen and four members of the Bluff City Greys, Company B, Forrest's old regiment of cavalry, Confederate States Army. The ex-Confederates who were pall-bearers, and a dozen other old comrades who attended the funeral, wore black crape and red, white, and red ribbons, which colors of old Confederate war-times were affectionately placed on the grave amid the flowers and evergreens. Captain Davis was a member of the above-named military company during the war, was a brave and gallant soldier, and died facing death at his post of duty.

AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS.—Captain J. E. Greene, editor of the Worcester *Spy*, was captured at Ball's Bluff, was reported dead and his funeral sermon preached in the Congregational Church at North Brookfield, Massachusetts. He was leading a company, and was surrounded by the enemy, when Colonel Singleton of Mississippi came up and politely asked him to surrender. He gave up his sword, and was given into the hands of two soldiers, and was well treated on his way to Libby Prison. Last winter Captain Greene spent a week in Washington, and met the Hon. Otto R. Singleton of Mis-

missippi, for the first time since the surrender; and they renewed the acquaintance under circumstances more pleasant. A few days ago Captain Greene received the sword that he surrendered over twenty years ago; and it may be said that he has not only survived both the capture and the funeral sermon, but honorably recovered the sword he carried with him when he went to the war.

DEPRECIATED CURRENCY.—Major McD.: “Fifteen days before the surrender of Lee a small party of us took dinner at a Richmond (Va.) restaurant, and we paid over three hundred dollars for it. A slice of butter cost us thirty dollars.

Major S.: When I was transferred to the Western Army I went to the division quartermaster and after much persuasion succeeded in getting one hundred and twelve dollars from him and started out determined to buy something at the sutlers. I bought the only thing my one hundred and twelve dollars would cover—a paper collar.

THE Mayfield (Ky.) *Monitor* gives us the following first-class notice: “The march number of that excellent magazine, THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, published at Louisville by the Southern Historical Association, is on our table. THE BIVOUAC is, without doubt, the best periodical of its kind published, and it ought to be found in the home of every Southern man, and especially should it be taken by those who fought for the Lost Cause. The price, \$1.50 per annum places it within the reach of all, and one who has once seen it would not be without it for any reasonable consideration. The contents of the number before us are varied and interesting. Send \$1.50 to “THE BIVOUAC,” Louisville, and receive it one year, or leave the money with us and we will order it for you. A copy can be seen at this office.

AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS.—During the fighting that preceded the surrender at Appomattox the cavalry on both sides were very actively employed. While directing some movements of his command at the front Major General Fitz Hugh Lee and his staff were often exposed to heavy fire. One of the last shots fired found its way into the breast of Captain Charles Minnigerode of General Lee’s staff. Captain Minnigerode fell from his horse apparently dead. There was no time to care for his body, but Fitz Hugh Lee dismounted and pinned on his breast the following note:

“This is the body of Captain Charles Minnigerode of General

Fitz Hugh Lee's staff. Whoever finds it will confer a great favor by seeing that it is properly cared for and sending information to his father at Richmond.

FITZ HUGH LEE."

The lines of combat shifted, and presently a New York regiment passed over the ground. The surgeon noticed the body of the Confederate officer, and stooping over it saw the note and also that the man was not dead. Taking up the body in his arms the Union surgeon, who was a powerfully built man, carried it about a third of a mile to a field hospital. Here he gave his young charge special attention, and noted with satisfaction a gradual improvement. Captain Minnigerode recovered, and after the war went to New Orleans. The surgeon returned to New York and renewed the practice of medicine at Poughkeepsie.

On Thursday evening General Lee, now an officer of the Virginia Volunteers (National Guard), accompanied by a party of officers of the Thirteenth, was in a box at the Casino witnessing the performance of the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief." There were present in General Lee's box Colonel Austen of the Thirteenth New York, Colonel Wertenbaker of the Third Virginia, Colonel John A. McCaull, Quartermaster Ackerman of the Thirteenth, and Captain Minnigerode, who, being on a visit to New York, had been invited to accompany his old commander to the theater. An usher entered and told the captain that a gentleman wished to speak with him. The gentleman came in and Captain Minnigerode went to the rear of the box to meet him.

"You do not remember me?" said the stranger.

"There is something about your face, sir, that tells me I do know you," replied the captain.

"You were left for dead on the field of Appomattox, and—"

"Yes, yes," hurriedly broke in Minnigerode, a light of recognition stealing over his expressive face.

"I am Dr. Carter."

"My God, sir! you are the man who saved my life undoubtedly." As General Lee greeted the doctor the latter said smilingly:

"Yes, sir, I took the bullet out."

"And here is the bullet," said Minnigerode, taking it out of his pocket and holding it up between his thumb and forefinger.

For a few moments the rich costumes and pretty women on the stage were forgotten and the little group of officers gazed instead on the two characters who had just reached a happy climax in the drama of life.

A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF LEE AND JACKSON.—General Lee sat on a cedar stump; Jackson stood near him; the staff officers of each gathered in groups hard by, and the two conversed in earnest undertones as Lee gave his lieutenants their final instructions. I did not have the privilege of witnessing this scene, but I saw both of them during the day, and could well imagine what a grand subject for the painter's brush the picture presented. I had seen General Lee only once before—the day on which he came from Washington to Richmond to offer his stainless sword to the land that gave him birth and the State to which his first allegiance was due. Then his raven hair and mustache were only slightly silvered. Now the cares of the past twelve months had whitened his hair and full beard, and he seemed at least twenty years older. As I gazed that day upon this splendid figure, five feet eleven inches high, and weighing one hundred and seventy-five pounds, clad in uniform of simple gray, with only the stars which every Confederate colonel was entitled to wear, and saw those brown hazel eyes, that beaming countenance, and the whole bearing of that “king of men,” as he gracefully mounted his charger and quietly rode to the front, I was fully impressed with the idea that I had seen one every inch a soldier, who was prepared to handle with signal ability the splendid army under his command, and lead it to glorious victory.

“Old Jack,” as I saw him that day in his dingy uniform, covered with the dust of the Valley, his faded cadet-cap tilting on his nose, mounted on his old sorrel, nibbling a lemon and seeming to me to be in a very bad humor as he gave his sharp, crisp orders, and was evidently very impatient at the delay in the march of his column, I felt sure that the “foot cavalry” had bloody work before them, and that their iron chief did not mean to spare them.

THE EFFECTS OF FEAR.—Not long ago three or four gentlemen were comfortably seated in front of the Hotel Brunswick in Austin, exchanging reminiscences and untruths regarding their experiences during the war. All of these gentlemen had fought, bled, and come very nearly dying in the Confederate army. Each had something interesting to tell about battles in which he had been engaged. There was one exception. Colonel John Randolph Fanning, a Virginia gentleman, who had distinguished himself on the field, listened to what others said but did not volunteer to impart any of his own experience.

“Now it is your time, Colonel,” said Major Rangoon, of North

Carolina. "Can't you give us something startling? Tell us about the Federal battery you captured at Chancellorsville."

"Since you insist upon it, gentlemen," replied Colonel Fanning, "I will relate a little incident connected with the capture of that Yankee battery. It struck me as being very singular. The story is about my horse, Black Hawk. He was, as some of you know, a jet black—not a white hair on him, except a white star on his forehead. He was a splendid riding animal, but he was not precisely a war-horse like the animal described by Job. He was more of a lady's horse than a war-steed. When he sniffed the battle from afar and heard the shouting and the noise of the captains, he didn't say 'ha, ha!' as Job's charger did. Mine wasn't that kind of horse."

"Probably his heart was not in the struggle. He may have been an imported Northern horse with abolition tendencies," suggested Major Rangoon.

"No, it was not that," said the Colonel; "he was a naturally timid animal. This was the first time that I had ridden Black Hawk into battle, and the poor brute trembled all over. I received an order to advance under cover as near as possible to the battery and then charge. Just before we made the charge a shell from the battery fell within ten feet of my horse. He reared up and uttered the peculiar cry of a horse in mortal terror. The poor fellow trembled so that I was in danger of falling. Fortunately the shell did not explode. A moment later I was leading my regiment in a headlong charge on the battery, with shells exploding over and on every side of us. Only one third of my regiment survived that fearful charge. After the battery had been captured, I noticed that all of my men looked very strangely at me and my charger. I happened to glance at the animal, and, gentlemen, what I am stating is a solemn fact, to my amazement, instead of being on a black horse, I was riding a white one. Excessive fright had changed every hair on the animal from coal black to a snow white—all except the little star on his forehead, and that had turned as black as your hat. I never heard of a similar occurrence, gentlemen. It was very remarkable."

"Very!" said every one in chorus. There was a pause; quite a long pause; then Major Rangoon said:

"Colonel Fanning, you have just returned from Washington City, have you not?"

"Yes."

"Did you meet Tom Ochiltree at the capital?"

"I did."

"Nuff said."

A significant gesture, and they all followed the Major from North Carolina into the hotel bar.—*Texas Siftings.*

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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL BASIL W. DUKE AT THE REUNION OF MORGAN'S MEN.

General Basil W. Duke replied eloquently to the addresses of welcome as follows:

COMRADES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: As President of the "Morgan Reunion Association," I have to discharge a duty which I find one of unusual and unalloyed pleasure. Surrounded by the men whose good opinion, confidence, and affection I most value; in whose friendship I could find solace; in whose thoughts I could have place; in whose fortunes I would still feel interest were I dead to all the world beside, I may be pardoned if I express the personal gratification this moment affords. Commissioned by my comrades to represent them, in this capacity, upon an occasion which is to them representative of the profoundest and most enduring sentiment and impression of their lives, I gladly undertake any service required, in the knowledge that I share in the fullest measure and completest sense, the feeling which calls them together.

In behalf, therefore, of the veterans of Morgan's command, I thank the people of the city of Lexington and Fayette County for the cordial welcome they give us. I ask the people of all this beautiful region, which we have known and loved so long, to believe that we gratefully appreciate their generous hospitality, and are not unmindful of the sympathy of which they have ever been so lavish. We acknowledge the compliment our fellow-citizens pay us in mingling in this attendance, and providing, by their presence, no slight addition to the general pleasure. We extend a hearty greeting to our comrades of other Confederate organizations, and bid them remember the rule of the camps, and feel that all provided for ourselves belongs equally to our guests.

And to the gallant soldiers who followed the banner of the Union,
Vol. I, No. 11—33.

who stood in the blue-clad ranks against which we so often rushed in battle—survivors, like ourselves, of a contest whose fearful evils all deplore, yet of whose stern glories all are proud—we say to them in all sincerity that of their part in the hostile past we remember only the courage with which they maintained their chosen side, and proffer them now and for all the future the friendship the brave can give and the brave can understand.

But to these Morgan veterans themselves, what words may I utter? It is not often given to men to speak a strong sentiment in fitting words and make the lips tell perfectly the feeling which lies deepest in the heart.

In the flush of early manhood, when man's nature is most impressive—when the warm and generous blood of youth yields most readily to the allurements of pleasure, but is also quicker to respond to heroic and unselfish impulse—they were bidden to choose between a life of comparative ease and safety, and one of privation and peril, between home and exile, but also, as they deemed, between duty and a failure to perform it. An overmastering destiny pronounced a sudden and imperative demand, which rang over this continent like the trumpet call of an archangel. It was especially addressed to the younger men of America. Political differences, social problems, sectional complications and resentments, to produce which they had done nothing, for the existence of which they were in no wise responsible, induced intense bitterness, progressed until compromise or conciliation became impossible, and at length culminated in war. A madness, perhaps, but a madness as sublime as it was cruel, seized upon the whole population of this country. It palsied the efforts of those who wished for peace, it turned into folly the counsels of the wise. The conflagration burst out and wrapped the whole land in one wide leap. Both sections were converted at once into hostile camps. Let any intelligent man who knows the nature of his fellow-man look back over that period of intense and uncontrollable excitement, and yet most earnest and absorbing convictions, and tell us, if he can, how war might have been averted. I have heard complacent suggestions from closet sages to that effect, but with the roar of the mighty conflict yet resounding in my memory they have seemed as paltry and powerless as the scrawls and spells and imbecile incantations with which the vulgar pretenders to witchcraft essayed to control the elements and exorcise spirits more powerful than man. That great deluge of passion resembled some immense physical convulsion; one of those vast and resistless movements with which nature,

in her inscrutable and inexorable order, sometimes changes the face of the earth, and destroys or terrifies its inhabitants. It was scarcely more susceptible of governance by human and moral agencies. What, then, confronted with this tremendous fact, were the youth and manhood of this country to do? I speak of North and South alike—of the whole land, and of both aroused and embittered populations. I do not assert that it was every man's or any man's duty to enlist in the army which his section sent forth, and rather than reproach I would congratulate those who could avoid the conflict. But I do assert that it was natural and not culpable for many to hold it to be a duty, and in that belief it became a duty with them. And does the man live who from his soul can censure those who honestly seeing the path they ought to follow lead that way, did enter the ranks and give their breasts to the battle? Youth, with whom sentiment is always stronger than reflection, the youth of both sections generally felt that it was

“Not theirs to reason why,
Theirs but to do or die,”

and that they were obliged, with their best efforts and their blood, to serve the cause of their own people, whether that people were right or wrong. I remember hearing the Hon. John T. Morgan, of Alabama, in the Senate of the United States, epitomize in one or two remarkable sentences the best vindication of the South, and the true meaning and reason of the struggle. He said, substantially, that the success of the rebellion of the American colonies against Great Britain in 1776 rendered the success of the rebellion in 1861 impossible. But that the issues left untried, the questions remaining unsettled, the problems still to be solved at the date of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and largely inhibited solution and adjustment by that Constitution and within the Union, made the conflict of 1861 inevitable. We often hear it said that the men of both sides believed they were right. This plea might be regarded as sufficient. But I am sometimes inclined to believe that, paradoxical as it may sound, both sides *were* right, and that history will so declare. What generation can discern the purposes of Providence with regard to itself? Many years pass and a later generation discovers a mighty meaning where all seemed confusion, and a grand and harmonious result made up of what once seemed antagonistic influences. The civilization we boast so much was accomplished by earnest thinkers and workers, striving, in different modes, to achieve what was good and true; but

in many, perhaps in most instances, arrayed against each other in sincere and sometimes bloody opposition. Yet out of all this strife and bitter contention—and doubtless largely because of the energy and constancy that such contest imparted to the work came the good we have.

“The life of man upon the earth is a warfare,” said Job; He who made the earth made it an arena of ceaseless struggle, “and God fulfills himself in many ways.”

Who can say that in our civil war, the combatants on both sides were not unconsciously assisting the same ultimate purpose, the same final consummation, or that it could have been accomplished without the conflict? Slavery was crushed out; all approve that result. The soldiers of the North fought to preserve the Union, without which they believed that stable and permanent peace would be impossible upon this continent, and its complete development could never be assured. The Union was saved, and we can believe and hope it will be perpetual; and the South is as anxious for its maintenance as the North. The southern men fought to maintain the right of local self-government and the independence of the States against what they apprehended to be the encroachments of a centralization which might preserve a nominal republic, but at the expense of real liberty. Has that emphatic assertion, an assertion enforced with arms and blood, been of no avail? The discussion had become stale and the topic trite. Stump speeches had been spoken and essays written *ad nauseam* about State rights, and the people of one half of this country had only learned enough of the subject to grow sick of its mention. But after men had fought and died for the idea all could comprehend it; and although those who combated for it failed, *it* has survived and prevailed. The citizens of Northern States are, to-day, as jealous of the principle we were willing to risk every thing to maintain, as we were when we rushed to arms; and judges who assumed the ermine of the supreme bench, as appointees of the party which inaugurated and conducted the war to coerce the Southern States, now labor, in frequent opinions, to expound and vindicate the rights and autonomy of the States. And we can well believe that so long as the Union endures, the rights (whose destruction we so deeply dreaded), must survive. If the one grand and unmistakable result of the war be the clearer recognition and stronger affirmation that “union and liberty” must and shall be “one and inseparable,” may not the future historian justly pronounce that both sides were right? If that is not its results, then not only were the

Confederates not wrong, but their failure was a disaster to mankind.

Comrades, what stirring recollections this day arouses! I look around me and I see the men with whom I rode side by side when the hero who sleeps in yonder cemetery was at our head in all his glorious ardor and matchless audacity. I recognize the horsemen who followed Morgan, caring not whither he led—sharing his burning convictions and daring vigor—proud of him with an exceeding pride, and loving him with a love his loss but intensified and time can not diminish. All the old life of raid and combat, the night march beneath the stars, the surprise and *melee* at daybreak, the green camping-grounds by the running waters, all revive in my memory, and I can almost believe that I may again behold those “true old times,”

“When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.”

So long as life lasts these recollections will remain and will grow dearer. Nor can it be wrong in men to cling to the past, if they cherish that which is best and noblest in the past. He who does that will be truest to the duties of the present. I believe the world will yet learn to admire the manliness which has induced the soldiers of both sides, while seeking to preserve the history of the struggle and embalm its heroism, to discard in such large measure its resentments. I venture the assertion that the world has never before witnessed a contest of such magnitude, characterized while it lasted with so much earnestness, and yet followed by a disposition so genuine and prevalent to eradicate the animosities which it occasioned. The exultation of success, the proud resentment of defeat, military ambition, the spirit of adventure, the love of warfare and its restless, glowing excitement, even the sleuth-hound hate and greed of the politician, have all been subordinated to the strong sense and sentiment of justice which underlies the American character. When war seemed the only solution of our difficulties, it was waged with mutual bitterness and obstinacy. When war ceased there was a general demand that its methods should be put away, and the malignants who wished and strove to keep alive its fires have one by one been rebuked.

In the most beautiful of poems wherein modern genius has wrought with the material afforded by medieval legend and romance, we read and read again the page which tells how, after the great battle which broke King Arthur's power with ghastly carnage, Arthur

himself lay on the red field stricken and wounded nigh unto death. All others slain, no one was with him but the bold Sir Bedivere, the latest left of all his knights, who watched the wounded man whom "a little thing might harm," and knew no other thought in life save this last care of his dying comrade and king. And Arthur bade Sir Bedivere take his sword Excalibur—the implement with which he had done the work which God had given him to do—and cast in into the lake on whose shores the battle had been fought. For, although there be work which must be done with the sword, when that work is finished the sword should be thrown away, lest its glittering temptation lead men to do evil. Yet it was with sore reluctance and strong constraint of will that the good knight did his master's bidding. The miraculous beauty of the hilt, the shining glory of the blade, and the memories of Excalibur flaming in the midst of victories, fought in his soul with the instinct of obedience. But, commanding all his resolution, and closing his eyes that he might not see the radiance which dazzled and shook him, he wheeled and threw the great brand far out upon the deep waters. But it was not fated that Excalibur should rust in oblivion or lie with the dead stones; for as it dipped the surface an arm came forth, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," and seized and brandished it. And the sword returned into the keeping of the spirit which had given it to the king, and Sir Bedivere and King Arthur knew the meaning of the sign.

To the same spirit of patriotism which placed the sword in our grasp when it seemed our duty to wield it, we gave it up again when honorable warfare was no longer possible, and its further use would have been ruffian violence. But the hope and the purpose with which we once used it must forever consecrate it in our minds.

In conclusion I would say what I will declare so long as I have breath to speak—we were not animated by a mere hallucination, but we had, in the truest sense, a country and a cause. None served that cause with a truer zeal, a more absolute fidelity, and a more determined purpose than the men of Morgan's division.

It would not become me to attempt here and now the recital of their history, but I will affirm that they were the equals in courage and devotion of the best and boldest of their Confederate brethren. Never were men, who desired no holiday service, but wished to strike often, and strike hard, and strike home, more fortunate in a leader; and never had leader better reason to repose a boundless and implicit confidence in those who followed him.

And meeting here in Lexington where rest the remains of our

dead commander, we can realize that we are still and always will be "Morgan's men." We can pay due honor and affectionate tribute to our comrades who died unconquered and ascended to the heaven of the brave ; we can exchange reminiscences of the service in which our blood once bounded ; we can indulge the friendship which unites us, and withal we can feel that this broad country has among its citizens none who will be truer in its hour of need.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

By Ed. C. Colgan, "Morgan's Squadron," read by General R. M. Gano, at General Morgan's grave, at Reunion of Morgan's Command, Lexington, Ky., July 25, 1883.

We've assembled in the graveyard, boys,
And stand on sacred soil,
Around our chieftain's resting-place,
Away from war's turmoil ;
And as we gaze with tearful eyes
And memories all aglow,
In retrospection pass the scenes
Of twenty years ago.

Beneath the silent bluegrass sod
He rests from war's alarms ;
His lips, now mute, no longer call
His followers to arms ;
But through the changes time has wrought
Since treachery laid him low,
Our hearts still beat as warm for him
As twenty years ago.

O, could we but blot out that morn,
And alter fate's decree,
That sped the murderous minie on
And set his spirit free ;
He, too, would greet us here to-day,
Where gentle zephyrs blow,
And make the comradeship complete
Of twenty years ago.

No, not complete ; that would require
A host of forms not here,
Who rode with us on many a raid,
But sleep we scarce know where ;

Near picket-stands some still repose,
O'er others roses grow ;
From spirit-land they greet old friends
Of twenty years ago.

The places where they fought and fell
Are numbered by the score,
From Bacon Creek's baptismal fire
To the lake's eternal shore.
Brave Atherton, of the " Squadron Old,"
Was the first called from below ;
We laid him on Duck River's bank
O'er twenty years ago.

West, Kennett, Smith, and Manly fell
On the battle's raging billows ;
Wasson, Young, and Cecil pressed
Prison-tortured pillows.
John Waller, Quirk, and Charlie Byrne
Fell since our overthrow ;
They've gone to join their comrades
Of twenty years ago.

We meet to-day in peaceful camp
War's friendship to renew,
And on the graves of comrades gone
Bright flowers and tears to strew ;
To dwell on themes that filled our thoughts
When marching on the foe,
To grasp the hands that primed the guns
Just twenty years ago.

Scenes have been altered since we met
Our camp-fires have gone out ;
Our battle-fields now wave with grain,
No more we raid and scout.
But in reunion we can meet,
And all restraint o'erthrow ;
Our cause and comrades are as dear
As twenty years ago.

REMINISCENCES OF MORGAN'S MEN.

MY COMRADES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: After more than eighteen years of peace spent in the various walks of life, we are, in the Providence of Almighty God, permitted to meet each other again as

Morgan's Men. There is no tie of friendship so strong and lasting as that wrought by a common service between soldiers engaged in a common cause. Time and distance are powerless to sever such a tie, or to erase from memory the vivid recollections of dangers encountered and hardships endured. It is natural and appropriate that we should give expression to that friendship we cherish for each other as comrades, by assembling in this beautiful metropolis of the Bluegrass Region of Kentucky. It is indeed a proud privilege we enjoy to-day of once more meeting face to face, grasping each other's hands, and feeling the warm pulsations of our hearts, as we recall the thrilling events of the days that are gone.

It is proper that our reunion should be held in Lexington, the home of our chieftain. On a September night, almost twenty-two years ago, John H. Morgan led forth from this city his little squadron of faithful followers, who formed the nucleus of that gallant command which afterward under his ingenious leadership executed so many brilliant military achievements, and won for him and themselves imperishable renown.

General Morgan's bold, original, and skillful methods of warfare attracted the admiration of hundreds of the young men of Kentucky, and even other States, who gathered enthusiastically under his banner.

It may prove interesting to those present on this occasion for me to relate briefly some of my own experience as one of Morgan's men. A native of Bath County, Kentucky, I became when a mere boy a resident of Putnam County, Indiana, to which State my father emigrated in the autumn of 1851. My father was an ultra Democrat, and I obtained my political education in the school of democracy. In the presidential campaign of 1860 I canvassed my county for Breckinridge and Lane.

When the late civil war came on I was an earnest advocate of States' Rights, and determined to embrace the first opportunity offered to go South, and do battle for that cause, which I believed with all my ardent nature to be right. Three of my brothers were in the Federal army, but I could not conscientiously go with them. On September 18, 1862, after the occupation of this State by the forces of Generals Marshall and Smith, I put aside the study of the law, bade my father and mother farewell, and left Indiana to join the Confederate army. I came through Cincinnati while it was under martial law, passed the pickets above the city as a countryman in a market-wagon, got on a boat at New Richmond, Ohio, and landed, on a

Sunday morning, at Augusta, Kentucky. That day I attended Sunday-school in Augusta, and walked to Milton, in Bracken County, where I stayed all night, and the next day I reached Cynthiana, and found there the first rebel soldiers I ever saw, being a portion of Morgan's men under Colonel Duke. I remember I was struck with the odd appearance of some of these soldiers, particularly their large rattling spurs and broad-brimmed hats, many of which were pinned up on one side with a crescent or star. This was but a few days before Colonel Duke's desperate fight at Augusta. I got to Mt. Sterling and "on my native heath," in Bath County, within a week after my departure from Indiana. On October 7, 1862, I enlisted in Captain G. M. Coleman's company, composed chiefly of my old school-mates, and belonging to Major Robert G. Stoner's battalion of cavalry, which was subsequently in Middle Tennessee consolidated with Major W. C. P. Breckinridge's battalion, thus forming the Ninth Kentucky Regiment in Colonel Morgan's command. Sixty days after my enlistment our company was engaged in its first fight at Hartsville, Tennessee, where Colonel Morgan won his commission as brigadier-general, and achieved perhaps his most brilliant victory by killing and wounding over four hundred of the enemy, and capturing two splendid Parrot guns, and more than two thousand prisoners.

On our celebrated raid into Kentucky during the Christmas holidays of 1862 we captured, at Muldraugh's Hill, an Indiana regiment of about eight hundred men, who were recruited principally in Putnam County, many of whom were my old friends and acquaintances. I saw and conversed with a number of them while prisoners in our charge, and had my fellow-soldiers show them as much kindness as possible under the circumstances. This regiment had only a few months before been taken prisoners at Big Hill, Kentucky, and after being exchanged were armed with new Enfield rifles, all of which fell into our boys' hands, and took the place of arms much inferior.

There are doubtless many here to-day who were on Morgan's remarkable raid into Indiana and Ohio, twenty years ago. The first brigade crossed the Cumberland River at Burkesville, Kentucky, July 2, 1863, when it was out of its banks, floating driftwood, and fully a quarter of a mile wide. The crossing of our twenty-four hundred men and horses was effected by unsaddling and driving the horses into the swollen stream, twenty or thirty at a time, and letting them swim to the opposite bank, where they were caught and hitched, while the men went over in two flats and a couple of indif-

ferent canoes. I shall never forget the perilous position I was in on that occasion. There were twelve of us who crossed over between sundown and dark with our twelve saddles in one canoe. The surging waters came lapping up to within three inches of the edges of the canoe, and on the upper side it once in a while splashed in. The two men at the oars were inexperienced, and made frequent mistakes during the passage, but finally landed us safely on this side. I breathed much freer when I got out.

On this raid, after the disastrous attack of July 4, upon the stockade at Green-river bridge, where we lost so many brave officers and men, we the next day drove Colonel Chas. Hanson's regiment, the Twentieth Kentucky, into the brick depot at Lebanon, Kentucky. Our troops surrounded the building but were greatly exposed to the enemy's fire, and suffered under the heat of a broiling sun for four hours. Some of our men concealed themselves by lying down in or behind the tents just vacated by the Federal troops. When the order was given by General Morgan to charge the enemy, I witnessed an admirable exhibition of courage on the part of Colonel D. Howard Smith. He mounted his horse and led the assault himself, calling on us to follow him, in plain view of the enemy, and under a terrific fire from the depot, not exceeding sixty yards from our advancing columns. On the other side of the building in the charge of the Second Kentucky, just before the surrender, Lieutenant Thomas Morgan, a younger brother of General Morgan, was killed, shot through the heart. He was idolized by his regiment, and many of his comrades, infuriated at his death, in the excitement of the moment, would have shown no quarter to the Federal soldiers, had it not been for the noble and magnanimous conduct of General Morgan himself. Although stricken with grief over the lifeless body of his favorite brother, and with his eyes filled with tears, I saw him rush to the front inside the depot, and with drawn pistol in hand, he stood between Colonel Hanson's men and his own, and declared he would shoot down the first one of his men who molested a prisoner. And here I may venture the assertion that no officer in either army was kinder to prisoners or more considerate of their rights than General Morgan.

When our command crossed the Ohio River at Brandenburg, I experienced some peculiar sensations as I set foot on Indiana soil, and realized that I was engaged in a hostile invasion of my adopted State. I soon got over this feeling, however, and regarded our march into the enemy's country as one of the exigencies of war, and

entirely justifiable. I was in the advance guard under Captain Thomas H. Hines (now one of the judges of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky), through Indiana and Ohio, and was captured at Buffington Island. I rode down eight horses on that raid, and although this number was perhaps above the average to the man, there were doubtless fifteen thousand horses ridden at different times by Morgan's men on the Indiana and Ohio raid.

About seven hundred of our men surrendered at Buffington, and we were started down the river on a boat next day in charge of some Ohio troops (the Twelfth Ohio Infantry, I believe), who treated us with great courtesy. After our arrival in Cincinnati, we were shipped in box cars to Camp Morton. I now began to appreciate what it was to be a prisoner of war, and that, too, within forty miles of the home of my parents. I was not entirely sure, either, of what would be the fate of a rebel from the Hoosier State. I was, however, shown much kindness by one of the companies of the Seventy-first Indiana Regiment, which constituted the prison-guard. It was made up of my neighbor boys in Putman County, and they all seemed rejoiced to see me *there*. Through their intervention I received clothing and other necessities from home, and obtained an interview with my brothers and some of my old friends who had learned of my capture while at Indianapolis and came out to see me.

Remaining one month at Camp Morton, we were then sent to Camp Douglas, at Chicago. On the night of October 16, 1863, having been confined in prison three months, accompanied by one of my messmates, I tied my boots around my neck and in my sock-feet climbed the prison fence, twelve feet high, between two guards, and made my escape. My brother, Dr. R. F. Stone, now practicing his profession at Indianapolis, was then attending Rush Medical College at Chicago. I found him next morning after making my escape as he was entering the college building. He showed us over the city and during the day we dined at the Adams House, an excellent hotel. It was the first "square meal" I had eaten in several months, and I have often thought since it was the best dinner I ate during the war. I left the city by the Illinois Central, going to Mattoon, thence to Terre Haute, where I tarried at a German hotel two days, having written home to some of the family to meet me there. After seeing two of my brothers and getting some additional funds, I came by rail to Cincinnati, thence by boat to Foster's Landing, Ky., and from there footed it through Bracken, Nicholas, and Bourbon counties. I reached Bath County a few days afterward, and early

one morning I was captured in the very house where I was born, by a squad of home guards, in charge of Dr. William S. Sharp, who was my father's family physician when he lived in Kentucky. I was taken to Mt. Sterling and there lodged in jail. I see that old jail-building every day when at home. It has been converted into a dwelling-house, and is now owned by an ex-Confederate colonel.

To make good my escape from Camp Douglas, and to be again taken prisoner after getting five hundred miles on my way back to Dixie was extremely mortifying. I was confined in jail at Mt. Sterling two weeks, and was then started with other prisoners to Lexington; but, having serious apprehensions as to the reception I would meet with at the hands of Burbridge (who had about that time an unpleasant way of hanging and shooting such rebels as he caught in Kentucky), I succeeded in making my escape in the night at Winchester, eluding the vigilance of Lieutenant Curtis and his thirty mounted guards, who fired a few harmless shots at me as I disappeared in the darkness.

A few days later, finding no opportunity to get out South, owing to the presence of Federal troops in Eastern Kentucky, I got on the cars at Paris, and went to Canada *via* Cincinnati, Toledo, and Detroit. I staid in Canada, at Windsor, and Kingsville, four months, and in April, 1864, returned to Kentucky. While watching a chance to go back to the Confederacy, I worked on a farm three weeks near Florence, in Boone County. On General Morgan's last raid into the State, I joined a portion of his forces near Mt. Sterling, having made my way to them alone on horse-back from Boone County, and on reaching Virginia in June, 1864, I attached myself temporarily to Captain James E. Cantrill's battalion, being a remnant of General Morgan's old command, with which I remained until the following October, when at the battle of Saltville I got with my old regiment, then forming a part of General John S. Williams's brigade. We returned to Georgia in time to follow in the rear of Sherman in his "March to the Sea."

When the news of General Lee's surrender was received, our brigade was at Raleigh, North Carolina. President Davis and his Cabinet officers were found at Greensboro, North Carolina, and our brigade escorted them from there to Washington, Georgia, where it disbanded. I rode to Augusta, Georgia, with Lieutenant William Messick, and there surrendered to the Eighteenth Indiana regiment, occupying the city, and received my parole, May 9, 1865.

No man can fully or correctly appreciate the value of personal

liberty who has never been a prisoner. At least three fourths of Morgan's men here to-day have felt what it is to endure the fearful life of a northern military prison, and many of them were humiliated by incarceration in the loathsome dungeons and cells of penitentiaries while prisoners of war. Fortunately for me, I left Camp Douglas in time to avoid the starvation policy subsequently inaugurated there. Of the seven members of my mess I left in Camp Douglas, three died, one took the oath, and the other three, after twenty-one months of horrid imprisonment, were exchanged a few weeks before the close of the war.

The same restless, daring spirit that actuated Morgan's men in the field, characterized them in prison, and out of eighteen hundred prisoners taken on the Indiana and Ohio raid, not less than six hundred of them escaped from Camp Morton and Camp Douglas. I have heard that one of the Chicago newspapers stated during the war that even if Morgan's men had done nothing to distinguish them before their capture, they had immortalized themselves by their wonderful and successful escapes from prison.

The extraordinary escape of General Morgan himself, together with Captains Hines, Sheldon, Taylor, Hockersmith, Bennett, and McGee from the Ohio State prison, stands without a parallel in military history. You can not imagine my surprise, after getting on the cars at Paris *en route* to Canada, on the occasion already referred to, when I picked up a *Cincinnati Daily Gazette*, some passenger had left on the seat, and read the graphic account of this unexpected escape of our general and six of his captains. My heart leaped for joy at the news, but I dared not give expression to it by the utterance of a word.

The course of Morgan's men since the war closed deserves the highest commendation. As far as my observation extends, good soldiers in time of war make good citizens in time of peace. The toils and hardships of army life fit and prepare them for the battles of civil life. The success of Morgan's men as civilians has been commensurate with their success as soldiers. Kentucky has selected from our command some of her highest legislative, judicial, and executive officers. From our ranks Kentucky and other States have been furnished mechanics, farmers, merchants, bankers, teachers, physicians, lawyers, and ministers of the gospel. There is hardly a neighborhood in Kentucky in which there does not reside one or more representatives of Morgan's men, while many have become useful and honored citizens of other States. Coming out of the army,

most of them ragged and poor, some of them crippled for life, with no government pension to depend upon, they have gone to work for a living, and their labors have not been unrewarded. Their sobriety, industry, and moral worth will compare favorably with that of any other members of society. They have married the fair daughters of the South, the "girls they left behind them," and to-day they enjoy the comforts of home, and can sit under their own vine and fig-tree surrounded by their wives and children. Most of us have passed the meridian of life, but there is much usefulness in store for us yet. We should not content ourselves with the victories and honors of the past. The present and future have demands upon us. The welfare of our respective communities and States, as well as our common country, calls for our continued labors in their behalf.

I shall always remember a remark made by my friend Jerry R. Morton, of this city, one day while we were in Canada together. We were walking down the Detroit River, and as we took in the broad landscape view that stretched itself out before us, and saw the United States flag floating from a fort below the city on the other side, he stopped, and pointing across the river exclaimed, "I tell you, Stone, that's a great country over yonder!" I acknowledged the correctness of his estimate of the American Republic. Standing on British soil, poor, self-exiled rebels as we were, we did not feel at liberty to call this *our* country then. But great as this country was then, it is far greater now. We have the right to call it *our* country to-day. With peace and prosperity throughout the land, and all sections united in fraternal feeling, we have, even in this progressive age, beyond question, the grandest country in the world. We are justly proud of the rapid strides the Southern States have taken in making up the present grandeur of the United States. We are especially proud of our own magnificent State. She has made much material progress since hostile armies ceased their ruthless march over her fair territory. Railroads have been built in all directions, penetrating her mountains and traversing her valleys. Nature's vast storehouse has been unlocked by the spirit of enterprise. Our inexhaustible fields of iron, coal, and timber are fast being developed, towns and cities are springing up on every hand; our means and mode of agriculture on our fertile and beautiful bluegrass farms, have been greatly improved, and we can truthfully boast of the finest cattle, the fastest horses, the fairest women, and the most hospitable people on earth.

But notwithstanding all these claims to superiority, there are some

things lacking yet, without which we can not hope to keep pace with our sister States. We want in Kentucky a more efficient system of common-school education. We need, in other words, less whisky and more public-school money; fewer distilleries and saloons, and more school-teachers and school-houses. To attain for the children of our beloved Commonwealth better public schools is an object well worthy of our united labors and influence. Lord Brougham has appropriately said, "Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The school-master is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array."

I trust that good results may flow from this reunion, and that it may serve as the pioneer of other reunions in Kentucky, not alone of Morgan's men, but of all the Confederate soldiers within the borders of our Commonwealth. I hope to live to see the day when not only in Kentucky, but in the whole country, the survivors of the Confederate and Federal armies shall meet as a band of brothers in one grand reunion, and commemorate alike the gallant deeds of the brave officers and men, both of the North and of the South.

FROM DALTON TO ATLANTA.

II.

At the close of a former article, General Johnston's army had crossed to the south bank of the Etowah, which was on May 20th, 1864. On the 21st we had a good rest, all being quiet until late in the afternoon, when there was severe cannonading down the river several miles to our left, which indicated that Sherman was flanking us by crossing the Etowah in that direction. The 22d was an exceedingly hot day, and as our brigade was bivouacked on top of a high hill overlooking the river, with no water nearer than the base, we suffered much from thirst. The soldier who filled his canteen at the bottom, would have it emptied by the time he toiled to the top of the hill, and he would be left as thirsty as ever. Being the Sabbath, there was divine service in camp, and in the afternoon the "Christian Association" of the brigade met near the Sixth Regiment. It was found that several members had been killed since the opening of the campaign, and the writer listened to eloquent tributes paid to the memory of fallen comrades.

At 11 A.M., May 23d, we fell in and moved toward Dallas, leaving the railroad to our left. The road was much crowded with troops, and we were until near sundown marching eight miles. The column had to be halted at short intervals, and the soldiers having thus to stand up in ranks much of the time, was really more tiresome than rapid marching. It was very warm until late in the afternoon, when there was a refreshing shower of rain.

On the 24th, at 2 A.M., the column again moved out, and after marching five miles toward Dallas, our brigade was formed in line of battle across the Burnt Hickory road, which came in from the direction of the Etowah, and near New Hope Church. Skirmishers were thrown out, and we rested here during the day, the enemy not appearing in our front. There was continuous cannonading to our left, and late in the afternoon the enemy came up in force in front of Tyler's brigade, guarding a road to our left, when a spirited skirmish ensued. After dark we fell in and marched five miles on the Powder Springs road, and at midnight bivouacked about two miles east of Dallas. The rain had been pouring down steadily since dark.

All serene on the morning of the 25th, both in point of weather and warfare. At noon we moved half a mile nearer town, and bivouacked near a large spring. In the afternoon Finley's brigade was fortifying in front of us, toward Dallas. About sundown the musketry roared terribly a few miles to our right, in the direction of New Hope church. We afterward learned that the firing was caused by Hooker charging Stewart's division, and that the enemy was repulsed with heavy loss. At dark the rain again set in and continued nearly the whole night.

At daylight on the 26th our regiment (the Ninth and the Fifth) moved to the front and to the extreme left of the division, where they commenced fortifying on a hill occupied by two batteries of Cobb's battalion of artillery—Slocum's and Gracey's. This was in an open field, and as the morning advanced, the sun came down scorching hot. At noon, however, we were ordered to stop work, and at 1 P.M. the two regiments were moved to the right of the division where we rejoined the balance of the brigade. This movement was greatly to our advantage for it placed us in the woods where we had the benefit of a good shade. Our regiment occupied part of the temporary works thrown up by Finley, on the left of the road leading from Dallas to Marietta while the Second Regiment was on the right of the road. Just before sundown our skirmish line opened up a brisk fire which was replied to with equal vigor on the part of the

Federals, and the minies commenced whizzing over us quite freely. The trees and bushes were standing so thick in our front, however, we could not observe either skirmish-line from the works. Soon after the skirmish opened, a Federal battery unlimbered on the road in our front and commenced throwing shells at a lively rate. General Lewis then rode up and ordered our colonel (Caldwell), to swing out with his regiment and take the battery. We did not think we stood in any great need of the battery, still we commence girding up our loins for the task; but just as we were about to move forward, the order was countermanded. When night came on the other regiments were extended further to the right and our regiment had to fill up the interval by being deployed in the works two or three yards apart. We were then ordered to sleep on our arms. Once during the night the skirmishers in front commenced firing, and the soldiers were up in a moment, ready for action. The firing soon ceased, however, and we again went to sleep.

Just before the dawn of day on the 27th, our regiment was ordered to fall in, and we moved around some distance to the right of our brigade, where we formed line of battle at the base of a wooded hill. At daybreak we moved up the slope in conjunction with two Tennessee regiments of Tyler's brigade, expecting to have a stubborn fight. The enemy was easily driven from the position, however, and we were soon masters of the situation. We captured a few prisoners, but what pleased us most was the capture of a fine bullock which the Federals had just killed and partly skinned. Soon after, Vaughan's brigade of Cheatham's division came up on our right and swept forward, driving the enemy from a hill still further to our right, which was also important to the holding of our position, for had these heights remained in the possession of the enemy he would have commanded the entire line occupied by our division. About 10 A.M. our regiment was ordered back to the position we had left in the early morning, on the right of Findlay, but we had scarcely gotten in place when we were ordered back to the hill taken that morning, where we remained behind some temporary breastworks, with the minies and shells flying over us in a constant stream during the balance of the day.

At daylight on the morning of the 28th our regiment was moved still further to the right, and occupied the works which had been constructed by one of Cheatham's brigades, his division having been withdrawn during the night, except his skirmish-line. Walker's division posted on the left of our division had also been withdrawn,

which left our division and Jackson's cavalry division alone to confront McPherson's army, McPherson being the extreme right of Sherman's army and ours and Jackson's divisions being the extreme left of Johnston's army. The hill our regiment now occupied on the right of the division was nearer the enemy, and our line was almost at right angles with the main alignment. We were in the woods where there was much undergrowth, and no part of the enemy's line could be seen except in a small field a little to our right where the Federals had a field-battery or two, well protected by earthworks. Being thus extended our line was necessarily very thin, our regiment alone occupying the works of an entire brigade. The Federal sharpshooters were very close and kept a constant stream of bullets flying over our works all the time. The brigade that had been withdrawn left several old smooth-bored muskets lying around, also a box of buck-and-ball cartridges, and soon a lively contest sprang up between some of our soldiers as to who could shoot the largest load out of these guns, directing the fire over the heads of our skirmishers, and in the direction of the Federal lines. Often these muskets were so heavily charged that they roared like young cannon. A Federal sharp-shooter whom we captured volunteered the remark to General Bate, who happened to be on our part of the line, "General, your sharp-shooting is excellent, but your artillery is not worth a d—n." Lieutenants Ellis and Applegate of Company B, not to be outdone, stealthily carried two of these muskets heavily charged, beyond the works where a better view could be had, and fired a volley at the enemy, which caused a general shout for the infantry corps.

About 4 P.M. our regiment was ordered to get ready for an assault on the enemy's works. Cartridge-boxes were crammed with ammunition, canteens filled with fresh water, and knapsacks, blankets, and haversacks were to be left behind so that the soldiers would not be encumbered by any extra weight. The order was that our regiment was not to advance until the other regiments got out even with us, then we were to go over the works and keep dressed with the line on our left. We were soon in fighting trim, and every man to his place ready to move forward at the command. It was not long until the musketry and artillery commenced to roar in the wooded valley to our left, and above the din of battle we could plainly distinguish the "rebel yell." Our regiment commenced swinging out on the alignment, but even before the right companies had gone over the works the firing ceased and all became perfectly quiet. Owing to the thickness of the woods we could not see the combatants, but it was soon evident that our troops

had fallen back, for the Federals commenced cheering all along the line.

As our regiment occupied an isolated position, it was some time before we learned the true state of affairs. It seems that it was the opinion at army headquarters that the main Federal force had been withdrawn from about Dallas, and a charge was ordered to feel the strength of the enemy. Jackson's division of cavalry on the left was to advance at the firing of a single volley of artillery from Cobb's battalion, and if ascertained that the enemy was not in heavy force, then the infantry was to advance at the firing of two volleys. At the appointed signal, Armstrong's brigade of cavalry made a vigorous charge on the extreme left, but finding the enemy entrenched and in heavy force, fell back. General Bate then directed that the signal for the infantry to advance be withheld, and dispatched orders to each of the brigade commanders not to move forward. Before this order was delivered, however, our brigade and Finley's brigade (commanded by Colonel Bullock), moved to the charge. General Bate in his report says, "The charge of Armstrong's brigade was made with a yell, which together with the fire of musketry and the enemy's artillery, caused General Lewis and Colonel Bullock, on the right, to believe the entire left was charging; hence they moved forward and came amid the thick undergrowth, in close range of the enemy's fire before they were able to see the entrenchments—one or two regiments of the former (Lewis), taking the first line of breastworks of the enemy, and the latter (Bullock) approaching near the same, both driving every thing before them, killing many and capturing some prisoners. Colonel Smith (commanding Tyler's brigade), being near the signal station, awaited, and did not advance." Colonel Bullock received the order countermanding the charge first, and falling back, left the flank of our brigade exposed to a heavy inflading fire of both artillery and small arms, in addition to the withering fire from the enemy in front. The Fourth Regiment especially, suffered in this regard, being on the left and most exposed. When the order reached our brigade, the Fifth Regiment had its blood up, and at first refused to fall back, only doing so when the colonel seized the colors and bore them to the rear. This charge made by the infantry was brought about through misapprehension, and the heavy loss entailed was needless; yet such accidents will occur in the most carefully planned campaigns.

General Sherman in his book says that he had concluded to withdraw McPherson from Dallas, and gave orders accordingly, but

McPherson was also confronted with a heavy force, and as he began to withdraw according to orders on the 28th, he was fiercely assailed; a bloody battle ensued in which he repulsed the attack, inflicting heavy loss on his assailants.

As McPherson had an army of some twenty-five or thirty thousand men under his command (Jeff. C. Davis's division had joined him from Rome), and as he was confronted by only one infantry division and one of cavalry, there was necessarily a great deal of "bluff" on our side. This game was materially aided by the heavy timber and thick undergrowth intervening between the lines, which prevented a critical observation as to our actual force.

On the 29th there was the usual sharp-shooting and cannonading, but no demonstration indicating attack from either side. Our regiment continued to hold the isolated hill, and at the point nearest the enemy's lines there was a constant stream of bullets flying over.

About ten or eleven o'clock at night we were suddenly aroused from our slumbers by heavy volleys of musketry and the thunder of cannon. The writer sprang to his feet, and while rubbing his eyes open, asked a comrade who was looking over the works, what was the matter. "H—l has broke loose in Georgia!" was the response, and sure enough there was a perfect sheet of flame from small arms coming over the enemy's works extending miles away to our left, and the flash of his cannon in battery in our immediate front lit up the dark woods so that we could see plainly the cannoneers working the guns, while the shell and grape came shrieking over the hill, mingling with the hissing minies. At first we thought a line of battle was seen advancing up the hill to the attack, and fire was opened from our works, but it was soon discovered that this was a mistake and that the enemy continued behind his fortifications. The enemy's batteries in the open field to our right flank also shelled furiously, the shells flashing through the darkness over our heads like meteors. Cleburn's division came from the right to reinforce us, thinking our division attacked, and Govan's Arkansas brigade came up to the support of our regiment. We heard Govan's soldiers yelling in the distance as they came plunging through the creeks and tearing through the underbrush, which was to let us know that succor was near at hand, and to encourage us to hold the works until they arrived. They were much astonished when they came up and found us not repelling an attack, but quietly looking over at the beautiful "fireworks" furnished gratuitously by our neighbors. Presently the firing from the enemy's works ceased as suddenly as it had commenced and soon

there was a profound quiet. But it was not long until we heard a Federal staff-officer, who rode along the enemy's line in our immediate front, announce that five thousand rebels had just been captured over on the right, which caused tremendous cheering. We swallowed this information with a grain of salt, however, and instead of "folding our tents and silently stealing away," we simply folded ourselves in our blankets and went to sleep. But we were again aroused two or three times during the night by this strange outburst of firing on the part of the enemy, and we were at a loss to account for it, no satisfactory reason ever having been given, so far as the writer's knowledge extends.

WHAT A SOLDIER SAW AND KNOWS.

A certain Mohamed, after calling in vain for the mountain to come to him, wisely concluded to go to the mountain, and on one occasion stood not on the order of his going but invented for the purpose an Arabian style of skeedaddle called an "hegira," and went for the mountains with all the undignified "get up and get" that was in him, but Theophilus Brown shut up in Mr. Trigg's yard at Abingdon, listening to the clattering hoofs in the street and to the rush of plundering stragglers in the alley in the rear, could plainly see the hills, and notwithstanding he had in his pocket an order from the Secretary of War to report to the Sixth Confederate Battalion, stood there very irresolute. Even though the hills seemed to beckon to him he felt that he *couldn't*, like the Arab, go to them. He did just what any pent-up soldier would do under similar circumstances, he walked into the kitchen, stirred up the embers in the cook-stove, filled his pipe with powder-mixed tobacco from the corners of his war-jacket, leaving of course just room enough in the bowl for some hasty reflections on the possibility of a blue-coated arm being thrust through the door-way by way of argument to a pistol-pointed invitation to come out for an excursion to the lakes at the expense of the United States Government, but as the first reflective whiffs wreathed their smoke spirals loftward, a voice came from that place with "Who's down dar?" The answer brought the advice, "Better git out'n dar, young marster, 'cause the yanks in the next yard." Another whiff—another thought—and Theophilus Brown whisked like a rolling hoop to the stable and lay quickly down beside a brindle cow to hide and *ruminate*, not on the "sweet breath of kine in the mead-

ow," but how to get away from the breath in the stable, while inquisitive eyes peered occasionally through the cracks in the wall but failed to see the little *Brown* heap by the side of the industrious cud-chewer. In the darkest hour, just before day, an alley gate stealthily opened, a fence sprung over, and Theophilus Brown was speeding over the fields and far away but without a horse—the enemy's cavalry on every road and bushwhackers in the hills. At last, wearied from loss of sleep, he lay down and slumbered for an hour, and when he awoke he was compelled to tear his clothes from the earth to which they were frozen, and of all the well-remembered nights of the Confederacy this oftenest returns to mind when the slightest change in thermal temperature rouses a frost-bitten toe to give a lively illustration of its barometric functions. Heading toward Wytheville, Theophilus wished to ascertain the color of the uniform of a column of cavalry that had just passed down the road, slipped into a cottage, and after being told that they were Federals, was attempting to gain a woodland just beyond a cross-road, and when on the fence he saw a detachment of the enemy's cavalry returning from the lead works, and the detachment *saw* him. He fell inside the fence when a dozen blue-coats rode up with drawn pistols and urged Theophilus to give them his pistol. Theophilus was mounted again, this time by the United States Government, and behind a man who kindly held the reins for him. To the captors every speck seen in the distance was a bushwhacker, and a whispered encouragement of this suspicion, coupled with scarcity of horses, gave Theophilus a worthless verbal parole and set him on his own legs again to go in quest of another horse and his new command.

He found the horse, and with it soon reached the Sixth Confederate Cavalry, which at that time numbered but few men and but one officer present. An expedition to New River in pursuit of a raiding party, or an occasional scout, was all that served to keep up an interest, until one bright morning, near Christiansburg, Va., an order was published that the commissioned officers should come at once to brigade headquarters, whither they went expecting an order to be ready to move, etc., etc.

When they came into the presence of the general, he was nervously walking back and forth, and with ill-suppressed emotions, he said, "Gentlemen, General Lee has surrendered." "General Lee surrendered!" they echoed in doubtful inquiry. They could *not* believe it, though they had seen army after army yield to superior numbers, had seen brigades reduced to regiments, regiments to com-

panies, and companies consolidated; though they knew that every available man was in the army, knew that every appliance of conscription had been used to recruit our shattered forces, knew that all the undeveloped boys and feeble old men able to carry a musket had been gathered in, knew that the end must soon come unless assistance was received from European nations, but that General Lee had surrendered, O, no! The blow must have fallen somewhere else, for General Lee in the estimation of the Confederate soldier, was invincible. The brigadier and commander of the Sixth started at once to Canada, advising the men either to seek the Western army or join General Giltner, then about to move toward Kentucky, on a raid deflecting toward Tennessee, if the news was not confirmed, otherwise, to follow the example of Lee and surrender. When the whole truth was known a kind of bravado took the place of dismay. The officer sent out by the Federal authorities to negotiate for the surrender was laughed at, and the news of the assassination was received with a suppressed cheer. When at last the command reached Mt. Sterling (the place designated for surrender), the command was no longer cavalry, for the men had sold their horses for means to reach their distant homes.

The prisoners were drawn up in line, the arms grounded, and the men marched to headquarters where they were given their paroles.

Theophilus Brown with them reached the end of the struggle, and has now written, in this disconnected way, much of what he knows of the late war, and very little of what he saw during its progress.

ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Several weeks were passed by Colonel DeBoin's family, seemingly in the quiet activity of social enjoyment. A greater number of the neighbors visited the DeBoin family than ever before, and dinners, sailing parties, picnics, fishing, and huntings seemed to be the order of the day. To all appearances the colonel himself threw aside the ordinary hauteur and reserve of his manner, and presented to the surrounding society a new phase of character. He exerted himself to please, and really, taking every thing into consideration, his past severity of demeanor, his rather chilling mode of address, and his distant, upright bearing, he succeeded remarkably well in his

present strange attitude. His neighbors began to think that they had hitherto misunderstood his character; that, after all, he was a clever, sociable man; that to appreciate him and learn his true disposition, it was only necessary to know and to visit him.

To Irene, this change in her father's daily habits and demeanor, was truly pleasant. She looked on with astonishment not unmingled with delight. As she watched him moving among his guests, dispensing the little courtesies of the hour demanded by the occasion, and beheld what a delightful effect it produced in adding to the gayety of picnic or dinner, she came to think him the most charming man she had ever met, and wondered what could have brought about so marked a change. Why, in all those years which had passed, had she never before seen her father exhibit this agreeable phase of character. And then she set to work thinking could this have been his normal condition, and had some dreadful thing happened, changing his whole being, producing the austere man whom she had known all her life? But it was of no use. Thinking till doomsday could give her no accurate information on the subject. Somehow or other she connected young Harkins with this change in her father, and the idea that he was in some unknown way the cause of her father's present exhilaration, gave her a species of affection for the youth, and she began to treat him very kindly—not too kindly, but still, to such an extent that young Harkins began, as he said while discussing the question with himself in the quiet of his chamber, “to see his way clear.” Had Willie Ross been present on such occasions, a jealous pang would assuredly have disturbed the quiet tenor of his thoughts. But Irene's conduct and treatment of Ebenezer Harkins did not extend beyond sisterly feeling or action, and though it might have ruffled the susceptible feeling of a lover, yet in reality it did not exceed that of a modest, well-educated maiden who loved her father, and was disposed to extend her kindness to any and every one who added to his happiness. She was as yet wholly unaware of the intentions of that father, and of the expectations of the doughty Captain Harkins.

Her mother, too, felt kindly toward the young man for the same reason—the change in her husband's manner. She remembered that he had not for years exhibited so much gayety; that it had been many, many years since she had heard him laugh, and she, too, wondered what it was that had thus, as it were, lifted the burden from his heart, brought back the spirits of his youth, and enabled him so easily to diffuse happiness on those around him. She blessed

whoever or whatever was the cause, and herself became gay and joyous. She attributed the result in large part to the presence and ready tact of the young captain, and began to feel toward him as toward a son, and to bless him in her heart for thus renewing the youth of her husband. The influence of the change permeated every portion of the Colonel's family circle, and was pleasantly felt by all, including even the field-hands, for whereas, formerly very little communication was had between master and servant, now they were often stopped by the colonel, who inquired of them kindly about their little domestic matters, and showed an interest in their well doing which he had not for years exhibited. None of them knew the real cause. None of them knew that his whole soul had become profoundly interested in the success of a movement which he had put on foot, the success of which, he was firmly persuaded, rested on the impression he could make upon his fellows. Hence, knowing this and being terribly in earnest, he had determined to succeed if he could so do, by any effort of which mortal was capable. A great object earnestly pursued will develop in the pursuer every quality he possesses, and in many instances will radically change the whole nature of the man, and present to friends and foes phases of character they never dreamed the individual possessed of.

In the meanwhile, Colonel DeBoin moved among his guests and acquaintances, talking, laughing, joking, and making himself very agreeable, introducing Captain Harkins to every one, young and old, and recommending him to the favor of their intimacy by all possible means. And Harkins really conducted himself admirably, ingratiating himself with all whom he thought would be of help in carrying forward the scheme he had come to Florida to effect. This scheme was to arouse disaffection among the people of Florida, to gather together the elements of discontent and unionism, to form a Union party, and out of the whole to organize an armed resistance to the constituted Confederate authorities, of which Colonel DeBoin was to take the lead, commissioned as a brigadier-general by the Union Government. This was the plan to affect which the colonel had given himself up, body and soul, and which had produced in the demeanor of the man so marked a change—a plan in which he hoped with the aid of Captain Harkins, to succeed.

Day and night for the past few weeks he had worked, under the disguise of the various festivities we have mentioned, to forward his cherished object, leaving the subordinate proposition of Irene's and Ebenezer's marriage to work itself out in the due course of nature.

During this period he visited every person, male and female, in the least suspected of harboring a sentiment in favor of the Union, explaining, arguing, urging, and pleading for his cause. Every expedient which could be thought of was duly put in motion to assist the design. Returning to his house at night, he and the captain would compare notes, experiences, and hopes. Each new day pleasing themselves with the idea that their grand object, at first without a local habitation, was assuming shape, and becoming an accomplished fact. Every night adding some new name to the long list, which the colonel thought, with that sanguine belief pertaining to all enthusiasts, was to bear the Union cause onward to victory.

Every thing, too, favored their daring project. All of the troops, even to the latest levies had been sent to the front, and there was not an armed squad any where in the whole country. In addition to which, a few slight reverses in Virginia and in the West, greatly magnified by the alarmists, gave the colonel an ample field for speculation, and afforded a great opportunity for prophesying evil and misfortune to the Confederate arms, and to a man of vivid imagination, betokened an early downfall to the cause, and of those who had staked their lives and fortunes upon its success. He and his coadjutor, Harkins, could not come out openly and advocate their purposes, for notwithstanding the fact that all the troops were engaged at the front, the prevailing sentiment was heartily against the Union government, and there were plenty of men left who would not have hesitated five minutes about disposing of any one whom they deemed a traitor to their country, and whom they caught *flagrante delicto* spreading disaffection in the ranks of the patriots. Several, otherwise deemed worthy people, had been tarred and feathered and driven from the country, for a too ready use of their tongues in talking against the Confederacy, and one man who had been caught in an attempt to stir up the negroes to mutiny had been tried by a posse of citizens, convicted, and hung, without any of the usual delays and provocations of law.

With these facts fresh in his mind and no desire to perish ignobly before the accomplishment of his grand project, the colonel worked slowly and secretly, but with great success, as he fondly imagined. The knowledge of what had been done to interfere had a very violent effect upon Harkins. Of all things in this world, that to which he was most bitterly opposed was his own death, let it come in what shape it might, whether as that of the traitor or the hero, it suited him not. There was no conceivable means he would not have

adopted to avoid such a result, and had he known at the start of the perils attending his undertaking, he would have avoided it with all the force of which he was capable. He never would have consented to put his precious carcass in peril—it was worth too much to him. What was wealth, glory, and all else that ambition leads to, to him, if the realization brought death in its train? But he was now embarked in the struggle, and while the fact was, that a man had been hanged for doing what he was attempting, still, hope whispered, such will not be my fate. “If the worst comes, I’ll get out of the way. They can never catch me; I’m too sharp for these dull-pated fools. I’ll keep a sharp lookout for squalls, and the man who catches me napping will have to wake mighty early in the morning.” With this course of action marked out he determined to hold on to his present operations. He had a great deal at stake—too much in fact to throw up the sponge lightly. There was the intended marriage with Irene, whom he fondly fancied was falling deeply in love with him, but to win whom and her wealth it was absolutely necessary to retain the good will of her father, and he had learned by this time that there was “no fooling” about the colonel—that he was a brave, resolute man; terribly in earnest in this work, the set purpose of his life, the one and the first great object, which had come to his life since the days of his callow youth. For him to discover cowardice or meanness of spirit in his proposed son-in-law, would be at once to destroy forever all the prospects of that man for a nearer alliance, and to crush at once and for all time his aspirations for that position. Ebenezer Harkins had sufficient knowledge of human nature and had seen enough of Colonel DeBoin to realize the effect of such a discovery, and he had sufficient tact and assurance to assume the character of manliness and to carry it out, too, if no imminent danger revealed the true inwardness of the man and exposed his native cowardice and inherent littleness of spirit. There are many men in this gay world of ours who pass for the bravest and best of citizens, who impose upon the public a false idea of their greatness, and the imposition sometimes continues until death—a tombstone commemorative of their many generous virtues is oftentimes erected to incite the coming generations to emulate their glorious example. When if the truth in all its nakedness could have been exhibited and their true characters laid bare, instead of exaltation they would have received the deserved scorn and execration of every genuine man. In their case no emergency had risen showing them in their true colors. Such was the condition of things just now with Captain

Harkins. The country seemed so quiet—the people following peaceably their daily avocations. He was received with empressment wherever he went—he could not conceive of danger lurking in such a calm and agreeable state of society. Naturally shrewd, and endowed with a stock of assurance, enough to have supported a half dozen ordinary men, he felt capable of sustaining the role which he had assumed, determined, however, to vacate it the moment danger threatened his divine person.

Affairs had gone along in this way for several weeks, the colonel believing he was making fresh adherents each day, was nightly adding their names to his list. In the meanwhile Captain Harkins made such court to Irene as the time at his disposal warranted, but as his vanity and avarice only were enlisted, his love-making was at no period so warmly and eagerly pressed as to alarm the delicacy of her feelings. So little were her thoughts directed to such an idea, that she never once thought that Captain Harkins was viewing her in the light of a possible wife. Several times she had momentarily deemed his language a shade too high flown for a mere visitor or friend, but never for a single instant had she dreamed of what his intentions were in regard to herself. The time had now arrived when the colonel believed matters to be sufficiently ripe for action. He had as he supposed, imbued his neighbors sufficiently with his own notions to begin the organization contemplated; so he appointed a short day in the future as the time, and an old log school-house on the edge of a large hammock, situated about half way between Ocala and Oak Grove, as the place of rendezvous for his disciples, notifying each man to come to the appointed place prepared to be enrolled into the service of the Union, and ready to march to St. Augustine, where they would be fully armed and equipped, as required by the United States Army Regulations. He had no doubt of quietly effecting his organization, and as quietly making his way to the city mentioned, the whole country being, as he supposed, entirely free from Confederate troops. Hence he had selected a rendezvous right by the side of a great public road, and though the time was to be near sunset, still it was to be in the day time. He had now no longer any use for secrecy, as he deemed his work accomplished. Well knowing what the result of his actions would be upon his private fortunes, he had the week before executed a deed of all he possessed, conveying his property to his daughter, in this way thinking to preserve what he owned from confiscation, Irene being, as was well known, an ardent Confederate. To this step he was more particularly urged by Captain Harkins, who in

advising this step, deemed that he was advancing his own interests, and placing any other disposition of the colonel's vast estates beyond his power. By this deed he had unquestionably united the estates with the woman, and he would not in the event of the marriage which he contemplated be compelled to await their enjoyment until the colonel's death. Having effected this arrangement, the colonel had caused his family to make every necessary arrangement for a removal, so that on the day in question, his wife had all prepared for going away, but to what point, and why the removal had to be, she knew no more than a child unborn. For though she had asked these questions of her husband, she had so far received no satisfactory solution. The fact simply was that she was ready, and had gotten ready at her husband's command, quietly and without calling the curiosity of either neighbor or servant to the matter. Every thing therefore was ready, horses, conveyances, trunks, and every thing necessary to a quick but substantial journey.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MAKERS OF THE FIRST BATTLE-FLAGS.—The telegraphic report of the presentation of a Confederate battle-flag to the New Orleans Washington Artillery is not altogether correct. The lady who had the distinguished honor of making that banner is not now "a school teacher in Baltimore," but the wife of Professor Martin, of Johns-Hopkins University. In the years of 1861-2 there were at Richmond three ladies by the name of Cary, who had abandoned elegant homes in Maryland to follow the fortunes of the Confederacy. Three more beautiful and accomplished and fascinating women never existed. One of these modern Graces remained in single blessedness. Another married Burton N. Harrison, the secretary of Jefferson Davis. Her husband is now an eminent lawyer in New York, while she has highly distinguished herself in æsthetic literature. Miss Hettie Cary, the third Grace, married General Pegram and afterward Professor Martin. For sometime after the war she trained young ladies in the famous seminary of her parents. It was she who adapted the song of "My Maryland" to the music that will always be a part of its existence. How her soul must be exalted at the past evoked by the proceedings of yesterday! Some artist of the South should have painted the Hettie Cary of 1861-2 as the Diva of the Confederacy.

Editorial.

REUNION OF MORGAN'S MEN.

Morgan's men, to the number of fifteen hundred, met recently in Woodland Park, Lexington, Kentucky.

The thinned companies, in the order of their distinctive letters, formed in line and stepped backward, as it were, into the stirring and stormy times of the war.

The boys were again in camp with their surviving comrades and officers, and again the merry jest and ringing shout resounded with the added zest of sudden recollection. The reunion was a conflict of joy and grief; the one evoked by the presence of those still left to answer, "Here!" at roll-call, and the other called up by the *absence* of those who had long since crossed over the river, the whole finding a feeble and suggestive expression in the contending sunbeams and shadows that flecked the grave of their leader while they lovingly placed there a remembrance of flowers. This done, reluctantly the veterans turned homeward to wait for the final "taps."

IN the general summing up of the battles and skirmishes of the war between the States, the interest is mainly centered in the great armies of the East and West, and but scant justice has been done to the devoted commands in the more isolated parts of the Confederacy. This is especially true of those commands serving in Louisiana in the neighborhood of Bayou Teche and elsewhere. The actions of Farie's battery in this locality are especially noteworthy for hard and constant service, being at all times unsupported by infantry. Want of space is our apology for not publishing the interesting reports now being re-printed in the *Truth*, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

OUR August number, containing Major Sauffley's eloquent address, will be in press in a very few days. Copies at all the leading book-stores.

THE reunion of Morgan's men, at Lexington, was by all odds the most successful and enjoyable affair ever held by a Confederate command¹—enjoyed alike by the members of that command, by comrades, and by ex-Federal soldiers.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC will enter upon its second year and new volume with the September number. This magazine, from the issue of the August number, will be under the control of Captains W. N. McDonald and W. M. Marriner. An office has been established at the corner of Center and Green streets, where ex-Confederates visiting the city will find a welcome.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ORPHAN BRIGADE:

Comrades—The next reunion of our brigade will be held at Lexington, Ky., Sept. 5, 1883. The interest manifested in our last meeting at Blue Lick Springs is a guarantee that the coming one will be a splendid success. Lexington is very accessible, containing among other objects of tender regard to Kentuckians, the graves of Breckinridge and Hanson. It will be a fitting thing after a hearty greeting to visit those sacred spots and once more do homage to their memory.

The First Kentucky Brigade, consisting of the Second, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Ninth Kentucky, and the Forty-first Alabama Regiments of Infantry, will thus meet in grand reunion. Brief addresses will probably be made by some of our comrades.

We are endeavoring to have a number of the Forty-first Alabama present. All Confederate soldiers of Kentucky, and visiting soldiers of all arms and armies, are cordially invited to meet with us. Please inform our comrades.

HERVEY McDOWELL *Chairman.*

JOHN H. WELLER, *Sec'y.*

Six dollars sent to us at our expense will secure the BIVOUAC for one year to five addresses.

THE edition of July and August numbers will be each unusually large, to fill orders now on file from "Morgan's men."

EX-CONFEDERATES visiting the city are invited to register their names at office of SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, corner of Centre and Green streets.

Taps.

THERE were 2,780,178 men enlisted by the United States for the purpose of putting down the rebellion.

CAPTAIN TIFFANY, formerly military postmaster at Camp Douglas was presented a handsome cane by some of Morgan's men at the late Lexington reunion.

WHEN the news of the surrender of Lee was being communicated to Sherman's army, a soldier who had been attentively listening cried out, "Thunder, why you're the very man we've been *looking* for, for four years!"

JOHNSON'S ISLAND, in Lake Erie, was the principal military prison for Confederate officers during the war, nearly three hundred of whom are buried there. The graves are neglected, the headboards fallen or gone, and the lettering on those remaining well-nigh obliterated.

"CAPTAIN, we are entirely out of ammunition," said the orderly sergeant of a company to his Irish captain in one of the regiments of the Union Army at the battle of the Wilderness. "Antirely out?" said the captain. "Yes, entirely out." "Then sase firing," said the captain.

THE only newspaper published by the Confederates in Kentucky during the war, was the *Lexington Statesman* during the occupation of the city by General Kirby Smith in the fall of 1861.

The printing department of the *Observer and Reporter* was conducted for some time by the printers of Morgan's command.

"I NEVER killed but one man during the whole war," said Colonel James Otis, late commander of New York cavalry, "and that was unavoidable." "How was that?" "Well," said the colonel, seriously,

"a Confederate chased me twenty-five miles, and fell from sheer exhaustion. I have regretted it ever since, but it could not be helped."

BILLY P. said he had no lice on him. "Did you ever look?" "No." "How do you know then?" "If ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," said Billy. "Why there is one crawling on your bosom now." Billy took him, put him in his bosom, and said to the louse, "You stay there now this makes the fourth time I have put you back, and if I catch you out again to-day I'll martyr you." Co. AYCH.

BEFORE the war Island No. 10 contained four hundred acres of cultivated land, a fine residence, a splendid orchard and grove of fig trees, negro cabins, fences, and all that goes to make up a prosperous plantation. In the time of war the shores of Island No. 10 were lined with batteries, supported by seven thousand men. To-day this island does not exist. The place where it stood is known by a slight ripple on the surface of the water.—*Memphis Avalanche*.

GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY has declined to permit a "camp" of Confederate veterans in Lynchburg, Virginia, to use his name as a title. He advised the "camp" to take that of General Garland, a Lynchburger, who was the first Confederate general to fall in the war. In these times, he suggests, it is dangerous to pay honors to any but the dead. Those who have said Jubal Early was not a smart man can now start for the rear.—*Boston Bivouac*.

JUDGE JOHN RICE was a very violent secessionist, and in a speech urging secession said, "Why, — the Yankees! If they show fight, we can whip them with pop-guns." A short time after the war, Judge Rice was making a speech at the same cross-roads where he had made his boasting speech before the war. One of the audience asked if he was not the same Judge Rice that spoke there in 1860. "I am," he replied. "Well, didn't you say we could whip the Yankees with pop-guns?" "I did; and we could have done it; but, — 'em, they wouldn't fight us that way!"

DURING the war one General Pope made a report in which he captured a very large slice of the Confederate army, and every whopper in the Ananias line was likened to General Pope's report. At one time a soldier lying "*in extremis*" sent for chaplain for religious consolation, and curiously enough the gentleman of the cloth

turned to the Jonah story and read it, when the following conversation ensued: Soldier—"Chaplain, is that from the Bible?" Chaplain—"Yes, my brother, from the Word of God." Soldier (with failing breath)—"Please—look—again and see if it is not General Pope's report."

It was reserved for Southwestern Virginia to produce during the late war a veritable Mrs. Partington. In answer to an inquiry of a straggler for "news," the blessed old soul replied, "I haint heerd much, except an exerter was cumin' along here the other day and was a tellin' of me as how the Yankees was mortifying at Christiansburg, and Captain Causeland's crittur company cum along and driv 'em away, and the news cum on the polegrass wire to Christiansburg that the preserves was all called out, and the whole State of Virginny was gwine to be vaccinated; and while the exerter was a tellin' me of it a provoking guard cum along and interested of him.

DOG MUTTON.—When Morgan's men were confined at Camp Douglas, the prison was visited by the Illinois legislature in a body. Following this august procession of law making suckers, was a black and tan terrier, the property of one of the Solons. As the members passed along 'twas the work of an instant, for one of the boys to seize the pet dog, envelop him in a blanket, and finally to kill that dog, skin him, and send him to the cook as mutton. The carcass was cooked, eaten by all who were not in the secret, and found by the half-starved prisoners to be *good* when considered as *mutton*, but when known, as it afterwards was as pure *dog*, the poor cook was beaten nearly to death. We expect a sketch of the dainty incident by one of the "dog eaters," several of whom live in this city.

EVERY soldier had a brigade of lice on him and I have seen fellows so busily engaged in cracking them that it reminded me of an old woman knitting. At first the boys would go off in the woods and hide to louse themselves, but that was unnecessary, the ground fairly crawled with lice. The boys would frequently have a louse. There was one fellow who was winning all the money; his lice would run quicker and crawl faster than any body's lice. We could not understand it. If some fellow happened to catch a fierce-looking louse he would call on Dorvin for a race. Dorvin would come and always win the stake. The lice were placed on plates—this was the race-course, and the first that crawled off was the winner. At last we found out Dorvin's trick, he always heated his plate. Co. AYCH.

OF late years the bonds issued by the Southern Confederacy have been bought up by speculators until they now possess a marketable value. Baltimore has been the headquarters of purchasers, but they are really bought for a London syndicate. The price has gone up from \$1 per \$1,000, to \$15 per \$1,000. The bonds are now becoming scarce. Every one has supposed that there was some speculation in view by the purchasers, but until very recently it was not known what action would be taken by the holders. Now it appears the English purchasers are making an attempt to induce the Southern States to establish their credit abroad by recognizing part of what they call their debts, and \$50,000 has been subscribed as a fund to secure this end. The owners profess a willingness to be satisfied with ten per cent. of the debt, which will be about \$4,000,000 to each State.—*Little Rock Gazette*.

JUST THE WORD.—It happened during the battle of Gaines's Mills, Va., that we got very badly mixed up—at one time the rebels having got behind us, and, as it appeared, upon all sides of us—and having expended about all our cartridges, we were pretty tired, if not a little demoralized. We were lying flat upon our faces, firing very slowly, with almost our last ammunition, when a reb, who was also in the last stages of demoralization, and seemed to labor under the impression that he was running from the Yankees (which I presume he was, for rebs and Yanks were sandwiched in through those woods to beat all calculation), bounded out of the bushes within ten feet of a recruit, who had arrived in camp just before the battle. The "reb" was a six-footer, and was panting like a donkey engine. Upon seeing the recruit he stopped short, and gazed at him in blank consternation for a few seconds. The recruit was equally amazed and terrified, and began to stammer and "rise to explain." The reb at last threw down his gun, and the words "I-I-I-surr-r-render," trilled through his chattering teeth. "B-b-b-by God," exclaimed the recruit, "that's just the w-word I was trying to think of." And the rebel got away.

SUPERFLUITIES.—A fine old Virginia gentleman was Jack Dade, and fond of his toddy to his dying day. He was a great friend of Tyler, and when the latter became President he asked Jack what he would like to have. "Well," said Jack, with unusual frankness, "I want a good berth, where there's plenty to get and nothing to do." Tyler made him Superintendent of the Washington jail. His assistant did the work and Jack drew the pay. He was the fellow who made the famous Fourth of July speech to his convicts: "Men, he

said, in his oratorical way, "men, if you don't behave yourselves better I'll turn you all out doors. You shan't stay here a day." Jack found it difficult sometimes afterward, as well as during the war, to get his daily drink. Once, I remember, he came to the house of a relative of his who had lost every thing in the war but his old-fashioned honor, and his elegant furniture. "Where's your liquor?" asked Jack as soon as he arrived. "Why, colonel," said his relative, sitting in his handsome parlor, "times are not what they were before the war with me. I'm too poor to buy whisky. I haven't a dollar in the world." "Well," said the colonel, "why don't you sell some of these superfluities (waving his hand around the room) and buy some of the necessities of life!" His relative had no answer ready.

BOOKER REED'S DUEL.—"Did you ever know that Booker Reed fought a duel one time?" asked a well-known citizen of the inquisitive reporter.

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, he did, and killed his man, too. It was during the war, when Sherman was cavorting around in Georgia. Booker Reed belonged to the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry—a Confederate regiment. He and fourteen others were out scouting one day when they were suddenly surprised by a shot fired at them from the rear. It was at station 5½, on the Georgia Central Railroad, about fifty-five miles this side of Savannah. When the shot was fired Booker turned and saw a solitary horseman trying to hide behind a large tree. At every opportunity he would bang away at Reed, until finally Booker got mad and challenged him out on the railroad track for a square duel. The Federal cavalryman accepted the challenge and followed Booker out on the track. They were about eighty or ninety feet apart, and before Booker could square himself in his saddle his antagonist had fired three shots at him, but they all flew wild. Booker got a dead bead on his man with an Enfield rifle and plucked him square between the eyes, sending him off his horse a corpse. The fellow had belonged to the Fourth Iowa, and he turned out to be the man who had robbed Governor Colquitt's residence in Georgia. About five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds were found upon him."

GENERAL LEE'S UNSELFISH DEVOTION.—Not many people know that General Robert E. Lee was offered the chief command of the army in 1861 and declined it. The offer was made on the recommendation of General Scott, backed by the venerable Francis P.

Blair, sr., who conveyed the tender of the position in person. It must have taken great moral courage to decline the highest position to which he could ever have attained in his most ambitious dreams. In 1865 the railroad which is now called the Virginia Midland, and its connections, was mainly owned by English bondholders. After an expert had carefully examined the condition of things the committee of bondholders held a meeting and tendered to General Lee the presidency of the road and its connections under one organization, at a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. About this time one of the most powerful of the New York life insurance companies offered General Lee ten thousand dollars a year and a house in Richmond to take hold of and build up their southern business. General Lee declined both these splendid offers to accept a place as teacher of southern young men at three thousand dollars a year. Captain Burritt says that the Duke of Beaufort, Lord John Manners, and two other English noblemen, tendered General Lee a splendid estate in West Riding, at Yorkshire, with a handsome rental equal to twenty-five thousand dollars a year, for life, if he would accept it and live upon it. Earl Spencer, now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made the tender. General Lee, with a charming dignity that these gentlemen say was beyond any thing they had imagined, declined the offer.—*Richmond Whig*.

THE RIGHT COUNTERSIGN.—“Speaking of army days,” said Fogg, “there was old Ben. Plunkard, as brave a chap as ever drew bead on a fellow mortal, and as true as steel. You could always depend upon Ben. Did I ever tell you about that time when he was on picket? No? Well d’ye see, it was down in front of Fredericksburg, an awful night—black as a stack of black cats, and raining like fun. Ben was walking back and forth, wet to the skin and almost dead for sleep, when he thought he heard something. Ben pricked up his ear and strained his eyeballs. He could not see or hear anything at first, but bimeby he heard a footstep, and in another instant the unmistakable outline of a man loomed out of the mist and darkness. Ben brought his piece down with a jerk and hollered out, ‘Who goes there?’ ‘Friend!’ came the answer. Ben demanded the countersign, but the man didn’t have it. He said he was Ben’s captain, and that he had been visiting another regiment and got belated. Ben knew the voice well enough, but Ben was a true soldier, he was. ‘No use,’ he said, ‘I’ve got my orders; and orders is orders. You can’t pass; and if yer don’t get out pooty darn quick,

I'll give yer a taste o' the bagonet.' 'Nonsense, Ben,' said the captain kind o' trembling like, for he knew what kind o' stuff Ben was made of, 'let me get into camp; I'm wet as a drowned rat.' But Ben was n't to be coaxed, and when the captain heard the click of Ben's musket, he began to think it was about time to say his prayers. But he made one more appeal. 'Ben,' he whispered, 'don't make a fool of yourself. I've got a canteen of whisky—' Before he could say more, Ben brought up his piece to the carry, with the words, 'Countersign is right; advance, friend!' 'Yes,' continued Fogg, preparing to relight his pipe, "old Ben was a soldier, every inch of him; clean rite clear through."—*Manchester (N. H.) Union*.

PRIVATE HORNBECK'S DEATH.—And has he heard the "taps" of the great General in Chief of the armies of the universe ordered "from the beginning of time" and gone to rest in tent prepared for him from the beginning by that ever kind and thoughtful General? Such is the fact as we learn from the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC of March, 1883. The caption suggested these inquiries: Did he die in the enemy's territory? Was his command advancing or retreating? Was he left on the field of battle? Did he fall into the enemy's hands? If so were his last agonies made the subject of jest or jibe? Was his poor flesh torn by devouring vultures? Do his bones lie bleaching in sunshine and storm upon the bloody battle-ground? The answer, for there is but one simple, sweet answer to all these questions, is such as would be the supreme pleasure of an angel to bear. He did not die in the enemy's territory. He was advancing when he fell, panoplied with the armour of love, taken bright and fresh from the armory of his Chief, and kept burnished by constant use, for the last dress parade. He was tenderly, lovingly, and sadly borne from the field of life's battle, with muffled drum by those who had learned to love him for his many and noble virtues as they had in days of yore found cause to respect him for his undaunted courage. That respect is always nearly akin to love and it needed but little to kindle the sacred flame. He did not fall into the enemy's hands. The "taps" that retired him were not from the enemy's drum. Neither jibe nor jest greeted his dying ear, but the sweet sympathy of brave hearts who though they wore the "Blue" and he the "Gray," belonged to the same great family and no longer knew hatred. His body and bones were given the last sad rites of sepulture by kindred spirits, who were brave in war and loving in peace. May the scene of the "Blue" bearing the poor lifeless form of the "Gray" to

his last resting place ever remain a green spot in our memories ! The highest respect for courage and undaunted bravery has long blended the "Blue" and the "Gray," and may this simple act blend them more closely and tenderly in such love as to make these scenes more frequent. No doubt these noble men, who have a government to pension them in sickness, felt deeply for this poor orphan, who was dying of disease brought on by exposure in a "lost cause," and divided their plentiful rations with him, hungry and sore and weary, as they had often done in the midst of the fray. Designing, "stay-at-home" politicians can not forever keep this sincere respect from kindling into a nobler and tenderer feeling between the South and the West, for they are bound together by ties of kinship, inter-marriage, and migration; though all true patriots fear lest they may long estrange the East which is more distant and retired. May the day be not far distant when "taps" shall sound for *passion* and *prejudice* and the "Blue" and the "Gray," their families and relations, form the procession, which shall bury them deep in the sod of forgetfulness, is the earnest wish of a

"JOHNY REB."

HE WAS IN THE ARMY.—A distinguished company of lawyers sat in the Supreme Court room, recently, talking over old times. Among them was Col. Charles S. Spencer. He was in his usual happy vein, and told a new story.

"I was retained," he said, "by an ex-soldier of the war to sue for the recovery of some eighteen hundred dollars which he had loaned to a friend. The late Edwin James was counsel for the defendant. I went to work zealously for my client. James cross-examined the plaintiff in his usual forcible way.

" 'You loaned him eighteen hundred dollars?' Mr. James asked.

" 'I did, sir,' was the reply.

" 'It was your own money?' Mr. James continued.

" 'It was, sir,' my client responded.

" 'When did you lend him the money?' was the next question.

" 'In July, 1866,' was the answer.

" 'Where did you get that money, sir?' Mr. James asked sternly.

" 'I earned it, sir.' The words were said in a meek tone.

" 'You earned it, eh? When did you earn it?' asked Mr. James.

“ ‘During the war, sir,’ was the reply, still in a very humble tone.

“ ‘You earned it during the war. Pray, what was your occupation during the war?’ Mr. James asked.

“ ‘Fighting,’ the man replied, modestly.

“ ‘O, fighting,’ Mr. James said, somewhat taken down, and instantly changing his manner.

“ ‘I smiled triumphantly, and even snickered a little. James was half mad. Well, we went to the jury, and I, of course, had the last to say. I sailed away up to glory. I spoke of the war; of the lives and treasures which it cost us; of the awful battles which decided the fate of the Union; of the self-denial of our men who left home, and wife, and children, and father and mother, and every thing that was dear to them, and went forth to fight for firesides and freedom, and the salvation of the nation. I pointed to the plaintiff as he sat there, still with the same air of humility, and even sadness, and I said that was the sort of men who had fought our battles, and saved the flag, and shed his life-blood that we and our children might enjoy, uncurtailed, the glorious blessings of freedom wrenched from the hands of despots by our sires. I worked up that jury, I can tell you, and the plaintiff himself drew forth an unpretentious handkerchief and wiped away a tear. I got a verdict for the full amount of course.

“ ‘As we were quitting the court-room, James said, ‘Spencer, your war speech gained you the verdict. If you hadn’t discovered through my cross-examination that the man had fought in the war, you would have been beaten.’

“ ‘My friend,’ I replied, ‘If you had only asked the man which side he fought on, you might be going home with a verdict. My client was an old rebel.’—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

MILITARY INGENUITY.—“ ‘I never will forgive the Confederate government,” said Colonel Wartick, when asked to relate a war reminiscence. “ ‘I started out with a ripe determination of doing everything in my power for the cause, but men who had more authority than I had pulled against me, and consequently I stepped aside. They even went so far as to court-martial me. Now, if there is any thing in military life that takes a man’s appetite it is to be court-martialed. It’s pretty bad in civil life to be tried before a justice of the peace, but that isn’t any thing to compare with a court-martial, and especially when he knows full well that he has done nothing to merit such severe handling.’”

"Why were you court-martialed, colonel?" asked one of the company.

"For the simple discharge of my duty. Just about the time it behooved the Confederacy to make every edge cut that could, I was sent into a community to press guns, and to draft and arm every available man. Well, I went to work and discharged the duty in accordance with my construction of the order. At one place we seized a large number of double-barrelled shot guns. In examining them we found many that were damaged so greatly that only one barrel could be used. I told my men not to throw them aside, but to keep them, that they would come in handy. In the community there were a great many saw-mills and family feuds, and consequently there were a great many one-legged men. One day I issued an order that all the one-legged men to be found within a radius of twenty-five miles should be brought into camp. The order was strictly obeyed and within two weeks we had seventy-five cripples. Forming them in line one day, I ordered the disabled shot guns to be brought out. When I took up a gun whose right barrel was useless, I would give it to a man who had lost the use of his right leg, and so on until the seventy-five men were armed. This was strictly appropriate, for we had no use for the crippled guns, and the country certainly had no other use for the crippled men. I took great pride in the crippled company. I wanted it to make a name; wanted each man to feel proud of himself. They elected as captain a tall fellow who lost his leg while rafting logs. We presented him, attended by disabled ceremony, with a broken sword and double-barreled pistol, with one hammer gone. It would have tickled you to death to have seen them on dress parade, and their quick-time would have made Napoleon pull off his hat and grin. Well, pretty soon, I had occasion to use them. The enemy came upon me unexpectedly, and in the hurry incident to such occasions, I placed the one-legged company in the warmest part of the field. The battle lasted several hours, and was a draw fight. My one-legged company suffered greatly. The captain's peg was shattered by a ball, and during the fight he sent an orderly into the woods to make him another leg. Other members of the company were similarly served, and, sir, the amount of splinters on the battle-ground was simply astonishing. The enemy had fired low and three out of six wooden legs were disabled. Before complete repairs could be made, my general came along, and not being able to understand why so much kindling wood should be scattered over a battle-field, asked the reason. I explained,

expecting him to compliment me on my ingenuity, but the unappreciative fellow had me court-martialed. I left the service, and during the remaining time of the war, I aided the cause by capturing mules from the Union men and burning cotton that might have fallen into possession of the enemy."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

WHAT THE CONFEDERATES DRANK FOR WHISKY.—I asked a genuine ex-Confederate colonel the other day whether the stories of the privations experienced by the Confederate troops were not exaggerated. "Not a bit," he said; "not a bit. I could tell you stories of suffering in the Army of Northern Virginia that would make your hair curl. I could tell of hunger and thirst and cold and heat such as you never dreamed of. Why, sir, the secession of the South was the grandest game of bluff in the history of the world. You had every thing and we had nothing, yet we kept you at bay for four years and bothered you considerably in the operation. We suffered terribly, though. Hunger! I've seen the day when fat pork, raw, was a delicacy to me, and I remember that after a fast of three days and nights, a quart of unroasted peanuts, with the shells on, seemed like a shrimp salad to my hungry soul. I ate them, shells and all, you can be perfectly certain. After the first year our clothes—you couldn't flatter them into uniforms—and accouterments were laughable, and our forage and rations—well, most of the time we hadn't any. A blundering Federal general was meat and drink to us. Why, Banks was seldom called any thing else but Quartermaster Banks on our side of the line. He was the best quartermaster we had. Not but what our fellows meant well, but they didn't have Banks's inexhaustible supplies. Sometimes they did, though; for example in the valley of the Shenandoah." "Speaking of privations in the rebellion," said an ex-Confederate surgeon standing by, "reminds me of the scarcity of the elixir of life in the Southern army. Whisky was scarcer than corn, and that's saying a great deal. Every body wanted it. Very few people had it, and as a general rule what they had was mighty bad. Usually the surgeon had whatever spirits there were in camp, and so I had my daily drink right through the war, with a few memorable exceptions. But it was not always the best whisky. Once I remember I got some liquor, but I had nothing to put it in except an old barrel that had been used for vinegar. Now they made vinegar out of any thing that came handy during the war. This vinegar had been made of chemicals. There was little or no fruit-juice in it. At the bottom of the barrel was a very curious

chemical deposit of a composite character that I could make little or nothing of. I risked the whisky, though, and it really wasn't hurt; but there was just this about it: If you put water with it it turned white and frothed right up in your face. So I told every body that the liquor was weak and ought to be drank out of a tin cup. Almost every body was too glad to get it to be particular about the conditions. But one day Colonel Jack Dade, a well-known Virginian, came to camp as a visitor. Of course he came to see me. 'Any liquor?' he asked. 'Yes,' said I; 'but it's mighty weak, and we have nothing but tin cups.' 'Well,' he said, 'I can stand the tin cups, and the whisky, too, I guess.' So I drew him a cup. 'Here, John, he said to my nigger, who was standing grinning by, 'bring me some water.' 'Why, colonel,' I expostulated, 'you are not going to put water in weak whisky, are you?' 'Certainly,' he said; 'I always put water in my liquor,' and the boy, who had darted off full of laughter as soon as the colonel spoke, was back with a cup of water before I could say another word. Of course that nigger knew as well as I did what was coming, but the more I trembled the more he grinned. The colonel poured the water in, and the confounded liquor turned as white as my face and frothed like beer. 'Great heavens!' said the colonel, pale as a sheet; 'he's tried to poison me.' And he rushed from the tent in a paroxysm of terror that gave me no opportunity to explain. I don't believe that he accepted my explanation, save in form, when I did get a chance at him."

COFFEE-BOILER RANGERS.—"We had coffee during the first year of the war, but we had nothing to make the beverage in but camp-kettles, open at the top, which permitted all the flavor to escape, and our mess concluded to save the flavor if possible. But how we were to do it was the question. We were camped on the turnpike twelve miles above Bowling Green, and tinware had become so scarce that we could not hope to buy any thing in that line, and the task of 'slipping up' on such things had become dangerous through the zeal some of the boys displayed in making requisitions on any citizen who happened to possess any article adapted to camp use. Citizens had come into camp and complained to Captain Morgan (that was in the days of the 'Old Squadron'), that blankets had disappeared with some of the boys who had gone to bed under them, and in one instance a thermometer had walked away without as much as saying good-bye to the members of the family. Captain Morgan announced his determination to put a stop to such a mode of obtaining supplies,

and on tracing up some of the missing articles consigned the custodians to the guard-house for a month.

“This was the state of affairs when we were discussing the coffee-boiler question. On a work-bench at the side of a smoke-house, at a residence near the camp, we had noticed for several days a bright coffee-boiler, and no doubt the demon of temptation was urged on by the ease with which the coveted article might be captured. But getting possession of it was not the greatest trouble; what were we to do with it after we secured it? The farmer would suspect that it had deserted to our camp and go to Captain Morgan and complain. Nothing more would be necessary to secure an order for a general search by the camp-guard, and the fear of being caught deterred us for several days. We had but few fire-places and flues to our tents, and where we had dug up clay to make water-tanks, holes had been left into which leaves had been blown, and one of the men suggested that the coffee-boiler be brought into camp and placed in one of those holes and covered over with leaves till the hunt would be over.

So on a dark and rainy night, one of the men, who is now a leading physician in his section, was ordered to make a coffee-boiler scout. He crept cautiously across the garden to the smoke-house, and soon had the object of his expedition under his arm and hastened back to camp. It was duly buried under the leaves, and for two or three days we were in momentary expectation of the guard searching for a coffee-boiler and a midnight prowler. But no guard came, no search was instituted, and then we concluded that Captain Morgan had changed his tactics and was planning a quiet stroll through the camp, and to pounce down on the men he discovered in possession of the culinary utensil. And so our capture was kept quiet for a week, when thinking that a still-hunt had been made and the search abandoned, we brought it forth from the hole under the leaves. But imagine our surprise and chagrin when we discovered that the bottom of the coffee-boiler was too badly burned out to make a good strainer.

It had become useless on account of its decayed bottom, and, after being brightened up was set aside to await a visit to a tinker's shop for repairs. We had kept its presence a secret for a week to evade the penalty that Adjutant Duke would have inflicted had he found it, but now we determined to prolong the secret to avoid the jeers our more honorable comrades might hurl at us. It was too good to keep, however, and while we were reinterring the worthless prize, one of the mess was telling all about it to the other messes, and we soon became known as “The Coffee-boiler Rangers.”

SEEING A BATTLE-FIELD.—He was from Syracuse, says the *Detroit Free Press*, and he said he would give almost any thing to see a battle-field. It was therefore arranged that we should go up to Fort Pillow in company. I never saw such an enthusiast on the subject of war and fields of carnage. He went out and bought three war histories before we left Memphis, and on the way up he talked war to every one who would listen to him. I warned him not to expect to see too much, and not to be disappointed if Greeley, Headley, and Abbot had made some errors in describing the lay of fields which none of them had seen within five hundred miles.

"O, of course not," he replied. "I don't expect to see more than a fort, five or six bursted cannon, a few skulls, half a dozen cannon-wheels, and a lot of musket-barrels. I shall bring away about a dozen swords and revolvers as relics, and I wonder what it would cost to get one of the old cannon up to Syracuse?"

When the boat swung in at Fort Pillow I saw my friend's chin begin to fall. The landing was a steep slide for a distance of a hundred feet, and the mud was a foot deep. We dropped off the gang-plank and the steamer went her way.

"W-what's this?" inquired the Syracuse man as he looked up the grade.

"This is a historic bluff. Prepare to see a battle-field."

We tugged and strained and swore, and finally reached the bluff, each man plastered with mud from his collar-button down.

"Now then," said I, after we had scraped off a portion of our loads, "over there is the fort. You can see where the big guns were mounted. Above it must be the citadel. Over to the right is the ravine up which Forrest's men advanced, and—"

"See here," interrupted the gentleman from New York, "do you call this a battle-field?"

"Certainly."

"This infernal sand—those thickets—that swamp—them two nigger cabins are a battle-field, eh?"

"Of course."

"Well, sir, it's an infernal fraud—a dead swindle on honest men, and I've a good mind to punch your head for bringing me up here! Battle-field, eh! Why, sir, if I couldn't take ten acres of northern tamarack swamp and make a better battle-field than this, I'd never look a decent man in the face again! Go on with you! You are a liar and a deceiver!"

And he went off and sat down on a log and grumbled for six long

hours, and when I showed him bullets and breast-plates, and other relics, he charged me with having brought them up from Memphis in my pockets.

CAMP FUN.—Our resources were well-nigh exhausted when the fertile brain of the head of the mess eliminated the following programme, which, in brief time, culminated in the excitement of the novel spectacle of a gander pulling. We readily recall the scene. The smouldering camp-fires in the piney woods; our own fire dispensing a genial warmth; the smoke rising upward; the blue vault above us studded with brightest gems; freezing temperature without; accoutrements and cooking utensils here and there; a regular camp scene, with a log for a bench, upon which were seated the originators of the enterprise; Sanford with portfolio open before him, by the light of the fire quickly reducing to manuscript every thought and suggestion agreed upon; and when we thought and made a decided hit at the expense of some luckless officer peals and shouts of laughter would greet the announcement which would make the woods reverberate. Finally, when the programme was duly arranged, the manuscript complete, each party was sworn to secrecy. The writer was deputized to visit a printing office at early dawn and have a thousand copies struck off of the programme, and ready for distribution at the close of inspection and review.

The morning sun arose, the troops were duly marshaled for the light duties before them, and with lighter hearts they awaited the signal for movement. At length the order came, the march was resumed, the parade-ground reached. Five hundred non-combatants of the city and vicinity assembled at an early hour, eagerly awaiting the grand spectacle. The maneuvers of the armed hosts, to the average spectator, was magnificent. The inspection was made, the review ended, the little dogs of war were made to howl until the earth was thought to quake, and then the pomp and panoplied brilliancy of the scene was changed into hilarity and merriment by the many upon seeing the indignation and wrath of the few who were unhappily mated in the programme with uncongenial associates.

This novel and interesting oriental amusement was acquired and practiced by Alexander, of Macedon, and by him taught to the youths of Macedon and Rome. The origin of this amusement is supposed to date back to a time far anterior to the rise of that illustrious chief. This amusement, when inaugurated by Alexander in his magnificent capital, was so attractive and popular as to fill the

largest amphitheater; here assembled vast audiences on occasions of national festivity, and here the returning victorious legions, laden with the spoils and treasures from the vanquished east, were crowned with wreaths of laurel and immortal honors; here grace and beauty lent enchantment to the scene; here was wont to assemble the bold, inflexible senators from that "illustrious council of the gods," the light of wisdom upon his brow, love and veneration for his country and his country's good beaming from his eye.

To descend to times more modern, it was introduced in Peru by Pizarro, and Cortez into Mexico; from thence it became general throughout the continent of America.

The principal devotees at its shrine in later days were represented by General J. E. B. Stuart, the "Light Horse Harry" of the East, and General John H. Morgan, the "Marion" of the West.

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Managers of the Day—Captain J. J. McAfee, Captain Theo. Hall, Lieutenant R. H. Talbott.

Neck Soaper—Major J. H. Shook, Major Balfour, assisted by R. B. Trost.

Surgeons of the Gander—Dr. John P. Talbot, Dr. J. M. Poyntz.

The whole to conclude with a ballad from the backwood songsters. Strict order will be preserved. Performance will commence immediately after inspection and review. Admission free.

The history of the above would be incomplete not to say that Elijah Kightly, of Company E, Third Battalion Kentucky Cavalry (now a citizen of Owen County), was the hero of the occasion, he having been successful in severing the neck of the gander after hundreds of trials by the gay cavaliers.

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THE KILLING OF GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN.

BY COLONEL D. HOWARD SMITH.

Much has been written and published in regard to the death of the lamented Brigadier-general John H. Morgan, the great partisan chieftain of the Confederate army, whose death occurred on the morning of September 3, 1864.

Among other things published on this subject is a recent purported interview of Dr. Noah H. Gaines, which appeared in a late number of the *Courier-Journal*. I have no personal knowledge of what Dr. Gaines narrated, but this much I will state, that a more honorable and truthful man does not live than he. His word would go as far with me as any man living. He entered my regiment as a private soldier when a small boy, and I claim to know as much about him and his principles and his moral integrity as any man that lives.

I have not hitherto written or published a word in regard to the *murder* of my distinguished chief, for the simple reason that I did not think his memory or fame demanded it. But since the subject has recently been re-opened, and the veracity of Dr. Gaines called in question, I propose to tell what I know.

Next to Colonel Bradford, who was in command of General Vaughn's brigade of Tennessee soldiers on the memorable day mentioned, I was the ranking officer, and near the scene of action, but not near enough and in possession of the facts to enable me to relieve our distinguished chieftain.

The following is a brief narrative of the facts as they occurred, and as I remember them; and I can never forget them, as they were indelibly impressed on my memory:

On the evening of the 2d day of September, 1864, General Morgan reached Greenville, Tennessee, with his entire command, and established his headquarters at the house of Mrs. Williams, one of

whose sons was with him, and at whose instance he (the general) established himself, as I was informed. Shortly after our arrival at Greenville, and whilst my brigade was still in the saddle, Captain C. A. Withers, General Morgan's adjutant-general, came and told me that the general directed that I should move out on the Rogersville road, and go into camp from one to four miles, as I might find forage for my horses, and to picket my front and right flank. This order I obeyed. My command was composed of Colonel H. L. Giltner's regiment of about four hundred men, Captain James E. Cantrill's battalion of about seventy-five men, and Captain Peter Everett's battalion of about the same number, called a brigade. Captain Withers told me at the same time that Colonel Bradford, in command of Vaughan's brigade, had been ordered out on the Bull's Gap or Blue Spring road, with instructions to picket his front and left flank, covering the Russellville road. An examination of the map of East Tennessee will show that there are three diverging roads, running west, southwest, and northwest from Greenville—each in close proximity—the Rogersville, Bull's Gap, and Russellville roads.

After disposing of my troops as ordered I established my headquarters at the house of General Arnold, near the Rogersville road, the night being very inclement and my health not being good—about one or one and a half miles from Greenville. My habit during the entire war was to camp in the field with my soldiers, and never varied from except as necessity demanded. Early next morning, on the ever memorable morning of September 3, 1864, a courier came to my headquarters at General Arnold's a little after daylight, with an order from General Morgan, written by his adjutant-general, Captain Withers, directing me to remain in my position, and to send a strong scout out in the direction of Rogersville, and to report to him as necessity might require.

The courier who delivered to me this order, told me that he had just come from Colonel Bradford's headquarters, where he had been to deliver an order to Colonel Bradford, and that after leaving there he had heard firing in that direction. I immediately stepped out of the room upon a porch adjoining, with the order delivered in my hand, and I heard the firing myself. It appeared to me to resemble picket-firing, and the first thing that occurred to me was that, as the previous night had been one of a heavy rain-fall, Colonel Bradford had allowed his men to fire off their guns for the purpose of reloading. But very soon I heard the report of artillery. I immediately comprehended the situation, and ordered at once three

of my couriers to go post-haste with orders to Colonel Giltner and Captains Cantrill and Everett, to fall back at a "double quick" in the direction of Greenville—my purpose being to go to the support of Colonel Bradford, who had been attacked by General Gillum in force, as I afterward ascertained. But before I could get into my saddle, which was done in a very brief space of time, as may be imagined, the firing in the direction of Colonel Bradford's headquarters ceased, and I heard firing in Greenville. After I mounted my horse I moved at full speed with most of my staff to the Rogersville road, a short way off. Very soon Everett and Cantrill appeared with their commands, not exceeding one hundred and fifty men all told.

Captain Everett suggested to me that we should remain in position until Colonel Giltner came up. My prompt reply was *no*; that Giltner was so far off he might not come in time, and I would move immediately on to Greenville. I accordingly moved in that direction with my small force, but, before proceeding far, one of my soldiers came dashing down the road from the direction of Greenville, telling me the town was full of "Yankees," and that I had no force adequate to meet them. I knew that Bradford's troops had given way, and Captain George Hunt, my adjutant general, had in the meantime come up and reported to me that before he could saddle his horse the "Yankees" had come up from the direction of Bradford's headquarters in front of General Arnold's residence, and fired at him before he could get into his saddle. It is my duty to here state that a braver, more gallant and reliable man in every regard never served in any army than George Hunt. Acting therefore from the best advices at my command, I determined not to move directly on Greenville, but to make a flank movement in the direction of the Jonesboro road—the natural line of my retreat—in order to prevent the capture of my men and myself. This I did. When I reached that road, I moved up in the direction of Greenville as far as Captain Clark's camp, who was in charge of General Morgan's artillery, and who was encamped in the suburbs of Greenville, on the Jonesboro road. After sending out scouts on my right and left flanks to protect me from surprise, I rode up to Captain Clark and asked him for all the information he could give. He told me promptly that he had sent some of his men into town a short while before to get forage for his horses, and that most of them had been captured by the enemy who were in possession of the town. This latter fact I saw for myself. I saw the streets of the town full of Federal soldiers, and, on the far-

ther side of the village, General Gillum's whole command, numbering twenty-five hundred or three thousand men in battle array. I directed Captain Clark to open his artillery on Gillum, which order he promptly obeyed, and Captain Everett to charge the town with his and Cantrill's battalions.

This charge was gallantly led by Lieutenant Lewis Norman, the present insurance commissioner of Kentucky, and repulsed. In the meantime, my scouts informed me that the enemy were flanking me right and left. Then it was I ordered Captain Clark to remove his guns, in order to save them, and a general retreat. The enemy pursued us, and we fought and held them in check for four or five miles, when they fell back, thus saving all of our artillery, save one gun, which was disabled.

That General Morgan was killed before I left General Arnold's, my headquarters, I have never doubted, and do not now doubt. That General Morgan's death was the result of unfortunate circumstance, there is no question.

That he is not to blame for what happened, is equally true. His disposition of his troops was military and soldier-like. He was the victim of circumstances that might have befallen any other general. The enemy, with great astuteness, flanked Bradford's command and entered Greenville at the same time that he was attacked in front by Gillum, thus diverting the attention of Morgan's other forces. The scheme was well planned and well executed.

Much has been said and written in regard to the betrayal of General Morgan by Mrs. Williams's daughter-in-law, whose husband was an officer in the Federal army. This may be true, or it may not be true, I can not undertake to say what are the facts. But this much I will undertake to say, that the great bulk of the population of Greenville was so-called "*Union*," and, if General Morgan was not betrayed by the younger Mrs. Williams, he was betrayed by some one else, as the sequel shows.

That General Morgan was murdered after his surrender, I do not for a moment doubt. Dr. Noah Haydon Gaines says he saw the event, and knows the fact to be so. That is enough for me without the testimony of Captains James Rogers, Henry Clay, and C. A. Withers, or any one else. Dr. Gaines is incapable of falsehood or misrepresentation. I know him well and intimately. He was a private soldier in my old regiment, and for truth and integrity he has no superior. That Colonel Brownlow, or any other officer of the Federal army, should regard the assassination of a prisoner by one of

his soldiers—*unless* it was in his power to prevent it—as a reflection on him, is not well-founded. There were bad, wicked men in all commands whether on the one side or the other, and no officer should be held responsible for their evil deeds, unless tolerated by him. The man who murdered General Morgan ought to have been punished with the same fate that befell him, and his officers neglected their duty in not bringing him to his just deserts.

It is not necessary for me in closing to pronounce an eulogium on the name and memory of John H. Morgan. History will do full justice to him. His will go down in the annals of *true* history, when written, with the names of Albert Sidney Johnston, Robert E. Lee, “Stonewall” Jackson, and others. A truer and kinder heart to prisoners and all under him, never lived or died. Besides, he was a military genius of the highest order, as his record shows. I am proud to have been one of his soldiers, and will ever revere his memory, and have so taught my children.

[Written for the Bivouac.]

FROM DALTON TO ATLANTA.

NUMBER THREE.

Notwithstanding the storm of shot and shell and minie-bullets which swept over us during the preceding night, on the morning of May 30th all answered at roll-call; no casualty having occurred from the profuse waste of ammunition on the part of the enemy in making this strange demonstration. Several cannon shot, however, had passed through the works occupied by the left of our regiment, but fortunately not seriously hurting any one. Early in the morning our regiment moved a short distance to the left to fill up a gap between the works we had been occupying and the works held by the balance of our brigade, leaving Govan's brigade in our old position. We had not been here long until we were moved back to our former position, Govan having been ordered away to some other part of the line on the right. Soon after, Ferguson's cavalry brigade (Jackson's division) came around from the left of our division and occupied the works with us, the horses having been left two or three miles in the rear out of range of the shells. The cavalymen did not seem to relish being thus separated so widely from their horses, and many a wistful eye wandered back in the direction where they had been left, while in the meantime we were regaled with a great deal of “horse-talk.”

The Federals kept up a heavy fire of small arms on our hill all day, as usual, the bullets hissing and whizzing among the branches of the trees overhead, and knocking the bark into our eyes. Many of the bullets were of new style, being composed of three pieces which would fly apart when meeting a resisting substance. On striking the limb of a tree a little thin washer, of hard metal, one of the parts of these new-styled missiles, would come humming down almost as harmlessly as a snowflake, but the heavier pieces would often come down with such force that on hitting a soldier would make him writhe with pain, and often seriously wounding him. The bullets were lying on the ground about us thick as hail-stones, not counting those that had passed unobstructed into the valleys to our rear.

On the morning of the 31st there was heavy shelling over on the left of our division, and at noon Stephens's brigade relieved us, and our brigade moved to the left and occupied the works of Tyler, about Slocum's and Gracey's batteries, that brigade having been sent around to the extreme left to execute a flank movement beyond where Armstrong had charged on the 28th. Slocum's and Gracey's batteries, composed of six Napoleon guns each, had been having some pretty warm work with Federal batteries planted on an opposing hill. The enemy had two or more twenty-pound Parrott guns in position, which made things quite lively on this part of the line from the beginning. Slocum had two of his guns disabled—one by having the fragment of a twenty-pound shell forced so firmly into the muzzle that it could not be removed.

Every thing was exceedingly quiet in front on the morning of June 1st, and it was soon ascertained that McPherson had withdrawn his forces during the night. The writer walked around the works thus deserted by the enemy, which were found very strong—far superior to our own in construction. The ground in the rear of his trenches was thickly strewn with beef bones and empty hardtack and ammunition boxes, which indicated that he had been living well and had wasted a great deal of powder and lead. At some places in front of his works the bushes were literally mown down by minie-balls, which no doubt was mostly done on the night of the 29th during the heavy firing which we had witnessed. On the part of the line where the Florida brigade (Finley's) and our brigade had charged on the 28th, the destruction of the timber was still more apparent, and it seemed miraculous how any one could survive under such a fire. Our wounded which had fallen within the

enemy's lines on that occasion were found in Dallas, and ambulances were immediately sent for them.

Late in the afternoon our division fell in and marched to the right to rejoin the main army. A hot, dusty march of five miles brought us near New Hope Church, where we bivouacked for the night.

Early in the morning on June 2d our brigade moved a mile further to the right and formed as a reserve to Strahl's brigade. There was some cannonading along the line, as well as sharpshooting. At noon the rain poured down in torrents for fully an hour, drenching us to the skin. About two P.M. our division fell in and we marched four miles to the extreme right of the army. The cannon were thundering all along the line of march, and the shells came tearing and crashing through the woods about us, which was more trying on the nerves than if we had been actually charging the batteries. We stacked arms for the night in an old field, and as the ground was still saturated with water we spread down fence-rails upon which to sleep.

At daylight on the morning of the 3d line of battle was formed and we commenced fortifying. Had not been at work long, however, when Major Cobb came and selected the position occupied by our regiment for one of his batteries (Mebane's), and we moved around to the right of the brigade and commenced a line of works through a peach-orchard, near a house used by General Bate as headquarters. Our regiment was then the extreme right of the army (infantry), Wheeler's cavalry being on the flank. General Sherman was extending his fortified line gradually to the left in the direction of the railroad, and General Johnston was extending his line to the right correspondingly. At noon ordered to stop work on the trenches, and in the afternoon we were again drenched with rain, but which ceased at dark.

Early on June 4th we were ordered to complete the works commenced the day before, and when nearly done Major Cobb came and selected the position for a Parrott battery. Our colonel moved his regiment off to the right and stacked arms in line of battle, swearing that he was done fortifying for batteries; that when the fight came on his regiment would simply "take it straight," and in this he was applauded by the men. A heavy rain set in at nightfall which kept up until near morning. At eleven o'clock we fell in and marched about four miles, to near Pine Mountain. This was one of the most disagreeable marches of the war. The rain was pouring down in

torrents, and the night was dark as pitch. The soldiers could not see their file-leaders, and the column was only kept closed up by the sound of the feet in front splashing in the mud and water, which was from ankle to knee-deep every step. Often a soldier would lose his footing and go down with a splash, making the mud and water fly in all directions. His more lucky comrades would shout to him, "Get up out of that mud!" and in the total darkness his identity could only be determined by his manner of "cussing." About two o'clock we filed off the road to the left, and stacked arms in an old field. The writer composed himself to sleep on a log, and never waked until the morning's sun was shining in his face. That morning General Hardee passed through our regiment and stated that the march of the previous night was the most disagreeable ever experienced by him as a soldier.

About noon we moved a short distance into the woods, and our division formed as a reserve to Cheatham. All was quiet in front, however, the cannon were hushed and the musketry silenced. After the many days of constant battle, this quietude made us feel somewhat out of our element. Sherman continued to move by his left in the direction of the railroad, and Johnston kept well in his front by extending to his right; but now the lines were not close enough for battle, as Sherman was deflecting his line to the left so as to strike the railroad at Acworth, several miles above Marietta, while Johnston was extending his line so as to strike the road at Kennesaw Mountain, about three miles above Marietta.

At midday, June 6, our division moved two miles and formed line on Pine Mountain, a detached hill with an elevation of some three hundred feet, situated about two miles to the west and in front of Kennesaw. Pine Mountain and a foot-hill in front, a little to the right, were covered with timber, but beyond were open fields; then a dense forest set in, extending as far as the eye could reach. The Florida brigade (Finley's) occupied the crest of the mountain, together with Slocum's and Mebane's batteries, also a battery of Parrott guns of Cobb's battalion. The Kentucky brigade (Lewis's) occupied the eastern slope of the mountain, with Gracey's battery on a slight elevation to the right, while the Tennessee brigade (Tyler's) occupied the western slope. Thus formed, we were ordered to fortify, and the work was carried on during a heavy rain in the afternoon. On the seventh we were ready to receive the enemy, but as yet he had made no demonstration in our front. We could see the smoke rising from his camps, some three or four miles away,

which were concealed by the forests, and his drums and bugles were easily heard in the stillness of the mornings and evenings. On the ninth there was some firing of distant artillery, both to the right and left, which seemed to proceed from cavalry demonstrations on the flanks.

Early on the morning of the tenth, we saw our cavalry pickets falling back, keeping up the skirmish, and soon after the glittering arms of the enemy were seen in the edge of the woods about a mile in front, then the Federal skirmish-line burst out from among the trees and came yelling over the fields toward us. They were soon checked, however, by our skirmish-line posted on the foot-hill before mentioned, and at the base of the mountain. A moment after, white volumes of smoke were seen spurting out from among the trees in front, and the shells from a Federal battery came whirring over the hill wherever were stationed the skirmishers of our brigade (Lewis's). A few minutes after, and other white volumes of smoke came spurting out from among the trees farther to the right, about a mile and an eighth off, and the shells fell at the base of the mountain to our left. But soon the pieces were elevated so that the shells commenced bursting over the crest, while the skirmishers and sharpshooters were now at their work in front, and we were in the midst of the old familiar music which had been absent for several days.

At six P.M. a wing of our regiment was ordered on the skirmish-line occupying the low hill in front of the brigade, about half a mile from the main line. There had been heavy showers of rain during the day, and the clothing of the soldiers was wringing wet when night came on, which was chilly and uncomfortable. No fires being allowed, a most disagreeable night was passed by the skirmishers. The Federals were up until morning constructing fortifications. There was the ringing of axes, falling of trees, driving of stakes, and the hum of many thousand voices, all of which was in plain hearing of our line.

There were again heavy showers of rain during the 11th. At nearly sundown our Parrott battery toward the left of the division opened on the enemy advancing out into the field to fortify nearer the base of the mountain, the front line bringing rails and other material along for that purpose. This caused the Federal batteries to open up, and the artillery fire from both sides was quite spirited for a time. At six P.M. the half of our regiment on skirmish was relieved by a wing of the Fourth Regiment. The rain had ceased, but the night was damp and chilly, and we fully appreciated the fires

on getting back to the main line. All quiet on the 12th, save the incessant sharpshooting in front. A heavy rain set in at dark which continued all night. There was a steady rain on the 13th, but at nightfall it slacked up. On this day we heard, for the first time, the locomotives whistling at Big Shanty, not very far north of Kennesaw Mountain, which indicated that Sherman had repaired the railroad up to that point, and that he again had railroad transportation at his back. The cannon in our front had been quiet since the 11th, but we could see that the enemy was planting additional batteries on our flanks, and we were expecting to have a lively time on Pine Mountain ere many days. Our division was stationed at this point to hold the enemy in check while the main army was fortifying on a line some two miles to our rear, and on Kennesaw Mountain. The Federal sharpshooters had now gotten up close enough on our left to send their bullets whizzing over our works. In the meantime our sharpshooters were not idle. They were armed with Whitworth rifles with globe sights, and during the daytime they moved at will along the line seeking favorable positions. When they came home at night they would have wonderful stories to tell of adventures seen. These modern "Hawkeyes" seemed to disdain to "feed" upon any thing less than a general officer, and had their stories been true, General Sherman would have soon been left without so much as a brigadier. One of these keen-sighted gentlemen even reported that he had "plugged" the general-in-chief of the Federal armies!

About seven A.M., June 14, the clouds broke away and the sun came out clear and bright. After the many days of rain we had just passed through, the sunshine was calculated to make us all feel more cheerful. There was some shelling off to our right, but in our front there was only the usual sharp-shooting, and as the Federals were working gradually around on our flanks, the bullets commenced taking us in the rear, especially from the right.

Between nine and ten A.M., a cannon-shot came shrieking over the crest of the mountain from one of the batteries in front, the first that had been fired for two days. Then another followed, which was heard to strike; and still another came in quick succession. The bushes were so thick between our position and the crest of the hill we could not see what had drawn the fire, and Captain Gillum remarked, "It is some d—d general with a regiment of staff at his heels!" Had the brave captain known the facts his language would have been more respectful, for in a few minutes word came down the line that Lieutenant-general Polk was killed. Of this incident

General Johnston says, "In the evening of the 13th, Lieutenant-general Hardee expressed apprehension that Bate's division, posted on Pine Mount, might be too far from the line occupied by his corps, and requested me to visit that outpost and decide if it should be maintained. We rode to it together next morning, accompanied by Lieutenant-general Polk, who wished to avail himself of the height to study the ground in front of his own corps. Just when we had concluded our examination, and the abandonment of the hill had been decided upon, a party of soldiers that had gathered behind us from mere curiosity, apparently tempted an artillery officer, whose battery was in front, six or seven hundred yards from us, to open his fire upon them, at first firing shot very slowly. General Polk, unconsciously exposed by his characteristic insensibility to danger, fell by the third shot, which passed from left to right through the middle of his chest. The death of this eminent Christian and soldier who had been distinguished in every battle in which the Army of Tennessee had been engaged, produced deep sorrow in our troops. . . . Before daybreak of the 15th, the Pine Mount was abandoned and Bate's division placed in reserve."

General Sherman says, "On June 14th rained slacked, and we occupied a continuous line of ten miles entrenched, conforming to the irregular position of the enemy, whom I reconnoitered, with a view to make a break in the line between Kennesaw and Pine Mountains. When abreast of Pine Mountain I noticed a rebel battery on the crest, with continuous line of fresh trenches half way down the hill. Our skirmishers were at the time engaged in the woods about the base of the hill, between the lines, and I estimated the distance of the battery at eight hundred yards. Near it, in plain view, stood a group of the enemy, evidently observing us with glasses. General Howard, commanding Fourth Corps, was near by, and I called his attention to this group and ordered him to compel it to keep behind its cover. He replied that his orders from General Thomas were to spare artillery ammunition. This was right, according to general policy, but I explained to him we must keep up *morale* of bold offense, and that he must use artillery and force enemy to remain on timid offensive, and ordered him to cause a battery close by to fire three volleys. I continued to ride down the line, and soon heard, in quick succession, the three volleys. The next division in order was Geary's, and I gave him similar orders. General Polk, in my opinion, was killed by the second volley fired from first battery referred to."

General Sherman's orders were well carried out, for four or five batteries now opened on our position, and the solid shot came crashing among the trees about us, while little tufts of smoke from bursting shells hung above the crest of the mountain. Soon after this cannonade commenced, the writer, while sitting at the colonel's fire, making up a field report for brigade headquarters, was suddenly stopped in his work by a fragment of shell, which caused a momentary commotion among the "field and staff" grouped around the blaze, endeavoring to get rid of the dampness and chill caused by the recent rains. He had to journey to Marietta in an ambulance, and, while there, he was struck with the bravery of Southern women who were ministering to the wounded almost within range of the roaring cannon at the front. That evening he went down to Atlanta on the same train which bore the remains of General Polk; and thus ended the writer's observation of the campaign from "Dalton to Atlanta."

The relative strength of the contending armies from the opening of the campaign at Dalton May 7th to the middle of June, when they confronted each other at Kennesaw Mountain, was as follows as shown by the reports: On May 1st, a few days before the opening of the campaign, the effective strength of the Confederate army under Johnston at Dalton was, infantry, thirty-seven thousand six hundred and fifty-two; artillery, twenty-eight hundred and twelve; cavalry, twenty-three hundred and ninety-two; total of all arms, forty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-six. The effective strength of the combined Federal armies under Sherman on May 1st and at the opening of the campaign was as follows: Army of the Cumberland, under General Thomas, sixty thousand seven hundred and seventy-three; Army of the Tennessee, under General McPherson, twenty-four thousand four hundred and sixty-five; Army of the Ohio, under General Schofield, thirteen thousand five hundred and fifty-three; total present for battle, ninety-eight thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, and two hundred and fifty-four cannon. While in front of Dalton, however, Sherman was reinforced by several thousand cavalry, which swelled his combined force to over one hundred thousand effective men, at the inception of the campaign. Johnston's army was reinforced by the following infantry composing Polk's corps: Canty's division of three thousand effectives reached Resaca on the ninth of May; Loring's, of five thousand, on the eleventh of May; French's, of four thousand, joined at Cassville on

the eighteenth of May; and Quarles's brigade of twenty-two hundred joined at New Hope Church on the twenty-sixth of May. He was reinforced by the following cavalry: Martin's division, thirty-five hundred on the ninth of May, and Jackson's division of thirty-nine hundred at Adairsville on the seventeenth of May. The total Confederate strength of all arms brought into the field was sixty-four thousand four hundred and fifty-six. A field return made on June tenth showed the effective strength of the Confederate army on that date as follows: Infantry, forty-four thousand eight hundred and sixty; artillery, thirty-eight hundred and seventy-two; cavalry, ten thousand five hundred and sixteen; total of all arms, fifty-nine thousand two hundred and forty-eight.

As to the strength of the Federal armies about that time, General Sherman says that, "On the 8th of June, Blair with his two divisions, Seventeenth Corps, joined the army with the effective strength of nine thousand. These with new regiments and furloughed men, who had joined early in May, equaled the losses from battle, sickness, and by detachment, so that the three armies still aggregated about one hundred thousand effective men." A field return of the Federal armies made on June 1, showed, effective infantry, ninety-four thousand three hundred and ten; artillery, five thousand six hundred and one; cavalry, twelve thousand nine hundred and eight. Total, one hundred and twelve thousand eight hundred and nineteen. And a return made on July 1, showed, infantry, eighty-eight thousand and sixty-six; artillery, five thousand nine hundred and forty-five; cavalry, twelve thousand and thirty-nine. Total, one hundred and six thousand and fifty. A field return for the Confederate army, same date (July 1) showed, infantry, thirty-nine thousand one hundred and ninety-seven; artillery, three thousand four hundred and sixty-nine; cavalry, ten thousand and twenty-three. Total, fifty-two thousand six hundred and eighty-nine.

It will be seen by the foregoing that the Confederate cavalry nearly equaled the Federal cavalry, but the Federal infantry and artillery more than doubled that of the Confederates during the time mentioned.

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ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER IX.

The eventful day came ; but before we attend the conspirators let us go back and follow the lead of Mr. Abner Montholon a while, and possibly we may learn of something detrimental to the expectations so ardently felt by the colonel. Mr. Montholon, if you remember, was one of the party present on the night of Captain Harkins's arrival. He and his brother John had both been invited to meet the captain. As we then stated, they were both in love with Irene, but the love of John partook more of the quality of admiration, and was not of a very absorbing nature. Neither had ever breathed their feelings to their beautiful mistress, and John would probably have lived and died a batchelor without attempting to change his condition. Not so with Abner. His whole soul was wrapped up in his devotion for Irene. He had, before that eventful night, seen her but a few times, but those few times were enough to set his heart on fire, and to fix her image indelibly thereon. It was a case of love at first sight, and each time he saw her thereafter only added fresh fuel to the fire and added intensity to his love. He was not a man of large heart and generous emotions. His was one of those concentrated minds which can dwell upon one thing at a time, and when engaged upon an object become so thoroughly absorbed by it as to exclude interest for all others. In such a case both his mind and heart would become warped, and as he was a young fellow of exceeding great vanity, he was necessarily a selfish character, and he looked upon any one who opposed his opinions, his inclinations, or himself, as an enemy, to punish whom gave him a delight beyond comparison. He was a one-ideal man, and in the pursuit of a purpose or an enemy he did not scruple to avail himself of every aid presenting itself, whether good or bad, moral or objectionable. To overcome a rival whom he deemed an enemy he would not halt at the employment of the most questionable means, honorable or dishonorable. So he effected his destruction he cared not, though he himself perished in the same boat. Otherwise he appeared to be a clever and sociable, though an earnest, and at times erratic person. Hitherto he had never had a subject of action which developed the real attributes of his character ; that is, to the public at large. His true disposition was of course well known to his playmates and to the members of his family, but having never been connected with any affair of sufficient importance to draw public attention to his actions, he had not

as yet in the public estimation any particular reputation, but he was like many men of this kind, brave to rashness. In fact, in the pursuit of an end in which his whole mind was engaged, he regarded not consequences. Such men as these are selected to lead "forlorn hopes," to blow up magazines, assassinate kings, corrupt legislatures, and to betray their country.

Every word and look of Irene's, although entirely without such intention, fed his eager passion until he had become her devoted slave, willing to cast the world to the winds provided he could obtain some reward from her hands, as a slight recompense for his devotion. Still he had curbed his feelings, and had not, as yet, allowed her to perceive the hold she had taken of his affections. On the very first night of Captain Harkins's arrival he had fancied a possible rival. Since his first acquaintance with Irene, he had seen no young man likely as he thought to aspire to her hand. None who seemed to pay her more than the ordinary courtesies of society, nor had he preceived any signs which indicated an engagement of her affections. He did not know, and had never heard any thing of Willie Ross, in connection with Irene; had never happened in the same company when these two were together; and now for the first time his imagination took the alarm, his jealousy became aroused. Captain Harkins, he thought, seemed the very man of all others to make pretensions and throw a stumbling-block in his way. He watched him narrowly, and now and then he caught an expression on the captain's face, as his eyes rested on the lovely form of Irene, which savored too much of anticipated ownership, as Montholon fancied. His mind became at once aggressively opposed to Hawkins, who could do nothing that Montholon did not construe to his disadvantage. Before the evening was spent he set Captain Hawkins down as an impertinent scamp, an intermeddling puppy, and determined then and there to watch him like a hawk, and if he caught him making any advances toward Irene, to thwart and destroy him if possible. He had been, and was at that time a Union man, but had never taken any action in the premises. He had really come to the conclusion to leave his home and enter the Union army, when he met and fell in love with Irene. This love became immediately such an intense passion, that it upset his arrangements, and he had for some time stood wavering between his love for her and that for his country, uncertain to which he should yield, but the love of woman had at last prevailed, as it ever does with minds not sustained by principle, and he had resolved to

remain where he was. But Colonel DeBoin had talked with him and knew him to be a staunch unionist, hence he was entirely unreserved in his communications concerning his present effort to organize the union elements of Florida into an armed power, and Montholon learned not only all that Colonel DeBoin was doing—his fears and hopes, but also the connection which Captain Harkins had with the movement, together with his connection with the United States army and his rank therein. Armed with this knowledge, he determined if Harkins should give occasion to crush him without pity or compunction.

Pretty soon after the new arrival, he began to notice the exceedingly friendly manner with which Irene treated Harkins, and not knowing the cause, his jealousy gave to her conduct a coloring different from that it really deserved. "Trifles light as air" were distorted by his diseased fancy into positive proofs. He imagined that she was beginning to love the captain. His whole soul loathed the idea, and he commenced to hate Harkins with a heat that transformed his whole being, and he henceforth bent his utmost efforts without regard to the means adopted, to rid the country of his detested rival. At first he sternly concluded to challenge the doughty captain to mortal combat, but after maturer reflection he decided to circumvent him in another way. He ceased to be a unionist, transferring his hatred of Harkins to the cause which he represented—although in furtherance of his purposes, he kept this change of sentiment a secret from all—lending himself apparently with enthusiasm to all of the schemes of the colonel, the better to get a fuller knowledge of their intentions, so that the blow he meditated might be certain in its results. In this way he learned the hour and the place appointed as the rendezvous for the assembling of the conspirators.

He also learned that the Confederate government had issued the commission of captain to one Herman Fletcher, empowering him to raise a battalion of cavalry for service in East Florida, and that Captain Fletcher, in pursuance of the power so to do, had mustered in a small force at the town of Gainesville, some forty-five miles distant, had made his headquarters at that point, and was daily filling his ranks with fresh recruits. This fact was unknown to the colonel, but if it had been, it is uncertain whether he would have altered his plans, he had gone so far, and was now so sanguine of immediate and complete success.

But it was known to Montholon, and two days before the selected time he mounted his horse and put off for Gainesville. He reached

there without mishap, and at once sought an interview with Captain Fletcher. At this interview he disclosed all the secrets of the conspirators, and arranged with him a plan of operations by which the whole company could be bagged without loss or danger. Fletcher was more than pleased at the opportunity to signalize himself so early in his service, and readily promised to undertake the job with his squadron, which now numbered about seventy men. He determined to start the next day, so as to give himself ample time for the purpose intended, and appointed a place and time to meet Montholon, who proposed to act as their guide. Every thing being satisfactorily arranged, Montholon returned home to await results, not failing, however, to attend the colonel, and so avoid any suspicion which his absence at this critical moment might have created.

This moment, so longed for and hopefully expected by the colonel and his followers, had now arrived, and true to their arrangements, each repaired to the rendezvous, fully believing he had now embarked himself and fortunes in the right cause. Each had bid his family adieu, not expecting to see them again for many a long and weary day, but at the same time buoyed up with the idea that what they were doing was dictated by true patriotism. The colonel had started his family, bag and baggage, *en route* for St. Augustine, under the direction and control of an old and trusted family servant, and was himself the first man at the place of meeting. He reached the ground accompanied by Captain Harkins about two hours by sun, and soon after the others began to drop in singly and in couples, until, as the sun was setting, the assembly numbered about forty men, principally old men, very few of whom seemed lively or enthusiastic. An air of gloomy depression had settled upon their faces, and it looked as though it would take but little to make the majority of them turn tail and return home. The number was small in comparison to what the colonel had expected, and the hour of meeting was long since passed. The colonel became impatient; so did the others. All began to murmur at the delay, and many to wish themselves safe home again. A number suggested that the roll be called, those present be mustered, and a start be made. After a while, the colonel and his more intimate friends came to the sad conclusion, that no more were coming. The assembly was therefore called to order, the colonel made a short speech, and Captain Harkins having read his commission, had just called forward the first man in order to proceed with the mustering, when the hurried pattering of a horse's feet was heard, and the next moment 'Long-headed Joe,' the colonel's negro

boy came thundering into the group upon a half-blown horse, hollaring at the top of his voice,

“Run, Marster, run! De sojers is a coming!”

A bomb-shell falling into their midst could not have created greater consternation nor more instantaneous effects. Every fellow took to his heels with a rapidity that was wonderful. They stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once. In vain the colonel called upon them to stop. In vain he called to Harkins to assist him in the effort to bring back his scared and running friends. Harkins was the first man to lead the skeedaddle. Dropping his commission, every thing in fact, which he had about him which could be dropped, he rushed for his horse, and mounting, galloped away with the speed of the wind. Not a minute too soon, for the “sojers,” as Joe had called them, were approaching rapidly. Montholon, who rode with Captain Fletcher at their head, spied Harkins as he ran, called to some of the men to follow him, and dashed off in full pursuit, leaving Captain Fletcher to attend to the other conspirators. No time was to be lost. Harkins was mounted on a fleet horse and gotten a good jump at the start. The pursuit had not lasted a half hour before Montholon saw the fruitlessness of the chase. Harkins had the best horse and had gotten too great a start to be overtaken. He was steadily gaining, and there seemed no abatement in his speed, while the pursuers felt that their horses were blown and rapidly giving out under the heavy spurring to which they had been subjected. O, how bitterly did Montholon feel when he realized this fact and found that his prey was escaping. Bitterly did he curse the slowness of Captain Fletcher and his troop, which had brought about this miserable result. How he cursed the dependence which he had placed in them, and how bitterly regretted his folly in relying for the accomplishment of his revenge upon others, when he had had it in his power to have effected it himself. He turned from the pursuit with a new experience, but with a determination to succeed in no wise abated because of a failure in the first trial. He was resolved, come it sooner or later, to drive Harkins from the field, and to become the husband of Irene, and with this resolution, he intended to track him wherever he might go, or until the latter portion of his vow should be accomplished.

In the meanwhile, Colonel DeBoin, finding that it was impossible to rally his associates, came to the conclusion that prudence was the better part of valor. Mounting his horse as quickly as he could, he started for the neighboring hammock, intending to avail himself of

its friendly shades to effect his escape. If possible he would do this, and go directly to St. Augustine. He could stay in this section of country no longer, now that his plan had miscarried and he had been discovered. The country would be too hot for him. If caught, imprisonment if not death would be his ultimate fate. At St. Augustine he would be within the Union lines, and safe for the time being. If he could get a command in the Union army he would take it; his life and all he possessed belonged to his country. He had not long to think or act, for Fletcher's men were pressing upon his heels. Repeatedly they called to him to halt, threatening to shoot, but he was well mounted and determined. Finding that he was gaining ground and in a short while that he would vanish in the thick woods of the hammock, the soldiers, though loth to do so, fired a volley at the retreating forms of the colonel and several of his friends who were with and alongside of him. The volley apparently had no effect upon the pursued except to add speed to their fast-flying horses, for pretty soon the little band had disappeared in the friendly depths of the great forest which opened its arms to receive them. The soldiers gave up the pursuit, well knowing that the enemy was safe for the present. They had captured some half dozen old fellows, while the chiefs had escaped. With these they slowly returned the way they came.

Colonel DeBoin and his companions rode several miles into the depths of the hammock before they halted, and would not have stopped then if a sudden faintness had not seized the colonel and compelled him to dismount. It was only then that he realized that he had been wounded in the fleshy part of the left shoulder by one of the soldier's balls. The wound had been bleeding freely, and though he had felt a numbness followed by a sharp pang in his shoulder, he in the excitement incident to the events paid no attention to the matter until the positive loss of blood brought on a feeling of faintness which he stood for some time, but now could no longer subdue. The whole of the little squad dismounted to assist him, and pretty soon they had bathed the wound in cool spring-water, of which there was an abundance near, and bound it up with a handkerchief. Here for the present we will leave them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE second volume of the SOUTHERN BIVOUC begins with the September number. Now is the time to send in subscriptions.

[Written for the Bivouac.]

LEAVES FROM A DIARY KEPT BY A LADY

During the Occupation of Winchester, Va., by the Federal Troops, under General Milroy.

June 16, 1863. At last our "men," our dear "men," have come. Their advent has almost crazed me with delight, to think we are again *free*. I can't realize it at all. We had heard so many false rumors that we had nearly given up in despair.

On Friday evening they had a skirmish with the Yankees, having surprised a foraging party about six miles from town. All that night the Yankees were flying around at a great rate, but we could hear nothing, though trying our best to do so. All their movements, which we watched closely, indicated great uneasiness. Saturday morning all army stores were packed hastily and started off in the direction of the fortifications, to the north of the town. At ten A.M. the firing commenced, and shells were flying over our heads all day long, and occasionally one would strike in the town.

From the top of the house we could, by the aid of a spy-glass, see our own dear gray coats, while with the naked eye we distinctly saw a long line of blue coats drawn up on the edge of town waiting the advance of the Confederates.

The next day was Sunday, and at the first peep of dawn the firing was renewed in earnest and kept up unceasingly during the entire day. Of course we were all in an intensely painful state of excitement. The Yankees had withdrawn all their forces to the fort and the town was entirely deserted by them, except now and then a stray scout, on horseback, would dash past. The poor women were tearing round the streets in the most frantic manner; no body could find out any thing, there was no one of whom you could ask a question; all were ignorant and anxious alike.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, when we had grown somewhat accustomed to the sullen, stubborn cannonading, which had kept up unceasingly throughout the day, we were startled by the sudden burst of fresh artillery from the north side of the town; at first, the rumor flew from mouth to mouth that it was Mulligan with reinforcements for General Milroy, who had been our jailer for the past six months. O, the terrible disappointment that began to show itself in the faces of those throngs of women who had left their houses and gone into the streets, hoping to welcome back their loved sons and brothers. They stood in anxious groups about the streets, alternat-

ing between hope and fear. We eagerly devoured every exaggerated story that crazy and excited imaginations could suggest.

Fortunately we were relieved from this state before a very long interval, by some one coming up with a fresh bulletin. It was "our own artillery," which had gotten in the rear and were shelling them in their last stronghold; their retreat was cut off and nothing left for them but "surrender." Of course we believed it, how could we help it. But it was in fear and trembling lest we might again be disappointed.

Presently a Yankee regiment filed by, near where we stood, coming from the field of battle. I accosted one who passed nearest and asked "how the fight was going." "We are driven in," he said in dejected tones; we have fought all day with nothing to eat, and could stand it no longer, and wound up by saying, "I never saw any thing to equal the spirit of these rebels; they rush forward like devils, perfectly regardless of danger." I couldn't help feeling a little bit sorry for them, they looked so tired and hungry, and I felt then that I could afford to do so, as they were so evidently the defeated party.

Toward dark the cannonading grew frightful, and about nine it seemed to reach a climax. The night was dark, and we could distinctly see each ball as it burst over the heads of those in the fort. I felt as if every shell from our artillery bore us a message from home. But in our rejoicing the sad certainty would obtrude itself, that some *must* fall before the murderous fire that was showered upon them, and each waiting, anxious heart could only pray to Almighty God that their loved ones might be spared.

After a while the firing ceased altogether, and left our dear old town lying peacefully and quietly between the contending armies. The stars were our only sentinels that night, and we walked abroad through the streets to enjoy the freedom of which we had been deprived so long. For during the military despotism just ending, no citizen had been allowed outside their homes after dark and all lights seen burning after nine o'clock were fired at by order of the general commanding.

The camp-fires of "our men," shone from every hill on the south side of the town, watchful guardians of our security. A death-like calm prevailed throughout the night while the main body of our army moved quietly and stealthily around to cover the enemy's rear and intercept attempt at retreat. One may imagine how little sleeping was indulged in that night. I didn't compose myself sufficiently

to lie down even until near daylight, and was soon roused from my troubled slumbers by the booming of cannon. Instantly I was on my feet, and on the way to my point of observation of the day before, viz. the top of the house, from which I had a clear view of the forts. Not a single Yankee was to be seen, still the cannonading continued, and at intervals furious volleys of musketry. It immediately occurred to me that they were trying to cut their way through; which proved to be the case.

General Milroy, during the night, had cut the horses loose from all ambulances and wagons, and mounting all the men he could, thought to elude the pursuit of the Confederates, leaving all baggage and sutler's stores for the enjoyment of the "rebels." He leaves his stronghold and starts for home. Presently from an unexpected quarter the dreaded enemy open upon them and the heaviest fighting of all ensues. Yankees are slain in heaps, but Milroy, the brave hero of countless victories over the defenseless women and children of Winchester, in patriotic devotion to his cause sacrifices his honor to save his life, which might be of future service to his country, while his honor could nothing avail it. He leaves the main body in command of some other hero, and with a few picked men for his own peculiar body-guard, makes a regular John Gilpin race of it. They first charged through a grove of pines, and then a luxuriant wheat-field, ready for the reaper, yields unresistingly to their strides. What mattered it, if the whole command fell into the hands of the Confederates so he escaped—old wretch; well he knew that he would swing high as Haman if he were caught; the remembrance of his many sins and villainies hovered around and served as wings to the fleeing general.

Presently I heard the cry, "There's a Confed!" from a house window. I immediately turned my attention from some Yankees who had deserted their command and were seeking refuge in some old stables to catching a sight of so welcome an object. As soon as I spied him I forgot every thing else, and screamed from the top of the house, "Bless your heart, you dear Reb!" At sound of my voice he gazed in every direction till he spied me, and screamed back in rich Irish brogue, "Where are the Yanks?" I answered by signs and told him where he would find those I had seen hiding. I then rushed down into my chamber and tried to complete my toilet which was the most tedious one I ever remember to have made, though not consuming, I am positive, over five minutes. Finally I picked up my flag which had been brought from its hiding place the day before to have ready, and off I started down the street anxious to be among

the first to welcome our returning braves. As yet only few of the advance had gotten in. The streets were filling rapidly with the citizens, and as each soldier appeared he was seized and shaken by the hand and a dozen questions put to him. Presently a shout of the wildest joy which seemed to be sent up from the entire town, heralded the approach of the main army, and as they marched through the crowded streets the scene was one of wildest excitement. Flags and white sun-bonnets (the secession badge during the occupation of the town by the Yankees) waving in every direction, and from the windows of houses which had been searched in vain by the Yankees, were suspended every variety of Southern flag.

Our men were passing in one direction and the Yankee prisoners were being brought in in squads from the opposite point. A friend of mine told me afterward that he was in charge of a number of the prisoners, and as he marched them up the street, one of them turned to him and exclaimed, "Gracious heavens! this is a sight worth witnessing. I couldn't believe it when I've read accounts of these receptions. I don't wonder you fellows fight so."

Just then the band drew up in front of "The Taylor House," which had been converted into a temporary prison for the Yankees, and commenced to play "Dixie." (No wonder we all love Dixie so, it is associated with so many triumphal marches, and so much glory.) After that came the "Bonny Blue Flag," and when they got to the chorus it was taken up by a group of ladies standing near, and by degrees the entire street joined in, then the soldiers, until it echoed, one long, loud chorus throughout the entire line. It was a day worth living for, and I felt almost repaid for having remained within their lines during eight long, weary months.

As for General Milroy, I think he was relieved of his command very soon after, by his ungrateful Government, who did not seem to appreciate the style of patriotism of which he was the exponent on that memorable occasion.

[Written for the Bivouac.

ONE OF THE RECONSTRUCTED.

I *think* I have been reconstructed. It seems to me about eighteen or twenty years ago, after receiving a terrific shock and being knocked "all of a heap," one Sunday evening, by the announcement that the Confederate forces had surrendered, that I was in a kind of a trance for several days, until started into consciousness again by the blazing blocks of buildings which surrounded me.

I thought it was a funeral pile, and the Southern Confederacy was being consumed to appease the wrath of disappointed and defeated politicians. The horrible nightmare did not leave me for some time, and when I at last recovered my natural senses, I was told that I must be "reconstructed." Well, I thought any thing was better than feeling as I did, so I went to work to reconstruct with a good will. The first step, I was told, was to hate all my brothers and love all my enemies. I knew if that thing ever happened, it would be the best evidence in the world that I was entirely remodded.

But I went to work with a good will, being convinced that it was the best policy, in view of existing circumstances. The next part of the programme was to sit by and see the "pie" divided around among all the good boys who didn't have to reconstruct. I tried to gulp that down too—not the pie, but the idea that it was a necessary part of the ordeal.

The thing has been going on now a long time, and sometimes I feel right patriotic. It was many a long year though, before I could calmly look at the stars and stripes, and still longer before I could bring myself to walk beneath their flaunting folds. And now after all these years feeling that I had accomplished so much toward being a good Union man again, we were told in some recent political babblings that we must be "regenerated" too.

I think it was on the occasion of the inaugural exercise of our Grand Southern Exposition, an enterprise which evidences better than any thing else could, the thoroughness of the work of recuperation.

I was present on that important occasion, and when the Chief Magistrate passed under where I stood, I noted a slight enlargement of the lump in my throat which I thought had dried up long ago. But when "little Phil." appeared to my view I had to remind myself several times that I was "reconstructed."

On the whole, I stood it pretty well, beginning to feel myself quite "one of them," even thro' the swelling strains of "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes," and "Hail to the Chief." But when the band answered to the "southern yell" for "Dixie," the last straw was laid and I broke right down. It didn't last long, however, I rushed out to where I could see some flags waving, and kept my eyes steadily fixed on them, reminding myself all the while that I was "reconstructed."

Having lost my handkerchief in the crowd, I picked up the tail end of one of the flags, and wiping "my weeping eyes" on its sacred folds, I was soon restored to my reconstructed equilibrium. RE.

Youths' Department.

[Written for the Bivouac.]

UNRECORDED DEEDS OF DARING.

When the —th Kentucky infantry was organized, it numbered amongst its enlisted men a young man of good family which also had two other sons in the armies of the Confederacy. The young infantryman, the subject of my sketch had been reared on a large farm, in the lap of luxury, and influenced by his surroundings and early training, thought his patrician blood degraded when he found that the company, of which he was a member, was to be officered in part by mechanics, men whose youth and early manhood had been passed in manual labor. That they were thoroughly drilled soldiers and competent officers carried no weight with the recruit; he thought, and thought aloud, that gentlemen-privates should be commanded by gentlemen officers, and no argument could convince him to the contrary. Added to this, the young soldier had a way of shading the most trivial nothings in the most glowing colors. Personally he had no sense of fear, and numerous were the rows in which he figured as principal. His popularity in the company was lost, and but few of the older and steadier of its members would hold fellowship with him. He was incorrigible, nor was the fault his alone. He was picked at by every one. Well, in this way the winter of '61-2 wore away, and April 6, '62, found him with his company and regiment at Shiloh. On this bloody field he, in some unaccountable way, lost his company and was captured. Several of the wounded men of his command, and some of the infirmiry corps, reported after the battle that they had seen him at the field-hospital, and that he was not wounded or in any way disabled. He was not a hospital steward, he was not a member of the infirmiry corps, he was not wounded—why was he there? And being there, in the rear of the army, why was he captured? He was not present to answer these pointed questions, and his enemies used the facts to say a great many ugly things to his discredit. His company had behaved gallantly and suffered immensely;

eighteen, out of forty-one, dead on the field. It looked ugly, and even the few friends he had left could find no excuse for him.

Late in the fall of '62, the command being camped for a few days in Northern Mississippi, the writer took a stroll into the woods which lay between the camp and the railroad station. While sitting on a fallen tree listening to the falling leaves and speculating on the probable duration of the war (I had then no doubt of its results), I saw the subject of much company talk and vituperation walking leisurely toward me, swinging a wallet in his hand and whistling happily. I called him to me—my faith in him was not gone—and after telling him what was said about him by his comrades, asked him for an explanation of his conduct.

He said he had dropped out of line by permission, and before he could rejoin his company the regiment had changed its position in the field; that in hunting for the command the wheel of a passing caisson had struck him against his hip, and for a time disabled him; that he had found his way to the brigade field-hospital, but as the surgeons were too busy with badly wounded men to pay him any attention he started again to find the regiment, but not being able to do so, he had gone into the fight with another command and been captured. I told him his story would not find much credence in his company, and not to tell it to any one else, but to go with me to the officer commanding the regiment and demand a court of inquiry as to the truth of the statements which had been made to his injury during his absence. He willingly put himself in my hands, and we went direct to the headquarters of the regiment. The lieutenant-colonel commanding recognized him at once and halted him at the entrance to his marque, saying that he was the only man in the regiment who had shown the white feather at Shiloh; that he was a disgrace to an old and honorable family, and that he should be drummed out of the regiment—and the old Spartan meant it, every word. I told the colonel that my young friend was before him for the purpose of demanding a court of inquiry, and asked him to hold his drumming-out resolution in abeyance until we heard the sentence of the court. To this proposition he readily assented, and directed me to at once detail a regimental court-martial and summon the officers and men of company — before it to make good their oft-repeated charges. The court was hastily convened, and the prosecution summoned. Ten minutes, twenty minutes, a half hour, forty minutes are passed, and the tension of suspense is great. I both admired and pitied the poor boy who was bearing it so calmly. He thought I was his only

friend, and knew I had done for him all I could. One of the court, Captain M——, a gallant, noble, and manly fellow, moved the court that inasmuch as the officers and men of the company had failed to respond to the summons of the court, and that as forty minutes of its time had been consumed in waiting for them to appear and make good their charges, and they had not done so, that private —— be declared innocent and ordered to report to his company. The motion being put and unanimously carried, the court adjourned. I took the young man in hand again, and told him to go to his company, to deport himself as though nothing unpleasant had occurred; to spit the coloring from his tongue when he was telling what he knew of prison-life and other things, and in fact to change as far as possible his nature to suit the peculiar circumstances of his case; to do his duty like a man and without a murmur, and when another battle should be fought to make himself as conspicuous by his presence as he had been at Shiloh by his absence. I watched him closely, and saw with pleasure the admirable fight he was having with himself. No one taunted him with the past, and he was making friends of his old enemies. We were ordered to Tennessee in a short while after the foregoing, and the 2d of January, '63, the date made memorable by the charge of Breckinridge's division against ten times its numbers and more than fifty pieces of artillery, and known to history as the battle of Murfreesboro, furnished the day and field on which my young friend was to retrieve himself. Being very tall and on the extreme right of the company, it was easy for him to say, "Captain, this promises to be hot work, and I ask you as a small favor to me, to notice if any man goes further in this fight than I do!" The signal-gun is fired, and away we go across the field, over the fence, and into the woods, where the decoy division awaits but to fall back and cross the river before us. With lines broken, and in utter confusion, on we dash! The enemy has fled, but his parked batteries are tearing us horribly. Nothing animal can live there, and we fall back from the trap crushed and bleeding. Hanson, Bramlette, Roberts, Dunn, Burnley, and hundreds more of our best and bravest had fallen, and here, where the bravest blanched, my young friend had won back his name and title to the respect of all. His captain told me that night that as it was understood we would be ordered on dangerous duty in the morning, and as no man could say who would fall, he wanted me to know that he retracted every thing he had said derogatory to ——, and that he had behaved with as much courage and coolness as any man on the field, and, at my suggestion, he made

the same remarks to the company the next morning when it was drawn up in line in company-quarters.

From this day on the nature of my young friend had undergone an entire change. He was no longer the giddy rattle-pate, but had become a serious, thoughtful man, ever willing to lend a helping hand to a comrade, and scrupulously exact in the discharge of his duties.

On the banks of the river of Death another great battle was fought, and there at Chicamauga as at Murfreesboro my young friend, as though determined to confirm and establish beyond cavil the good name he had won at the latter place, dashed to the front of his company in the last charge which drove the enemy from the field, and was severely wounded within fifteen feet of their works.

A few days after the battle an order was received for the companies to assemble and select the man who had been most distinguished on the field for daring and skill as a soldier. Where all equally deserved the honor which the war department would confer in a medal bearing name and date of the battle, it would have been difficult to select one for the favor; but, on my suggestion that — deserved it as a slight reparation for the great injustice done him in the past, there was not one dissenting voice, and the history of his part in the glorious day being written and sent on to the department, he became the proud recipient of the medal. As soon as he could get about on crutches, he came to the regiment and said if he could get a copy of the paper which had obtained his medal for him, and have it approved by his colonel and brigadier-general, that his member of Congress would get him a commission as lieutenant of cavalry or artillery, as he was, by reason of his wound, no longer fitted for infantry service. The paper was again drawn up and properly approved, the colonel approving being his old captain, and very glad to repair the wrong he had done him.

The congressman was true to his word, and obtained the commission, and the last I heard of —, during the war, he was serving in a cavalry command in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. I have not seen him since the war.

My advice to him would have been thrown away had the soil been barren. His own pluck and determination won him his spurs, and I was very glad and proud of him.

NONDESCRIPT.

[Written for the Bivouac.]**STRAGGLING IN PENNSYLVANIA.**

The cavalry command to which I was attached, Jones's brigade, followed Lee into Pennsylvania at a day's journey in the rear. Upon approaching Chambersburg, we learned that squads of Federal cavalry were hovering on our flanks. The knowledge of this fact made foraging parties very cautious in their movements, and only those who were rendered desperate by hunger ventured far from the main column.

Being impelled by a conquering desire to enjoy a "square meal," I was persuaded by two of Mosby's men to go off from the main road about a mile. As I wore the regulation blue pants of a Confederate officer and was coatless, and my companions were similarly attired, we easily passed for Federals, though nothing was further from our thoughts than to forage in disguise. The first farm-house we came to, much to our surprise, we were gladly welcomed and asked to "get down and have a bite to eat." We consented with alacrity, and made ourselves quite at home while the meal was preparing. We attributed our warm welcome at first to fear, and then we thought we had probably found some Pennsylvania "secesh." At any rate, none of the family made their appearance but the "hired girl," who told us that the people of the house were absent. We did not discover that we were taken for Federals till the "hired girl" said while waiting on the table,

"Why didn't you'ns come before the rebels got away?"

There was a quick exchange of glances between the dining party and we in a moment divined the situation.

"Because," replied Corporal C., "we wanted to let them all come into the State; and now we are going to run them into the Susquehannah."

"O, won't that be good!" said she, clapping her hands; "you be going to drown 'em all, sure enough?"

"Drown them all," said C., with a gravity that forced me to swallow a huge piece of bread to keep from screaming, "of course, all we don't kill."

The "girl" then plied us with questions about our achievements in Virginia, and before we got through, she evidently congratulated herself that fortune had made her acquainted with the three heroes of the Army of the Potomac.

"How many red-headed rebels was it you killed before breakfast one morning, C.?" said I by way of a leader.

"Only seven," said he, helping himself to another piece of pie.

"Goodness sakes! What *did* you do that for?" said the "hired girl," ready to burst with delight.

"Well," said C., "I was feeling badly that morning, and had no appetite for breakfast, and I just told the boys I was not going to shoot any but red-headed rebels that morning, and so I went out and killed seven."

"O, that was good," said she, rubbing her hands; "won't you have another piece of pie?"

One by one, we told our blood-curdling yarns of personal daring, and were rewarded with fresh pieces of pie.

"Any rebels about here?" said I.

"Yes, indeed. We'uns most been robbed of every thing."

"What do they take?"

"O they went into the milk-house and took every thing; and carried away all the chickens and ducks they could catch—the nasty thieves."

"What kind of looking creatures were they?" said I, "lean and ragged?"

"Naw," said she, "As fat and saucy looking rascals as ever you saw."

When the inner man was satisfied, I asked her how much was the charge for our dinner. She replied a dollar and a half. I then handed her a ten-dollar Confederate bill.

"I won't take that," said she, pitching it back, "that's reb scrip."

"Madam," I replied with considerate softness of manner, "I am compelled to inform you that you have been laboring under a false impression. We are not Federal soldiers."

"O, you be rebs, then," said she, almost swooning away.

Fearing lest she might die, so great was the terror depicted in her face, I said,

"Boys, I believe she takes us for rebels."

"O, then," said she, immediately recovering, "you be n't rebels after all. I *thought* you were good Union soldiers."

Said I, "No matter what we are, we do not desire to even frighten women."

Again she was in doubt, and said, "I don't know what you really be, but please get out of the house."

And so, bidding her a polite adieu, we left.

STRAGGLER.

[Written for the Bivouac.]

IS EVERY THING FAIR IN WAR?

There were many ways in which the fertility of Yankee invention showed itself during the war, but none meaner or more novel than in the manufacture of counterfeit Confederate money. We do not say that it was countenanced by the higher authorities, but it was well-known that large quantities of this spurious currency were made North and sent to the Federal soldiers. On the following occasion it was found that, "Curses, like chickens, *come home to roost.*"

The night after the battle of Slaughter Mountain, my company was detailed to take to Orange Court-house about two hundred and fifty Federal prisoners. The guard as well as the prisoners were tired, but had that gaiety which comes from the consciousness of being alive after a perilous ordeal. The prisoners, if any thing, were livelier than the guard, because they expected to be speedily exchanged and sent North. They evidently had some misgivings as to their treatment by provost-guards before they reached Castle Thunder, at Richmond. Many questions were asked, and I fear not all truthfully answered as to the inside workings of the Confederacy. Among others, inquiry was made if a prisoner was allowed to use Federal money in Castle Thunder? "O, yes," said the Confederate by his side, "If you want to be hand-cuffed and put in the 'black hole.'"

"What is a fellow to do with his greenbacks then?"

"Better throw 'em away, I guess; it is a penitentiary offense to pass them down South."

This *was* doleful news, and as it passed along the line it had quite a depressing effect. One of the prisoners ventured to suggest that perhaps the guard would be willing to exchange Confederate money for Greenbacks:

"Hardly!" said the guard, "They are nothing more than so much paper to us; but there are some of the men here whose families live beyond the lines. You might make a trade with them."

It was whispered, "Now, what a chance for a 'haul!' and already several exchanges were made of Greenbacks for Confederate scrip. It was soon found that the capital on hand of the prisoners far exceeded that in the hands of the guards. There was one man, D—, who never failed in expedients where a penny might be turned. He was brave as a lion, and generous as a prince, but cruel and unscrupulous in getting money and plunder. He would appro-

priate any thing of value that chance threw in his way. I have heard that he carried off a grindstone from a house in West Virginia, and that at another place he loaded his horse with hoop-skirts. In a fight with Wilson's raiders he captured a negro woman with a baby, riding behind a Federal soldier. He put the woman on the horse, and tied the baby *behind his saddle*. Presently there was a return of the Federals. The woman made her escape, and D—— came out of the fight with the baby hanging by one leg and squalling dreadfully. Upon being asked afterward what he had done with the baby, D—— replied, "Put it out to raise on the shares!"

Now when it was found that the guard had no more Confederate money, while the prisoners were still loaded with greenbacks, D.'s fertile brain was equal to the occasion. He suspected that some of the prisoners had counterfeit Confederate scrip. At last he found one whose pockets were full of it, and he got him, under a promise of secrecy, to sell it to him for a trifle. This was put in the hands of three or four accomplices who rapidly turned it into greenbacks, and left the poor victims with what was worse than brown paper in their possession.

COMPANY F.

[Written for the Bivouac.]

DARING FEAT OF CAPTAIN JOHN PEARCE.

People nowadays are amazed when they read of a half a dozen robbers capturing a train filled with non-combatants and unarmed men. The incident I am about to relate tells how four Confederate soldiers captured a train partially filled with *armed* men. It occurred in the early part of the civil war, at the town of Piedmont, situated about twenty-five miles west of Cumberland, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

Captain Pearce had heard that two companies of Federals were on the eastern bound train, and would reach Piedmont at a certain time. Hastily mounting three of his followers, he reached the station just as the train arrived. Placing two of his men so they would be visible from the rear end of the train, he galloped boldly along the platform with drawn sword in hand to the front part of a car that was filled with soldiers, leaving one man on the platform with orders to shoot at a given signal. Opening the car-door he entered and said, "Gentlemen, you're my prisoners." At this there was a slight movement on the part of some of the soldiers, as if about to seize their guns. "If the slightest resistance is offered," cried

Pearce, in tones loud enough for all to hear, "I will command my company to fire upon you." Some looked and saw the two mounted men within pistol-shot. It was whispered that they were caught in a trap, and so many cried out that they surrendered. "March out by two's on the platform," said Pearce, "and let the men leave their arms in the seats." Pearce forgot to tell the officers to leave their side-arms. Watkins, the mounted man on the platform, observing that the officers alone outnumbered his party two to one and that their weapons were probably loaded, called to Pearce, to make the officers put off their pistols. The order was at once given but very reluctantly obeyed. All the troops now numbering over a hundred filed out on the platform, and were at once marched into the woods near by. Upon finding that they had surrendered to four men they were dreadfully mortified, but were somewhat reconciled when Pearce paroled and let them go.

ONE OF McNEIL'S MEN.

DIED AT HIS POST.

[Written for the Bivouac.

The soldier who heads a charge has its exhilarating excitement to sustain him; the steady infantryman who moves forward in line of battle has the presence of his comrades and their good opinion to encourage him as well as their unqualified contempt should he falter; but the soldier left on picket with orders to remain there until relieved or recalled and who remains there firing his gun until shot down, is a hero indeed.

In the war's last year, a soldier was placed on picket in one of the mountain passes of the Clinch, and, either from the stupidity or something worse in his company commander, was left on his post after the retreat of the army. The soldier remained unflinchingly at his post, rapidly loading his musket and firing at the enemy's advance-guard, though he knew that he must be killed if he staid there, knew that his wife and loved children were almost within sound of the report of his gun, and were awaiting his coming home. The foremost of the enemy returned the fire but the soldier stood at his post until riddled with bullets. The enemy came up and the commander looking at the body of the devoted brave in an outburst of generosity, the characteristic of a courageous man, exclaimed, "Men, give that man a decent burial; he was the bravest man I ever saw," and William Smith, private of Company A, Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry, was buried there by the roadside by order of a chivalrous foeman.

[Written for the Bivouac.]

A BRAVE DEED.

In one of the cavalry fights along the banks of the Rappahannock River, Virginia, the following occurred:

A portion of Rosser's cavalry were cautiously advancing along a road on a reconnoissance. With a like motive a Federal force was coming on the same road in an opposite direction. The advance-guards of both met face to face, and after a slight skirmish fell back to let their supporting columns come forward. Each advanced at a trot with drawn sabers, but, strange to say, when within pistol-shot, halted and began firing. The commanding officer of either side saw that he who would win must be the first to charge. Again and again they gave the command and urged the men to move forward. The only response was a slight start with a faint shout and then another halt. The scales of fate or fortune trembled in the balance. It was almost certain that the leader of a charge from either side would be killed, yet it was equally certain that his death would purchase victory for those who followed him.

The occasion demanded a hero, and he was found in the Confederate column. Major Holmes Conrad, of Winchester, Va., then a private in the ranks, snatched the colors from the man who bore them, and rushed at the enemy, crying, "Save your colors, men!" Right into the head of the Federal column he rode. The Federals, overcome either with amazement or admiration, did not fire at him, but waited his approach. When he was in their midst, the Confederates seeing their colors about to be captured, and lifted above all sense of danger by the gallantry of Conrad, rushed upon the enemy and gained an easy victory.

VERITAS.

[Written for the Bivouac.]

THE CAREER OF AN AMBITIOUS YOUTH.

Thomas Scarce was the son of humble parents who lived on the slopes of the Virginia Alleghanies and cultivated, or at least pretended to cultivate, a few acres of poor mountain land. The elder Mr. Scarce reversed the usual routine of labor. Instead of working six days in the week and resting one, he worked one day and rested six. If the corn failed to grow and furnish him with a living, he called it an unlucky year and drowned his sorrows in "moonshine whisky." What nature refused his neighbors had to provide, and many a raid did he make on the fields and barnyards of his distant acquaintances.

On these excursions, which generally occurred on windy or rainy nights, his son Thomas often accompanied him. As the years went by, Thomas reached the age of fifteen and began to sigh for wider fields of activity.

The martial spirit which was abroad in the Southland in 1862 penetrated the sequestered glens of the Alleghanies, and Thomas was fired with an ambition to be a soldier. Which side to join was the question. The reported victories of the Confederates in the summer campaign of '62 decided him to link his fortunes with the southern cause. Late in that summer our hero rode into the camp mounted on a long-legged sorrel, and said he wanted to enlist for the war. The captain, pitying his youth, advised him to go back home to his mother, but at last consented to receive him.

In a short time we were in front of Pope's army and drawn up in battle line. A general order was read denouncing the conduct of Pope's men for arresting citizens and plundering houses.

The resentment of the soldiers kindled when they heard of the outrages committed by "Pope's ruffians," but Thomas was loudest in his threats against the "chicken thieves." We were ordered to prepare for an advance. The captain upon making a detail of men to go back and cook rations selected Thomas as one of them. Thomas begged to be allowed to remain and take part in the fight, the captain pitying his youth, insisted, and our hero actually shed tears when forced to obey. That evening we crossed Robson River (a branch of the Rappahannock) and meeting a force of Federal cavalry charged and routed them. The chase continued for five miles, the enemy frequently making a stand, but giving way after some resistance. Many a prisoner I saw on the wayside, and frequently jumped my horse over the wounded or dead lying in the road, but not a bullet did I hear whistle. The forward squadron did all the fighting and my company were untouched. When Thomas heard of this fight and saw some of the spoils of victory, he threw down his basket of flapjacks and swore he would be in the next battle. He ground his saber and spent his odd moments in sword and pistol practice.

Not long after that we approached the town of Warrenton. We were ordered to draw sabers and charge through the town. Nobody did we see but some citizens, who went wild with joy at the sight of us. One old man threw his hat so high in the air that as it came down it fell on the roof of a porch near by. It was a perfect ovation, and Thomas was translated with enthusiasm.

When we hauled up at the end of the principal street, Thomas was

sent back the way we had come to get his horse shod. This pleased our hero, he wanted another ovation. Drawing and flourishing his saber, he charged back through the street. Not a handkerchief waved nor huzza was given, only the sound of the sorrel's feet and an occasional shout from his rider, broke the oppressive stillness of the town.

Not long after this my squadron was on detached service in the Shenandoah Valley. Hearing that the Federals were in Martinsburg, we went out to find them, being joined by a lot of stragglers from other commands, some unarmed citizens, and several companies of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry. It was a jolly party, for every one was expecting to return loaded with plunder. When within about five miles of Martinsburg we discovered the Federals, and, after a sharp skirmish, drove them into the town.

There was just enough of danger in this fight to give a romance to the thing. It was found that the men on the fleetest horses got all the prisoners and plunder. Thomas began to think seriously of swapping the sorrel for a thoroughbred. "The thieving rascals," said he, "how they did run; jist let me ketch up with 'em next time," and he jerked out his saber and shook it in the air at a Yankee "of the mind." After the victory, we leisurely retraced our steps in considerable disorder. Upon coming to where a stream from a big spring near by crossed the road, many of the men stopped to water their horses, and the disorder was increased.

Just as the rear guard was crossing the stream, distant shots were heard, and a flying Confederate was seen rapidly approaching. He was waving his hat and shouting, "The Yankees are coming!"

"Knock that man off his horse!" shouted an officer, but every one was looking back for the foe.

On went the fugitive, right by the main column, yelling, "Run, run! the Yankees are coming!"

That man's shouts were more demoralizing than a dozen bursting bombs. At the first volley of the enemy many of the men kept right on after the panic-stricken fugitive. About a half halted and made a gallant fight. They were rapidly formed across the main street of the village, Denksville, and, on account of the dust, did not see the Federals till they were within a few yards of them. The leader of the Federal charge, a captain in an Illinois regiment, was right in our midst almost before we had taken position. He was twenty yards in front of his men. At least a half a dozen pistols were fired at him, the flame of some of them reaching his person. He seemed invulnerable (it was afterward learned that he was killed), for he was still

waving his sword when concealed from view by the oncoming Federals. Then there was screaming and cries of murder, and the smoke and thunder of a hand-to-hand conflict. In the midst of it all, the writer saw a woman rush from a house to the curbstone and rescue a little child that was nearly trodden under foot by the horses of the combatants. Twice were the Federals driven back, but coming again with increased strength they broke our ranks, and then there was a wild rout.

Now, where was Thomas then? The next morning the writer saw him in camp sitting on a log, bareheaded, barefooted, and nearly naked. His yellow locks, which usually lay close to his skull, stood on end. His face was begrimed with dirt; his rolling eyes gave him a hunted look. The following colloquy occurred:

“Where is your hat?”

“Gone.”

“Where is your coat?”

“Gone.”

“Where are your arms?”

“Gone.”

“Where is your horse?”

“Gone, too.”

This was all that could be gotten from Thomas.

It was afterward learned that the sight of the runaway above mentioned knocked Thomas all of a heap. He never paused to inquire, but wheeled the sorrel and entered the lists.

The sorrel was no thoroughbred, but for the first mile heat few passed her. After that she began to fall behind a little, and then Thomas began to throw out ballast. He first cast away his arms; his hat was already gone; then he unstrapped his bundle and let it go; then the saddle-girth having burst he let the saddle slide off, and rode for a mile or two bareback.

At last the sorrel was so fagged that Thomas, thinking he could make better time on foot, abandoned the mare, and run with hair streaming in the wind until he fell by the wayside.

The next night Thomas deserted and returned to his native mountains.

EQNES.

Editorial.

SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

The Southern exposition is an immense success. Already the brightest hopes of the projectors are more than realized. Henceforth to the end, we predict, the throngs of visitors will steadily increase. The public spirit which conceived and sustained it, the energy with which its managers have pushed it to a brilliant consummation, indicate something more than a faith in the commercial importance of Louisville. Behind this is the belief that a new era is dawning—an era of good feeling, wherein sectional lines will be forgotten, if not destroyed. Strange to say, at this very time the newspapers are full of accounts of military reunions, North and South. A new interpretation of the war is abroad, especially among the old soldiers of both armies. It is that the blood which was shed was not shed in vain, for it has proved to be the seed of a closer union and a grander republic.

The time demands an exposition of national proportions, and here is one every way worthy of being so esteemed. Its spacious halls are filled with industrial exhibits from every quarter of our broad land. The triumphs of mechanical genius, and the wealth of our resources are not alone revealed, but so excellent is the arrangement that, while they entertain the curious, they instruct the thoughtful and inspire the inventive mind.

If the implements and products of industry rise to the plane of artistic achievement, what shall be said of the music, the sculpture, and the painting? The music surpasses expectation, for its excellency consists not only in being of the highest order of art, but of that kind that pleases the southern and western taste. Musical roars, harmonious strains, and brilliantly executed solos are not sufficient. The men of the South and West delight in the picturesque, sudden transitions and the suggestion of action. All these and more are achieved by the wonder-working artists of the exposition. The Seventh Regiment Band may almost be said to present in a single com-

bination the attractions of an orchestra, a dramatic company and an opera troupe.

The Art Gallery is the crowning beauty of the Exposition. On not so grand a scale as that of the Centennial, it is equally, if not more attractive to the average visitor. In the musical department the same appreciation of popular taste is manifest in the selections. All are masterpieces, the majority depicting character and action. Even the landscape and imitative pictures stir the humanity within us. Some are heart-stirring poems, starting unbidden the tenderest emotions; others are well-rounded travesties, filling the beholder with delicious mirth.

All these features of attraction are enhanced by surroundings never before seen in other expositions. There is the grand park with its greensward and majestic oaks, increasing the enjoyment of the music and the fireworks, and there is the electrical illumination at night, giving out gorgeous hues,

“Making that beautiful which was not,
And that more beautiful which was so before.”

THE KIND OF HISTORY WANTED.

History will be sure to tell of the generals, of strategic movements, and of great battles. But will this reveal the character of the struggle?

When we consider the power of ambition, the valor of high dignitaries is easily accounted for in behalf of any cause; but the motive which impels the privates and subordinate offices to suffer and bleed so long, demands the fullest explanation. Here lies the motors of the strife, and these left out we have little more than a brilliant display of titled gladiators flourishing their swords mid the waving of banners and fields of gore. Our children want to know what all this incomprehensible nest of embattled hosts meant; what their father did and why they fought.

The long-drawn theories of political writers but make the darkness more visible. Nothing but details, stories of individual careers, of life in prison and hospital and in broken homes, will furnish the light we seek. We ask then for these from the old soldiers or the members of their families. Time and tide wait for no man. A few more years and the deeds of our brave heroes will live only in vague tradition.

MISS JOHNNIE MORGAN.—One of the pleasantest features at the Morgan reunion, at Lexington, Kentucky, was the presentation of a watch and chain to Miss Johnnie, only child of the late General Morgan, by the survivors of his old command. After an eloquent address by private J. C. C. Black, of Augusta, Georgia, Miss Johnnie arose before the veterans and replied in the appended little speech, at once a model of simple and unaffected elegance :

“*Dear Friends* : I can’t begin to tell you how happy you have made me, and how grateful I feel to you for it. I assure you that I love you as dearly as my father did, and I sincerely hope that you may always be as happy as you have made me feel to-day.”

MR. SAUFLEY’S address is deferred for insertion in the September number.

THE COMING REUNION.—The reunion of the First Kentucky Infantry brigade, at Lexington, Kentucky, promises to be the event of the kind of the year. The voices of the old quartette are attuned anew ; the hand-organ is put in good condition, and the menagerie of Weller & Co. will be on exhibition for the first time in nineteen years. Many of the survivors have signified their intention to be on hand, and the boys, never content to be outdone in any thing by the “buttermilk rangers,” have determined to have more fun in one day (September 5) than Morgan’s Cavalry succeeded in getting in three days. Our representatives will be on the ground to snap up all pithy reminiscences, and to receive subscriptions for our new volume commencing with the September number.

Our friends will favor us by making notes of any acts of individual daring coming under their observations during the late year and sending them to our office.

EX-CONFEDERATES visiting Louisville will find at our office a register containing the city addresses of resident or visiting comrades.

CANVASSERS WANTED EVERY WHERE.—A reference to our prospectus in another column will convince any one that there is money in the work of getting subscribers for the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

Taps.

A BRANCH of the Southern Historical Society has been organized at Galveston.

GENERAL John C. Newton was expected to respond to the toast, "The boys who wore the blue," at the reunion of Parson's Confederate Cavalry, at Dallas, Texas, August 6.

AN Irish recruit being told that a soldier was to be shot for desertion, asked what was meant by desertion. He was told that to desert was to leave without orders.

"Thin, be jabers," replied Pat, "I'll niver desart without orders."

SOLDIERS respect each other, said the civilian, as he saw the cordiality between the Boston soldiers and their southern guests. "And these are the men our soldiers were trying to lick a few years ago, and now see how they respect them?" And an old veteran replied, "Hang it, sir, you'd respect 'em if you'd been there and seen how hard they were to lick."

STRAY SHOTS.—It is a good thing for a soldier to read a dozen or two of the histories of the battles of the late war in which he participated. They were written by men who were somewhere else, and they make every thing seem strange and new.—*Picayune*. The *Picayune* man has evidently been trying to reconcile M. Quad's battle sketches with facts—an impossibility, as he might have known without trying.

THE demand for Confederate bonds is explained by a cable dispatch received from London wherein it is alleged that a syndicate of bankers are buying them up in order to hold them with the expectation that the Southern States will at some time or other be forced to pay them. The plan for coercing payment is to defeat the attempt of any Southern State to obtain credit in Europe until these bonds are in some way provided for. It is a very pretty scheme provided it works.—*Bourbon News*.

HE SAVED THE CIDER.—Corporal G. of the Sixth Kentucky Infantry was fortunate enough to have some cider in his canteen at the battle of Murfreesboro, and was unfortunate enough to have a minie-ball pass through that canteen just as the command started on a charge. The corporal hesitated but a minute, but in that minute he had thrown down his gun, placed a finger on each side of the hole made by the bullet, and at one huge swig drank the precious fluid and regained his company conscious of having done his full duty to himself in saving the cider.

ANECDOTE OF "STONEWALL" JACKSON.—During "Stonewall's" brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah Valley it became necessary that a bridge over a small creek should be built in great haste. One evening Jackson sent for his old pioneer captain, Myers by name, and pointed out to him the urgency of the occasion, saying that he would send him the plan of his colonel of engineers as soon as it was done. Next morning Jackson rode down to Captain Myers's quarters, and saluting the veteran said:

"Captain, did you get the plan of the bridge from Colonel ——?"

"Well," said the captain, "The bridge, general, is built, but I don't know whether the *picture* is done or not!"

NO, THANK YOU.—It was a custom in the Army of Northern Virginia for those religiously inclined to have preaching and prayer when a halt was sufficiently long for the purpose. On one occasion some of the soldiers of Gordon's division stopped at a smoke-house on the roadside to have their usual religious exercises, and Ben P., one of the most zealous Christian workers, happened to see Major H., an old friend, passing, by, and, wishing to get him into the meeting without disturbing the worshipers, lowered his voice into a far-reaching whisper and called out, "Charlie! O, Charlie, come here!" but Charlie, naturally construing this mysterious call into an invitation to take a drink unseen by the thirsty soldiers, cried out exultingly at the top of his voice, while slapping a well-filled canteen at his side, "No, thank ye; *I've some of her here.*"

AMONG many incidents that occurred at the late reunion of Morgan's cavalry at Lexington, the following is interesting: When Gov. McCreary completed his speech and came down from the platform, a lady and gentleman approached him with visible emotion and told him of the death of their brother, James McCarney, which occurred only a few days before the reunion, and of his request that a little

Bible should be delivered to its owner, Col. McCreary. The Bible, was presented to him during the war by Dr. Handy, an eminent Virginia minister, and Gov. McCreary carried it in his breast pocket in prison and in the army, but in the rapid rides and hard service in Virginia just before the close of the war he lost it in some unaccountable way, but his name and other writings showed to whom it belonged. After eighteen years this little worn and faded companion is restored to him, and he says he will always be grateful to those who so kindly preserved it and returned it to him."—*Bourbon News*.

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS NOT A BEVERAGE.—Dr. Irvine Shields, of Wheeler's cavalry, was a dignified, courtly gentleman—even in the army in all things save in the doubtful means to which he resorted to get the oil of corn, which seemed necessary for his very existence. Once in Middle Tennessee the doctor, in making a visit to a family in the neighborhood of the camp, saw through a half-opened closet-door a bottle of Hostetter's bitters, and his knowledge of its ingredients at once convinced him that Hostetter's was a very fine substitute for Georgia "pine-top," and he determined to have the medicine. 'Twas the work of a very few minutes to go to the camp and induce some of his comrades to visit the house and amuse the inmates with some of the funny things which the soldier has the knack of remembering and inventing. In the midst of a lively conversation the doctor slipped into the closet, raised the coveted bottle to his parched lips, and drank one quaff only of nauseous black ink. Blowing this from his mouth like a whale at sea, his face and shirt-bosom became the ground-plat of some original splatter work, and the dignified surgeon beat a most undignified retreat to the music of the laughter of his comrades, in which the members of the family circle joined. A mention of Hostetter's bitters was, after that episode, a signal for a first-class fight, with the surgeon to the front.

ONE REASON WHY HE WAS NOT FREED, BUT NOT THE TRUE ONE.—A gentleman told me a story recently which well illustrates Lincoln's immense fund of anecdotes. Said he, "Just after Jeff Davis had been captured I called over at the White House to see President Lincoln. I was ushered in, and asked him, 'Well, Mr. President, what are you going to do with Jeff Davis?' Lincoln looked at me for a moment, and then says in his peculiar, humorous way, 'That reminds of a story. A boy 'way out West caught a coon and tamed it to a considerable extent, but the animal created such mischief about the house that his mother ordered him to take it away and not

come home until he could return without his pet. The boy went down town with the coon secured with a strong piece of twine, and in about an hour he was found sitting on the edge of the curbstone holding the coon with one hand and crying as though his heart would break. A big-hearted gentleman who was passing stopped and kindly inquired, 'Say, little boy, what is the matter?' The boy wiped a tear from his eye with his sleeve, and in an injured tone, howled, 'Matter! Ask me what's the matter! You see that coon there? Well, I don't know what to do with the darn thing. I can't sell it, I can't kill it, and ma won't let me take it home.' 'That,' continued Lincoln, 'is precisely my case. I'm like the boy with the coon. I can't sell him, I can't kill him, and I can't take him home.'—*Boston Traveler*.

PORK IN CAMP.—It was in the summer of '62 on the Chickahominy River that John B. and myself, of the —th Georgia Regiment, entered into a partnership in the pork business. John being a good shot, put in his skill as a provider of stock as his share, and I being a tolerably rough butcher, was to contribute my energy in preparing the goods to meet the demand for fresh meat that always existed in Confederate camps. We started out to flush our porker, a huge specimen, which seemed unusually tame until she was kicked on the snout, when she was aroused to the necessity of a line of defensive and offensive warfare, and moved at once rapidly in *my* direction. Now I was noted for my ability to lead in a retreat, and put in play my acknowledged fleetness, while the huge beast, distributing from her chopping jaws a streak of foam like that in the wake of a stern-wheel boat, was close on my heels. One thing only traveled faster than I did, and that was the thought, "Suppose I do reach the stump for which I am heading, can I hope to reach its summit?" At that moment the top of that stump was the height of my ambition.

Yes, I have it—*glorious thought*. "Shoot, John; shoot quick; shoot before she catches me. I never can reach that stump. For God's sake shoot, John." With a longing born of a faint hope to hear the crack of a rifle, I glanced back, and the scoundrel had taken refuge in a gully, from which came sounds that convinced me that my partner was in a convulsion of laughter. My pursuer made a desperate leap forward and I felt her nose touch my heel.

With one mighty effort I bounded forward, reached the coveted stump, and landed square on top. But, O horrors! I was not safe.

She seemed intent on sharing my retreat. Clumsily she clambered up its side, and with her forefeet on top, would reach out her huge mouth in such a manner as to force me to the opposite edge, where my whole body would be supported by only my two big toes. When she had forced me as far on one side as she could, she would drop to the ground, rush around to my side and induce me to change front to rear with greater celerity than any well-drilled command you ever saw execute the movement. For a period of time that appeared coequal with that occupied by a loving couple with the arm hold, in going one block, on their way to church, but which was really not longer than half an hour, this circus was kept up. She seemed to grow weary of the performance, and, to my inexpressible relief, called a halt. For a moment she gazed wistfully at me with that I-wish-I-had-a five-cent-watermelon-all-to-myself look of the lucky dame who removes the remnants of the feast and scrapes the rinds and drinks the juice. My heart gave a leap of joy, and I was about to yell with delight as she turned and walked slowly off, keeping her eye on me the while.

But my joy was of short duration. She turned, came near the stump and quietly lay down. Again I called to John to shoot. No, he could not. He declared he had laughed so much he could not see the sow. He might hit me. He had but one load and he wanted to make sure of that. I thought I would make a run for the gully and prepared to make the start. She seemed to divine my purpose, for she rose, walked around and placed herself between me and the gully, thus effectually cutting off all retreat. Again I beseeched John. Shoot, John; take good aim. She is quiet. You can't miss her. No, I might kill you. Shoot, I don't care if you do hit me; I'm a goner any way. I can not; if I should kill you I'd be court-martialed and shot. Go to camp and bring a squad to my aid, I cried. Shan't do it, you fool; don't you know they'd have us up for hog-stealing, replied John, and you know what the penalty for that is. Just then I glanced across the river and saw a little puff of white smoke, a second after a report, and simultaneously the familiar whirr and whizz of a shell. It exploded in my immediate vicinity and its pieces came uncomfortably near. O, Lord! what shall I do? I never could get close enough to the ground when the shells were flying, and here I have got to stand straight up on a stump and take it. In a moment another shell, and another, and another, till the air seemed black with them. Again I called to John, "Dear, good John; shoot, John. Now, or never! If you don't, I'll kill you when I get

out of this!" But John, safe in his bomb-proof, was heedless of my appeals or threats. And frequently the explosion from the gully could be heard above the roar of the artillery.

Those who have essayed to embrace mother earth in order to dodge the searching shell, can, in part, imagine my feelings. I could not even hug the stump, for, on the slightest movement my watcher would bristle up and make for me. O, why was I led into this? O, why didn't I carry the gun? Didn't I know John was a fool and a fraud? I know this will be the death of me yet! Just then a piece of shell struck the stump and tore off a huge piece of bark, for a moment blinding me with dust and dirt. No time to be making fun of things now. The time had come to be scared, and I think I was equal to the occasion. A thought struck me—it might have been a shell—I gave a succession of war-whoops, and commenced the green-corn dance on my elevated position. This brought the old lady to her feet with astonishment depicted in every lineament of her "sweet face that was not at the window." As I kept it up she came nearer to investigate. I managed to attract her to the side opposite the gully. Like a flash, I was off. A bold leap, a quick dash for liberty, and I was in the gully, with her sowiness on the brink, eyeing me with disappointment and rage. There was still work to be done. Right then and there, without giving him time for preparation or reflection, I proceeded to invest John with the handsomest dressing down a man ever received. John frequently asserted that he thought he was a boy again and the "old man" had him.

This done, I gathered my gun and started out with blood in my eye. I quietly, carefully, and secretly approached within range, took deliberate aim, and fired the fatal shot. My enemy was no more. With John's assistance we amputated a ham, transferred it to a sack, and smuggled it into camp. A wink and a nod to the boys, and they were off in the direction from which we had come. We feasted in that camp, but the partnership was dissolved by mutual consent, but not before the recollection of what occurred in the gully restrained John from often telling his "little joke."

ARMING THE ENEMY.—Captain George M. Jackson, speaking of the General John Morgan Reunion, said to a Republican reporter that he couldn't help but think how he, a Union captain, unwittingly helped to arm two companies of Morgan's regiment during the war. It happened in this way: "I," said the captain, "volunteered in the Fourth Kentucky Union Regiment, of which Fry, who killed Zolli-

coffer, was the colonel. I mustered in at 'Camp Dick Robinson,' and was elected captain. I felt pretty large, wore the captain's straps across my shoulder and a tall hat with a feather as large as life, being then but twenty years old. I asked and obtained a furlough to visit Cincinnati. There I met two old friends, named Cole and Kelly—the former now living at Tipton, Mo. One of the boys asked me if I couldn't get them a permit to purchase a pistol and ammunition in the city, as they were not known in the city and desired me to certify that they were all right. I said there will be no trouble about it. I took them to the headquarters of General Burnside, who was then in command, and the official who had the granting of permits. Seeing that I was sound, having a Union captain's shoulder-straps on, and after showing them my furlough, he said, 'I will give your friends permits to purchase all the pistols they need,' which was done. I parted with Cole and Kelly, but on crossing the river I found that they were carrying their carpet-sacks heavily loaded down. I asked what they had in there that was heavy, and they laughingly prevaricated, and I did not care to be too inquisitive. I subsequently learned that with their permits obtained as I have just stated, they made several trips to Cincinnati and procured two hundred and fifty pistols, with the necessary caps and ammunition, with which they armed two full companies of John Morgan's brigade, of which they were members. I kept the matter to myself, and Burnside was never the wiser for it."

SOLDIERS' VOCABULARY.—I certainly did, was, I did *in the cool*. Fence rails for fire-wood, was split-wood. Haversack, was Harvey-bag.

A GAME OF CHANCE.—I never did like the way that General Davis shot General Nelson, in Louisville, during the war, said a soldier at the Federal Reunion, in Denver. Nelson being a Kentuckian would have sorter given Davis a chance for his "*White Alley*."

DON'T BE UNEASY.—Said an anxious mother to the conscript officer: "Sir, I'd rather see my son in his coffin than to see him go into army." "Don't give yourself any uneasiness on that subject," said the officer, "I assure you that he will *soon* be there."

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